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**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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NOVEMBER 20, 1957

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SCIENCE v. POLITICS

SPUTNIK II, and particularly her space dog Laika, came at a fortunate time for the Russians.

They helped switch the world spotlight from the unpleasant things that were happening in Moscow as the struggle for power continued among the Communist Party leadership.

As Sputnik's rocket was screaming towards the ionosphere, and as world scientists applauded this scientific achievement, Marshal Zhukov was being stripped in Russia of everything but his useless medals.

The Central Committee of the all-powerful Communist Party accused him of developing a "personality cult," of not behaving with "Party modesty," of something called "adventurism."

What this meant in Communist jargon was that Mr. Krushchev and his cobbles were getting rid of the Marshal because he was a threat to them.

The end justifies the means, Communists say—even if it involves the death, or living death in exile, of a man who had helped save Russia and whom all Russia acclaimed a hero.

Soviet scientists and technicians deservedly have earned world-wide respect for their brilliant achievements.

But, unfortunately, that cannot be said for the politicians who rule their country.

Soviet leaders will continue to cloud the brilliant feats of their scientific men unless they eliminate the ruthless political savagery that has marked the Communist regime in the 40 years since the Revolution.

Our cover

● The lovely cover girl this week is 23-year-old Svetlana Kassiof, one of the seven famous mannequins who will take part in the Dior parades in Australia this month. Gowns from the collection—the last presented by Christian Dior before his recent sudden death—appear in the centre of the paper this week.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● With so much talk at the moment of outer space and man-made satellites, Freda Vines' short story beginning on page 19 is appropriate.

ONE of the six prize-winners in our recent short-story contest, it was among the few which took science fiction as a theme.

Freda Vines, a Western Australian author, contemplates the world 200 years hence after the total destruction of earth and humanity by a nuclear bomb.

Artist Jim Phillips enjoyed illustrating the story.

"When you're drawing people in 200 years' time you can let your imagination go as far as their dressing is concerned," he said. "I visualised these people returning to the classic robes."

Phillips got the web-like effect into his painting by scraping the wet oil with the teeth of a comb.

ONE of our staff walked self-consciously into the office the other day.

The reason—she was wearing a new sack dress.

Although buoyed up by the firm approval of her colleagues, she rather shamefacedly produced a narrow, self-material belt.

"It's a bit hard to be a leader of fashion," she explained, "and in any case I haven't met one man yet who liked his women waistless."

However, in spite of male disapproval, we predict a rush of sacks this summer, especially after seeing the Paris variations which appear in this week's issue.

LIKE every other year, Christmas is suddenly not far off, and there's a lot of planning and shopping to be done.

For those who like to make

their own gifts, next week we publish ideas for novel presents for friends and family.

And for the housewife, already beginning to worry a little about festive fare, we print file recipes for Christmas delicacies.

★ ★ ★
WHAT'S in a name?

Most young couples have little difficulty deciding on names for their children. In fact, they have a boy's and a girl's name picked out months before the child is born.

One young couple we know, however, still couldn't agree about a name three months after their daughter was born.

Finally, they chose a name the husband liked, but just after the baby's first birthday he decided he didn't really like it, so they reverted to the wife's choice and had the name changed by deed poll.

Sportscraft

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN CLASSIC

MOTHERHOOD IS NO HURDLE FOR SHIRLEY

By WINFRED BISSET,
staff reporter

GOLD-MEDAL Olympic hurdler Shirley Strickland thanks her athletic training for the easy birth of her second baby on October 22 at King Edward Memorial Hospital, Subiaco, W.A.

Already the mother of a four-year-old son, Philip, Shirley is married to geologist Laurie de la Hunty, and they have decided to call their daughter Barbara Gay Zoe.

Shirley, who put away her international running spikes after her successes in the 1956 Melbourne Olympics, gave birth to the 7lb. 15oz. Barbara easily, and without anaesthetic.

She is certain this was possible because of her athletic exercises and her application of the principles of Doctor Dick ("Painless Birth") Grantley Read.

"I have complete faith in these exercises, which I continued to do up till and following the birth of both my children," she said.

"Mine are mainly abdominal exercises, which I do on my back, and postural ones, and I think they're superb.

"But I'd advise expectant mothers to be extremely careful about taking up a routine of athletic exercises unless they are used to them," Shirley added.

Olympic help

"You see, that's where my Olympic training has been such a wonderful boost to motherhood. Athletic training has been part of my life for as many years as I can remember, so these exercises were simple for me."

An indication of their effectiveness is the fact that just two days before her daughter was born Shirley was out coaching the girls of the Applecross-Melville Athletic Club, where she is training several promising youngsters.

She will be back on the track with them is "next to no time," and before she went into hospital one of her last tasks was making sure they had their training schedules so that they would not lose form during her absence.

Applecross is the Western Australian district where Shirley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Strickland, live, and is not far from her own Salter Point home.

Popular girl

Shirley, who has competed in all three post-war Olympic Games and has smashed world hurdling records, and her husband are "thrilled beyond words" that their second child is a girl.

Just as excited about the event is "big brother" Philip, who wants to be with the baby all the time.

"He's keeping me busy telling him to wash his hands before he goes near the cradle. Of course, he's been in the secret about having a baby brother or sister to play with for some time now, but he hasn't got over the excitement," said Shirley.

RIGHT: This happy picture of Shirley Strickland and her daughter, who was born in Subiaco, W. A., on October 22, was taken by photographer Roy Osborne. Shirley is wearing her dark-green-and-gold Olympic dressing-gown.





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Up above the world so high...

LAIKA PUPNIK IN THE SKY



SATELLITE-CARRYING ROCKET is launched cradled in a winged plane powered by two giant rockets. Gaining tremendous speed the main rocket, under its own power, hurtles to the outer ionosphere and the cradle drops away.

Scientist describes strange dark days of dog in space

● For ten days the world speculated on the fate of Laika, the Russian bitch circling the world in Sputnik II. In this story, written before the report of her death, a scientist describes the probable sensations of Laika in the sky.

By **RONALD McKIE**

THE experiences of Laika ("Little Barker") are the strangest ever to happen to a dog.

If she puts out her tongue it won't loll wet and happy like the tongue of any well-adjusted dog on earth.

Oh, no. It will stick out straight and will loll only if she bends it down herself and keeps it there.

And worse—it won't drip.

If she picks up a bone and then drops it, as even the best behaved dog will do, the bone won't drop.

Not a bit of it. The bone will stay in front of her—stay suspended right in front of her nose.

And if she scratches, an act all normal dogs and humans enjoy, and kicks out a flea,

that flea will be much more bewildered than Laika.

Why? Because the flea will hurtle across her compartment, hit one of the sides, bounce, hit something else, and may, like the bone, eventually come to rest — suspended perhaps yards away from Laika's warm blood.

The flea won't be able to walk back as it floats around, because it has nothing to walk on, but if it's a cunning flea it may be able to get a kick off from some part of the compartment and perhaps propel itself back towards the dog, though there is no certainty that it would ever reach her.

This description of what could be happening to Laika comes from Dr. John Piddington, the C.S.I.R.O. radio-physicist and authority on the upper atmosphere, who some

weeks ago helped explain Sputnik I to our readers.

"On Monday, November 4," he told me, "when my wife read that Sputnik II was circling the world every 102 minutes, she didn't give a thought to the fantastic scientific and technological achievement of the Russians. All she could say was, 'But what's happening to the little dog?'"

As millions of people everywhere were asking or thinking much the same thing, for Laika is the first living thing to reach the top layers of our atmosphere, I first quizzed Dr. Piddington about this area, and about the lonely pup travelling at about 18,000 miles an hour, a speed that would take you from Sydney to Melbourne in one minute 40 seconds.

in such a way that the force of the earth's gravity is neutralised by the centrifugal force of the orbit.

It's the old stone on the end of a string idea. The string represents gravity, the stone centrifugal force.

With both forces balanced—a state equivalent to conditions in outer space far from the earth—you don't weigh anything and you're never upside down or right side up. Up or down or sideways—they don't exist any more.

"If the dog could see out," Dr. Piddington says, "the sky would be jet black, and the stars would be very bright specks that would not sparkle. The sun would look much the same as it does to us, but the dog would not be able to see the complete earth, as its visible range would be only 2000 miles in any direction.

"If the dog is tied down, and she probably is, she is almost certainly a pretty uncomfortable, miserable pup with only a slim chance of surviving.

"If she was merely chained, and made a sudden jerk or move, she would float on the end of her chain like a balloon on a string. If free she would float about inside her sealed container if she made any attempt to rise or walk or jump.

"If she wanted to move in one direction she would have to learn to throw something in the opposite direction. That's the best method of personal propulsion in space.

"If outside her container, and if wearing a space suit, of course, she would float around in orbit like the two Sputniks.

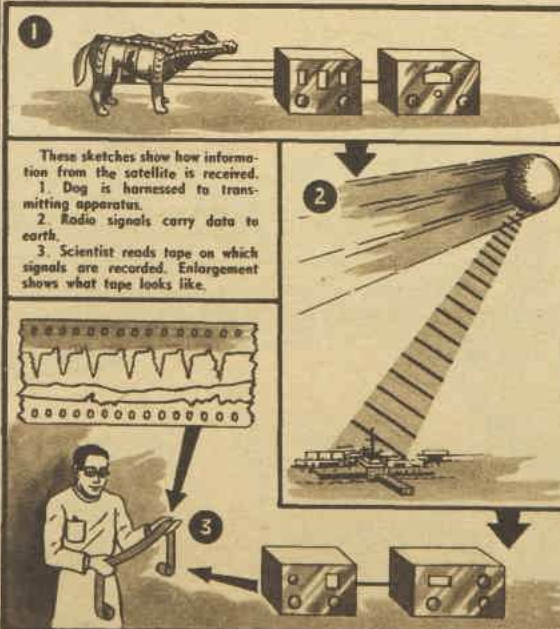
"Because she would have no weight there would be no pressure against her feet if

Only about 600 miles up

"Sputnik I was originally reported to be about 560 miles above the earth, but observations have shown that the average point of her elliptical orbit is about 330 miles. Sputnik II is said to be about 930 miles up, but again I think her average height is only about 600 miles. The 930 miles I'm sure will prove to be kilometres.

"If Sputnik is circling at 600 miles she is in the outer ionosphere, where the atmosphere is many million million times rarer than the atmosphere we breathe. She is already within that area of the atmosphere which begins to merge with the sun's own atmosphere at about 1000 miles above the earth."

Sputnik and her space-class passenger are moving



These sketches show how information from the satellite is received.

1. Dog is harnessed to transmitting apparatus.
2. Radio signals carry data to earth.

3. Scientist reads tape on which signals are recorded. Enlargement shows what tape looks like.

The weight's off her feet

she 'stood' on her compartment's floor or ceiling or sides. Nor would she be conscious of any pressure on her body if she 'lay down,' because she would not be lying down as we know it.

"Even if she lay 'on' the floor, her body actually touching the floor, none of her weight would be resting 'on' the floor.

"She might have some difficulty at first drinking and eating, because she would have to force water and food down her throat, but she would probably master that quickly.

"When we drink water gravity helps a little to get it down our throat. The dog would have to get it down entirely by muscular action.

No trouble in panting

"Human beings, for example, can drink while standing upside down. We've all seen the man at the party who could do it. I've tried it myself and got beer down.

"She would have no difficulty breathing because she would be in a sealed air-conditioned atmosphere breathing the same air as on earth.

"Equipment inside or outside her compartment would remove the killing carbon dioxide from her air. Concentrated oxygen would supply the oxygen she needs.

"The Russians have probably thought of everything and provided equipment to cope with her natural functions, but if she was free to float around, her excreta would flow in straight lines until it hit the nearest wall or curved side of her compartment. There it would scatter and probably flow to the furthest point away from the animal.

"The reason it would not



TEN DAYS TO LIVE. Laika, the space-dog, one of a team of huskies used in rocket research by the Russians. Its life in space was estimated at ten days after the launching.

stay suspended, like the bone, is that when expelled it would have velocity and would move rapidly across the compartment."

Dr. Piddington says that it would be difficult to get Laika back to earth.

Here is the reason: "There are two ways of getting an object like Sputnik II or the dog's container out of orbit. You could shoot it backwards with another rocket, and thus largely destroy its orbit velocity. Then it would begin to fall. With a series of parachutes to slow down its descent through the atmosphere you might get it down. This method, however, would take a lot of fuel—on our standards, though the Russians may have solved this.

"The other

method would be to try to bring down the container and dog with a huge parachute which would gradually slow the container's velocity and help bring it slowly down to earth.

Although Laika is reported to be "wired for sound" and her heart-beat, breathing, blood pressure, and temperature are being recorded for earth study, Dr. Piddington is highly sceptical of the scientific value of the space-dog.

"I have a strong feeling," he says, "that Laika is in Sputnik largely for her propaganda value, and very little for her contribution to science.

"The space-dog—and the apes and insects that are to follow — concentrates world attention on the satellite. It impresses people, and it is impressive. As sound propaganda Laika is immense.

Tests possible in laboratory

"But look a little closer at this problem. Practically everything about this dog—its heart action, blood pressure, and the rest — can be tested in a laboratory under simulated conditions to those in the satellite. And this also applies to the strain on the dog during the rocket's acceleration.

"The only thing we may learn from the dog is how it reacts to the conditions it is in where gravity and centrifugal force are balanced.

"Even this is extremely doubtful, because scientific calculations more than strongly suggest that the dog will come to no harm."

But as a layman, still mystified by things like electricity and radio impulses, I was keen to discover how physiological recordings from the space dog, and recordings from other instruments on the satellite, are broadcast back to earth.

"The quality of the radio signals is the significant thing," Dr. Piddington says.

"Take pressure, for example, which, among other things, tells us how long the satellite will stay where it is.

"I don't know what instrument the Russians are using, but here is a simple illustration. You have a sealed vessel, one of whose sides is flexible. As the pressure outside varies that wall will move in and out.

"That wall and its opposite wall in the container form an electrical condenser, and as the space between the two walls varies the capacity of the condenser varies, in much the same way that you tune a radio set.

"When you pass an electrical signal through the condenser the variation of the space between the walls causes a variation in the signal.

"You amplify this signal and its variations and broadcast it from an automatic transmitter.

"At the receiving end the quality of the signal is examined. Its variations could be like the variations in a musical scale, each note representing a certain pressure.

"Signals from other instruments, including instruments attached to the dog, can all be broadcast in much the same way, remembering all the time that it's the quality of the signals which counts.

"The satellite is probably fitted with a powerful little electric motor which automatically switches from one recording instrument to another at set intervals.

"You could record the dog's heart-beat, for instance, by much the same method we used in Sydney some years ago. We took thin rubber, covered it with carbon deposit, which is an electrical conductor, wrapped it round a rat's tail, and ran an electric current through the treated rubber.

"As the rat's heart beat, its tail expanded and contracted slightly and the electric current varied with the beats.

"To broadcast that variation, as Sputnik's transmitters are doing, is a simple technical matter."

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Economy Tube 3/3



P.S. PICTORIAL-SHOW . . .

★ is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events—price 9d.



IN SYDNEY the Jamieson family, of Parramatta, scan the sky. Their dog is named Fluffy, which at first was thought to be the space-dog's name.



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The Todds' two-star performance

Mike and Liz hold audience in Sydney

By AINSLIE BAKER

● Nuggety, aggressive little Mike Todd may be the Beast to Elizabeth Taylor's Beauty, but he's a mighty protective one, such as many girls would be glad to call their own.

"EASY, fellers, think of Liz," "Well, that depends on how Liz feels," he repeatedly cautioned reporters, cameramen, and radio interviewers during Press conferences.

But Liz, whom it has pleased many people to imagine the helpless victim of the seemingly insatiable Todd appetite for free publicity, took it all with perfect good humor and composure.

Far from being, at 25, the wreck of her once beautiful self, or pining for the three-months-old Liza, from whom

Mike had parted her, Liz seems perfectly content to indulge in these junkets about the world in the exhausting and unpredictable company of her husband.

Without a grey hair and with the bearing of a highly trained bulldozer, Mike at 50 (some say 57) looks good for at least another 20 years of living it up.

He has the quick wit of the man who's fought (and sometimes talked) his way up from the bottom, and likes it when he's reached the top.

Visibly powered by his egotism and ambition (for some reason not unduly objectionable in Todd), he suffers neither fools nor other people's speeches gladly.

The role of captive audience doesn't suit him, and when he's cornered, his square, olive-complexioned face takes on the look of a sullen small boy.

Mike's mouth can smile, but it can also snap shut like a well-sprung trap. The bright, lively grey-blue eyes take on a steely glint and the veins of his intelligent forehead become more prominent.

The Todds have a very public life. Mike says this is because he "likes changes."

"You know, I was a sort of juvenile delinquent," he added by way of further explanation.

Liz is very sun-tanned and seldom wears stockings or gloves. Her notorious "double" eyelashes are thick and smoky. And she really has starry eyes.

She's pretty, though not a raving beauty. There are plenty of girls as pretty.

But what is really pleasing about her is her natural, simple manner and lack of theatrical affectations.

The indomitable (or abominable) showman Mike seems a good deal more confident and at ease when Liz is close by than when they're separated at official receptions.

Liz's role is that of "straight man" to Todd's public personality. And she manages it very charmingly, occasionally getting in a line of her own such, when asked if he ever relaxed, "Only if I hit him on the head."

No one could laugh at his jokes more prettily.

"I've either got to get new material," Mike said, "or a new wife. I get new material."

The Todd who greeted Sydney in creased shantung trousers and open-necked, short-sleeved beach jacket would have been hurried out the back door of any self-respecting airport.

But, being Mike Todd, he left Mascot in a huge black Rolls-Royce.

LEFT: Liz Todd, wearing pink chiffon and the \$85,000 worth of rubies and diamonds Mike gave her for her birthday, at dinner at Caprice on the first night of their lightning visit here.



THE MIKE TODDS at lunch with Sydney's film industry. Liz, who drank four glasses of orange juice during the meal, wore a high-necked red-and-black frock and black mules. Mike, who's never likely to win an Oscar for his immaculate dressing, was in a fawn shantung suit. "I'm no striped-pants guy," he admitted in understatement.

THEIR PASTS

LIZ: Born in London, the daughter of an art dealer and actress, she went to Hollywood for "National Velvet," 1944, twice announced her engagement to other men before marrying chain hotel heir Nicky Hilton at 18, next year married English actor Michael Wilding, divorced him in 1956, and a few days later married Mike Todd in Mexico. She has three children.

MIKE: Born in America, the son of a Polish rabbi, he has been a newsboy, soda-jerk, apprentice pharmacist, founder of a bricklaying college, broke, president of a construction company, broke, the producer of four simultaneous Broadway successes, broke, co-inventor of a wide-screen process (Cinerama), and producer of "Around the World in 80 Days."



A KISS on the tarmac signals the arrival in Sydney of Mike ("Around the World in 80 Days") Todd and Liz Taylor.



TEN YEARS MARRIED



REGAL Queen Elizabeth arriving at the National Art Gallery in Washington in a fur-trimmed velvet coat and a matching toque. An American newspaper described the Queen as a "young woman of poise, reserve, and impeccable dignity."



WEDDING-DAY photograph of Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten after their marriage on November 20, 1947.

"The Queen is her own severest critic..."

—says ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

● In the ten years since a 21-year-old Princess Elizabeth married Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, the Princess has become a Queen, the mother of two children, and a woman acclaimed in every country she has visited.

IN those ten years there seldom has been a word of criticism until the past four months, and, whether this has been fair or unfair, the Queen does not need it—she is her own severest critic.

People close to her know that there is no aspect of her public life about which she is not extremely frank and critical.

The Royal visit to North America, opening to Malcolm Muggeridge's criticism of the monarchy and the Royal advisers, brought into sharp focus the smallest change in the Queen and her Court's attitude to the people who publicise her—the Press, radio, and television.

No member of the Queen's household will admit that recent criticism has altered the way of the monarchy. However, what the world really wanted—a picture of the Queen as a truly human person, removed from her pageantry—splashed appearances—shone through on the tour.

This was because: ● America's N.B.S. television cameras were allowed within 10ft. of the Queen on her triumphal drive from the airport to the White House in Washington. (Photographers were kept back 20ft. on her visit six years ago.)

● The Queen ad-libbed in speeches. (On every other tour or visit the Royal speech could be taken as read.)

● She arrived 10 minutes early at the Washington Press reception to meet and shake hands with more Press people. (Such a reception was a formal "run-through" when she first ascended the Throne.)

● She decided to announce herself when she will visit countries, saying she would take Prince Charles and Princess Anne. (These statements are usually formal announcements from Buckingham Palace.)

The Queen is rarely worried. She does perfectly what she calls "the job," and in the 10 years of her marriage has had the support and help of Prince Philip.

In the small group which Lord Altrincham has described as the "Tweedy Set," the Queen and Prince Philip have enjoyed the life of two young people with their children.



UNIFORMED Prince Philip at the garden party at the British Embassy in Washington. In the ten years of their marriage, the Prince has been a constant help to his wife.



SCHOOLBOY Prince Charles, who is nine years old on November 14. After long discussions on his education, his parents enrolled him as a boarder at Cheam, in Hampshire.

Between them they have decided such simple things as whether Prince Charles would wear a deerstalker and Princess Anne be photographed in jeans; whether Charles would have the life of an average boy, or Anne be smacked down a little because as the younger child she always has led in mischief.

They have made Buckingham Palace a home where even I have tripped over the children's toy motor-cars.

During the North Ameri-

can tour, Colonel Martin Charteris, the Queen's assistant private secretary, agreed that the Queen was too big to be annoyed by criticism, but too intelligent not to profit by it.

He said: "The Queen was a young girl when she came to the Throne. Now she has the assurance that comes to a woman of her age."

"There is nothing new in the British Royalty's way of life—only gradual change. Life is a great teacher."



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Princess Anne checked her watch with an airport official while waiting for the return of her parents from their North American tour. The Princess and Prince Charles see more of their parents than most upper-class English children.



SUPERBLY COWNED
Queen Elizabeth in the
frock of lime-green lace
embroidered in gold and
pale green diamante she
wore to the dinner-party
at the Australian Em-
bassy in Washington.
The Queen is a perfec-
tionist in her dressing.
Color photographs by
Robert Feldman.

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2 NEW STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX. Richard Hudnut New Quick Wave Lotion is so pure and efficient that, unlike ordinary, cloudy wave lotions, the unused half can be recapped and saved for another wave. If you want a soft, 20-curler wave you get two waves from the one box. If you desire an all-over perm, using more than 20 curlers, use all the wave lotion.

A MORE NATURAL-LOOKING, STRONGER, LONGER-LASTING WAVE, WHICHEVER STYLE YOU PREFER. Whether you desire one of the latest 20-curler modern-style waves or an "all-over" perm, you will find this amazing new Richard Hudnut development will give you the most natural-looking, strongest, full-bodied, longest-lasting wave you've ever known. No more weak surface waves—they're deep down and won't wash out. No more dry, frizzy waves because Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is lanolised. And Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent leaves no unpleasant "after-permanent" odour.



Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

The Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent is made in two types—proved, tested formulations developed to wave any and every type of hair.

RED BOX. For EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in Normal Hair.
GREEN BOX. For HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in Normal Hair.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE... 13/-

RICHARD HUDNUT



Quickette

END CURL HOME PERM

Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package. 9/-

... and for those
end curls and
between-perm
pickups—

FATHER



"Boy, am I glad to see YOU!"

MOTHER



"My dear, you must go and see this wonderful new doctor! He absolutely ORDERS you to rest, rest, and go on resting."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

NOT since wartime have ears been tuned more assiduously to news bulletins.

"What will the Russians do next?" was the question everyone asked. As this went to press, the dog in the satellite was the focus of attention.

The fuss over Sputnik I a few weeks ago had receded into memory.

Already an untenanted satellite appeared commonplace, hardly worth straining the eyes to see among the stars.

And the dog had been hurtling through space the bare two days before the talk began about the next steps—manned satellites and moon rockets.

ONE of the chief topics of argument during the week was the plight of the animal.

You could hardly fail to feel compassion for this lost little dog of all lost dogs, but some of the protests lacked a sense of proportion.

Overriding them was the chilly thought that the West, if as far behind as it seems, might not have a dog's chance of survival.

WOMEN will have noted that all the huskies in the Russian rocket team are female.

This news comes soon after an earlier prediction that women could be the first human space travellers.

The feminists, possibly, will be pleased. But I don't see why.

THE confusion over the dog's name provided one of the lighter aspects of a mind-straining event.

First she was Kudryavka ("Fluffy"), then Damka ("Little Lady"); next Limonchik ("Little Lemon"), and, last, Laika, which—to add to the confusion—is said to be the name of a breed as well as a popular name for dogs.

Possibly the Russian relationship between Press officers and experts attached to any big project resembles that of the West.

The Press officers want to hand out a report that sounds interesting. The experts provide the information with grudging contempt.

So, in Moscow, the scene on the day of the launching may have been like this:

One Press relations officer to another: "What's this dog's name, Comrade?"

"Search me. Ask the big boy."

"And get my head bitten off? Not (Russian) likely."

"Well, put down Kudryavka. One of those huskies looks like another."

Later, First P.R.: "That was 'Pravada' on the phone. Friend of mine, a sub-editor, says Kudryavka won't fit in the headline, so I told him to call the dog Damka."

Later still, Second P.R.: "Nice mess you've caused. Chief's on the buzzer, furious. Says this is the most famous dog in all history and the least this department could do is get its name right. Called us, if I'm not mistaken, sons of huskies. Oh well..."

OTHER things happened last week, of course. By earth-bound standards November got off to a good start.

On the Monday work was begun on unifying the rail gauge between Melbourne and Sydney.

If it hadn't been for the activities in outer space this 74-year-late move might have rated more attention.

On the Tuesday there was the Melbourne Cup. (Five shillings on the winner put Sputnik II temporarily out of my head.)

Wednesday Mr. Mike Todd arrived. And Thursday there was an eclipse of the moon.

WHEN the rail-gauge work is finished the railway authorities will have a chance to get back into real competition with airways.

They may be able to do what has been done in America—turn rail travel into the luxury travel, chosen by those who prefer comfort to speed.

It could be an uphill job to sell the idea in Australia, where flying has been for so long accepted as the best way of getting from point to point.

But a comfortable train has attractions. Or it does for me, devoted as I am to railway sleeping-cars. It is the time spent awake which is boring, and an overnight journey between capitals might bring the custom back.

Businessmen could be provided with office facilities—dictaphones or stenographers. There could be a movie or TV car for those who want it. All the railways will need is an imaginative advertising campaign, backed, of course, with the goods to sell.

OPPOSING the proposed legislation to allow peeresses to sit in the House of Lords, 82-year-old Lord Glasgow became red in the face with anger. "I believe only a minority of you want to turn this House into a bear garden," he shouted.

Dear Sir, One has a tiny twinge of sympathy,

Knowing the way you feel, when for so long

You've found escape from female company,

But, Sir—"Bear Garden" is a trifle strong.

Picture your haunts when peeresses invade.

Are they so flighty, voluble, and wild? Won't the majority be fairly staid?

And won't their influence be rather mild? A battle-axe or so may join debates,

But surely most are tweedy ladies who, Given to opening flower shows and fetes, Resemble quieter inmates of the Zoo?

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55/-



Tough Polyvinyl play pool, 3ft. inside width, easy to inflate by mouth; folds into small parcel. Blue, green, red, yellow. (Postal weight: 2lb.)

She sleeps 10' 6



Charmingly dressed Italian sleeping dolls, 12 inches tall. In box. Brunettes or blondes. (Postal wt.: 8oz.)

New idea! 6' 11



Quoits Set. Tough Polystyrene. Latest idea. Suction cup holds base firmly to floor or wall. For outdoors, peg pushes into ground. (Postal weight: 10oz.)

Patterned Corduroy women's slippers. Really chic! Super grade "Saftee" Soles. Red, pink, or royal. 2's to 7's. (Postal weight: 11oz.)

10' 11

Beautiful, gitty "Ectofoam" cushions always retain shape and comfort. Blue, white, lemon, pink, red, green, gold. (Postal weight: 1lb.)

Bumper 4' 11



"Bumper" and "Reward" books for all ages. Sturdily bound. Rigid covers. Huge assortment. (Postal weight: "Bumper" size, 1lb. 6oz.; "Reward" size, 12oz.)

Leather! 22' 6 pr.



First time! Men's leather Alberts with Super Grade Softie Soles. Tan 5 to 10. Black 6 to 9. Postal weight 14oz.

Super-softie sole 16' 11 or.



Nylon 3' 11 ea

Swiss embroidered nylon. You could not possibly choose lovelier H'chiefs. Colours galore. (Postal wt.: Single 1oz.). Also Gift boxes 2 Swiss emb. Lown, 3/11 box. (Postal wt.: 3oz.)

Plain 6' 6



Patterns 6' 11

Give him the most popular of all socks... stretch nylon. One size fits all feet. Huge range tonings. Postal wt.: 2oz.

5 cup 10' 11



Sturdy Vacuum Flask. Large 5-cup size. Useful all year round. Red, green, blue, gold. Postal wt.: 1lb. 4oz.

Nylon bra 8' 11



Cleverly contoured nylon bra. So easy to launder. White, Tea Rose, sky. 32-34-36. Postal wt.: 2oz.

Nylon brief 5' 6

Pretty, well-cut nylon briefs trimmed with frothy Alencon lace. Ivory, Tea Rose, sky. SSW, SW, W. (Postal wt.: 2oz.)

It's not Christmas without gaily coloured Glass Balls. Each box assorted colours. Plain 1in., 1/6 doz.; 2in., 3/6 doz. Fancy shapes, 3/6 doz. (Postal wt.: Large, 4oz.; Small, 2oz.; Fancy, 4oz.)

BONBONS—such fun! Cap and novelty in each. Boxes of 6. (Postal wt.: 4oz.)



Christmas cards... hundreds of newest designs. With envelope, 3d. each. Others 6d. ea. 6/ doz. (Postal wt.: Doz., 4oz.)

MAIL ORDERS? YES!

Order any of these items by mail. "WOOLWORTHS SHOPPING SERVICE" in your nearest capital city is sufficient address. Please add postage to your remittance. State sizes and colour where necessary. Prompt despatch to your own or any address you nominate.

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nightie in new season's Blue icing,
Pink icing, Apricot colours.

TELEVISION PARADE

● Sydney's viewers are sitting back enjoying themselves with new Saturday programmes—the result of an “anything you can do I can do better” feud going on between the two commercial stations, Channel 9, TCN, and Channel 7, ATN.

THE programmes have sped through the modern sizes of “large” and “economy” and have now reached mighty size with 13½ hours straight telecasting on Saturdays.

It all started with Channel 9's announcement of a late Saturday night live variety show. Channel 7, ATN, immediately announced a live musical show for the same time, and topped it off with an hour-long movie that kept the station on the air till Sunday morning.

TCN added a movie to their programme and viewers settled down to their first round of feud entertainment.

TCN's first Saturday night spectacular was the best live variety show I've yet seen on TV.

It was a rare production in that it had a beginning, a middle, and an end. Many much-vaunted variety shows start off ambitiously and tail off into a miserable mess.

There was nothing miserable about this show. George Foster compered it, starred in it, and stole the show.

Channel 7 had the best movie, an ancient Western starring John Wayne. I feel Mr. Wayne might have winced his way out of films forever had he seen it.

He played a young hero of about 24 and looked far too young for it. He hadn't grown into his ten-gallon hat or worn a wrinkle into his cheek. Age suits him.

The following Saturday TCN made its bow at 9.30 with a two-hour show of films. The films included my old buddy Jungle Jim, Keiran's Kaleidoscope, Australian, Jet Jackson, and documentaries.

ATN stuck to their sporting programme, which starts with studio basketball at 10.30 a.m.

Both the channels showed the Australian tennis championships and it was another good day for viewers.

Next Saturday TCN's 9.30



SPECTACULAR DANCERS Anita Ardell and Les Rutherford, who will star in a live variety show, “Fiesta,” on Channel 2, ABN, on Saturday, November 16, at 8 p.m. Miss Ardell danced with the Katherine Dunham dancers during their Australian and New Zealand seasons.

to 11.30 show will be a 50-50 job, half live and half film.

What I'm wondering now is which channel is going to follow Melbourne's lead and start their Saturday programmes with a breakfast session of music, news, and racing information.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

I AM waiting for the night my Dragnet hero, Joe Friday, working out of drama school, gets ATN's new news reader, Mr. Charles Cousens, for over-acting. Mr. Cousens, a man who cut his teeth in radio, can't help projecting his reactions to the news into his voice. We just want the facts, Mr. Cousens, just the facts.

TELEVISION has been accused of many social crimes ranging from the de-

struction of the art of conversation to a curtailment of courting. Its latest crime, according to the American Poultry and Hatchery Federation, is that it has caused a drop in egg sales.

“TV makes people stay up too late,” the Federation vowed in a statement to a big Poultry Conference.

“Late to bed means they get up too late for a good breakfast.”

“Viewers just grab a cup of coffee or maybe a doughnut and run for the office.”

“They don't have time for eggs and bacon.”

★ ★ ★
HIGHSPOT for me of the big golf tournament telecast from the Australian Club at Kensington was a gentled phrase used on one channel.

As the winner, Gary Player, hit off just after lunch, a commentator said: “Well, there's Gary Player. He's got the right stuff in his stomach.”

You may be simple like me. The commentator was not saying Mr. Player had eaten a good lunch. He was saying genteely that Player, who at that stage did not look like winning, had guts.

★ ★ ★
I HEARD someone on TV the other day refer to “that old-fashioned medium, radio,” and a couple of days later every TV channel showing the Melbourne Cup film, for the first time, announced proudly that it was only four hours since the race had been run 500-odd miles away. I couldn't help thinking how that Red space-dog had made everything old-fashioned. In that four hours it had completed two trips round the world, and was completing the first half of its third trip.

Book now for . . .

Our Dior Parades

BOOKINGS have opened at David Jones Ltd. for the Sydney season of our spectacular Dior parades.

Applications for the gala premiere on December 7 in the Great Restaurant, Elizabeth Street store, can be made by letter, enclosing cheque, to David Jones' Dior Parades.

Tickets for parades from December 9 to December 14 are available on the second floor, Elizabeth Street store. Prices: Gala, £5/5/- each; others, £1/1/- each.

For the premiere, doors will open at 7 p.m. and cocktails and a four-course dinner will be served during the evening. For the rest of the season the parades start at 8 p.m., with two—10 a.m. and 8 p.m.—on the closing day, Saturday, December 14.

Seven famous mannequins are flying to Australia for the parades, and on pages 44 and 45 is a preview in color of the wonderful clothes they will wear. Next week five color pages are devoted to the fashions in the collection.



FAMOUS HAIRDRESSER Antoine of Paris, who has been visiting Sydney on a world tour. Antoine, a top name in hairdressing since Edwardian times, has influenced hair styles just as French couturiers have influenced fashions.

WOMEN, they're tigers, they're flowers

—AND THEY EAT TOO MUCH

● Antoine of Paris, the world's most celebrated hairdresser for five decades, insists that women in heaven will be in a completely different and permanent form—"entirely spiritual."

"IMAGINE it," he said, waving towards the second floor of Sydney's Hampton Court, "if heaven were full of women like these."

"A man would never be able to relax or be comfortable or misbehave. I know, because from the age of 16 and I am now 73 I have been completely surrounded by women. Believe me, unless women in heaven are completely spiritual a peaceful after-life will be quite impossible."

"For men, there will be neither justice nor compassion—and that is inconceivable in heaven."

As he talked his strange, darkish blue eyes almost closed and a faint mocking smile seemed to smear his large sagging mouth—the only part of his face which showed his age.

Because I knew he had first reached Paris from Poland in 1900 as a boy of 16 with a capital of five francs, I had expected a small, dapper, rather frail old man.

Instead, as he seemed to glide across the room to hold out his strong hand, he was tall and well built—and, despite his thick white hair, he looked like a healthy man in his middle fifties.

Wears make-up?

Part of the "health" I think, but can't be sure, came from the tan make-up base expertly applied to his face, and he most certainly had pencilled his almost hairless eyebrows.

As his favorite "colors" have always been white and black, particularly white, he wore a grey double-breasted suit, white shirt, black bow tie, black silk socks, and heavy black crocodile-skin sandals.

On the first finger of his left hand he had a black-and-gold ring, nearly as big as a match-box, with his initials "A.C." in gold, for his real name is Antoine (or Antek for short) Cierplikowski.

Antoine of Paris is quite an extraordinary man, a mixture of high intelligence, much sensitivity, great sophistication, and showmanship.

He has charm—bags of it—and humor—a teasing,

By
RONALD McKIE

lurking sort of humor—and a memory so sound that during the 90 minutes I spent with him he declaimed and acted the entire "To be or not to be" speech from "Hamlet." He would have quoted most of the play if I hadn't moved him on to another question.

I asked him what was the most obvious and the most subtle change in women in the past 50 years.

He spread his hands like a conductor opening an overture, tilted back his head, and half closed his eyes.

"The most obvious thing is that the present generation has not the slightest knowledge of what luxury or elegant living means."

"Because of things like the cold war, machines, and speed, society is disrupted and astray and people live most banal lives."

His accent is strong, his tone rough. He speaks a little like an Englishman trying to pronounce Chinese.

"The most subtle change," he said, "is that women today, because they are always in a hurry, have lost their ability to be truly, graciously, wonderfully romantic."

"They have love. Yes. But

they have allowed materialism to kill romance—and that is something much more subtle."

I asked: "Who were the world's most exquisite women in Edwardian times—and who are they now?"

He lit yet another cigarette. "I will answer the first question, but not the second."

"They were Lady Mendl, Comelia Vanderbilt, Lady Fellows, and Sarah Bernhardt—but today..." He dropped his hands dejectedly.

"The terrible truth is that mass production has killed beauty—killed the individuality of exquisite elegance."

"Do you genuinely believe that women are the stronger sex?" I asked.

This time he smiled and showed most of his too white upper and lower teeth.

"You have, of course, heard of the Chinese torture when they dropped water drop by drop on a victim until he went mad."

"Women are like that—like those little drops of water which in themselves are small and weak but collectively heavy and powerful."

"Women dominate the world because they are so much stronger than men, because they use the iron hand in the velvet glove."

"Women also cry easily and vigorously, and was ever a more lethal weapon invented since the time of Cleopatra?"

"Women are tigers and for 50 years I have cut their hair, like in the Biblical story, to take away some of their power."

"But I give them back something in return, something that only Antoine can give through his hands and eyes and brain—his art."

Antoine was enjoying himself by this, waving his arms

in beautifully rounded gestures, flinging back his head, closing his eyes for so long that sometimes I wondered if they would ever open again.

But they did, and I shot this question: "Should a girl ask a man to marry her?"

"Yes," he said (and quietly now), "I have always believed a girl who loves should have the right, the natural right, to ask her man."

"The girl who is sure of her love already knows truth, and no girl would ask unless she is already sure of this knowledge."

"And now," I said, "what is the best advice you can give to the plain girl?"

"An important question," Antoine replied, "and the answer is this: Be simple and stay yourself."

Be natural

"The plain girl should never try to be beautiful. But she can achieve perfection in so many other ways. She should choose work which admirably suits her, which she loves doing. She should develop every artistic characteristic in her make-up. She should develop her mind. She should marry the man she loves, not the man with money to compensate for her plainness."

"The plain girl who attempts to create a false life will fail and be miserable. But the plain girl who learns that life is balance will be happy."

"Women are like flowers. Some are lovely. Some are plain. But all flowers have balanced shape, perfect harmony within themselves—and that is beauty."

I asked, as a final question, for womankind's worst characteristic and her best, and again that little smile stained his mouth.

"Her worst," Antoine said, "is that she has no willpower to control her physical body. Eventually, no matter how hard she tries not to, she will eat and her shape will change."

"Her best is something as powerful and wonderful as the sea. It is that deep, eternal sweetness which lifts her forever above man."

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KAYSER DEBS if you are under 5' 2".

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For the name of your nearest store or salon write to E. Lucas & Co. Pty. Ltd., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, also makers of fine lingerie.

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MELBOURNE CUP DAY PUNTERS included the U.K. High Commissioner, Lord Carrington, one of the best-dressed men on the course in his dove-grey morning suit, with Mrs. John Grimwade, of Toorak, and her house-guest during Cup Week festivities, Mrs. Marcel Dekysere (right).



QUARTET at the Cup Eve Lucky Horseshoe dinner-dance at Ciro's are (from left) Baillieu Myer, Mrs. Rod O'Connor, of Cressy, Tas., Mrs. Myer, and Rod O'Connor. Mrs. Myer's elegant dress combined cinnamon-brown silk taffeta and white tucked chiffon.

Melbourne Cup Festivities



ON THE LAWNS at Flemington are Mr. J. H. B. Carr (left), of "Funny Hill," Binda, N.S.W., Mrs. Bill Parry-Okeden and her husband, who is secretary of the A.J.C. Mrs. Parry-Okeden wore a silk frock and a shady hat.



OAKS DAY RACES. Both Mrs. Percy Northrop (left) and Mrs. Leo Guest chose fur-trimmed coats for the Oaks Day races. Mrs. Northrop chose winter-white with leopard-skin facings and Mrs. Guest's was trimmed with two-tone fox.



VICE-REGAL spectators arriving at Flemington to watch Straight Drags win the Melbourne Cup are the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Slim.



NAVY BALL. The flag-officer commanding the Australian Fleet, Rear-Admiral David Harries, and his wife at the Navy Ball held at Royale Ballroom on Oaks Night and attended by more than eight hundred and fifty guests.



LUCKY HORSESHOE DANCE. Mrs. Bruce Matear (left) with Carry Gray, Mrs. Gray, and Bruce Matear at the Cup Eve dance in aid of the Red Cross.

DANCING at the Hunt Club Ball at the Royale ballroom on Oaks Eve are pretty English visitor Wendy Raphael and Christopher Chamberlain.



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FOR HIM



FOR HER



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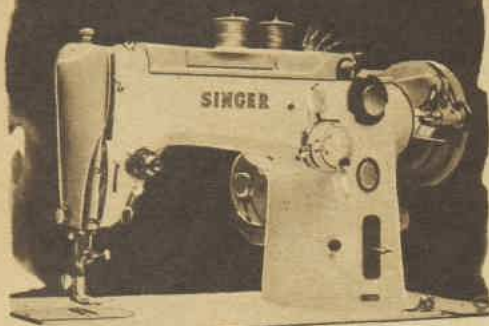
THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN:

ECLECTUS or **RED-SIDED PARROT** (*Lorius roratus*). This giant parrot is one of the few birds in the world, and certainly the only one in Australia, of which the female of the species (seen here) is more brilliantly colored than the male (plain green). It is restricted to Cape York, but also occurs in New Guinea. The parrot nests in a hole in a tree growing in scrub or jungle at a height of up to 80 feet from the ground.

(Picture by Dr. Allen Keast, of Sydney)

Page 17

The machine of **TODAY**
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It took Singer experience to bring you the world's most modern automatic sewing machine. With just a flick of your finger you change from straight sewing, to zig-zag . . . from zig-zag to buttonholes. Everything a woman could possibly need in a sewing machine is automatically yours with the Singer Automatic 319. You'll always be assured of spare parts and efficient servicing—when you buy a Singer machine. Call at your Singer Sewing Centre and ask for a personal demonstration of the new-new Singer Automatic 319. In two-tone pastel green or smart black with modern carrying case or Console table model.



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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WITHOUT lifesavers guarding our beaches there would be many bathing fatalities, yet these volunteers are always short of funds for their organisations. Might it not be a good idea if a small amount, say sixpence or a shilling, could be added to the retail price of swimsuits, the profit going to the lifesavers? Bathers willingly pay high prices for swimsuits, and would not miss such a levy. If such an arrangement could be made, the few who serve so many would benefit.

£1/1/- to Miss E. E. Clifford, 61 Slevoris St., Yeronga, Qld.

THE custom of blowing out candles on the birthday cake may be traditional and picturesque, but it's certainly unhygienic. Quite often the flame is not extinguished by the first puff, and party guests join the guest of honor in a "big blow." Then the candles are removed, the cake sliced, and handed around for eating. You wouldn't buy cooked foods from a shop if you knew they had been breathed on, so why let it happen at home? It would be better if the candles were gently tapped out with a small aluminium spatula, or even with a bread-and-butter knife.

10/6 to Mrs. E.M. (name supplied), St. Ives, N.S.W.

I OFTEN wonder if all the publicity given to glamor girls these days is good for growing teenagers. The magic statistics "34-24-34" win beauty contests, fame, trips abroad, attention, and adulation. Does all this make the winner a nicer, sweeter girl, or does it give her vanity and a wrong sense of value? Let's have competitions to find the best cook or needlewoman, and forget for a while the eternal 34-24-34.

10/6 to Mrs. N. Harkness, Dookie, Vic.

HIGH heels are probably the reason why so many active young girls battle in and out of crowded buses and trams in the city to travel a few hundred yards. These young people play vigorous sport at weekends, but at other times walking the shortest distance seems to be too exhausting for them.

10/6 to "Shanks' Pony" (name supplied), Drummoynne, N.S.W.

THE front pages of the telephone directories in public booths are so often mutilated or completely torn out that it makes life trying for people who have to call government departments. Why don't the compilers of directories use their imagination and place these department numbers in a special section, on distinctive-colored paper, in the centre of the book? This surely wouldn't be any more difficult to compile, and would solve the problem.

10/6 to "Phone Book" (name supplied), Alberton, S.A.

School punishment

MAY I, on behalf of the teaching profession, reply to "Kept In" (16/10/57), who stated that teachers should notify the parents the day before if their child is to be kept in after school the following day? Teachers are not clairvoyant. Do you administer the punishment in serial form, saying: "Tomorrow I'll punish you for setting fire to the kitchen curtains"? I think not.

10/6 to "Spare the Rod" (name supplied), Tarcutta, N.S.W.

Stormy situation

I DON'T agree with Mrs. Treloar (30/10/57) and her way of telling a tall story to soothe children during a thunderstorm. Her youngsters will soon discover that thunder isn't made in Santa's workshop, and will find it hard to believe her other explanations. I told mine that lightning was just electricity in the air, and warned them to stay indoors or away from trees, and they would be safe.

10/6 to Mrs. Cil. Coutts, Box 86, Kaniva, Vic.

Family affairs

LAST Christmas I was expecting my fourth child, and was not looking forward to the school holidays, as my six-year-old eldest son was always moaning that he had "nothing to do" since the little ones were too young to play his games. When we were all at church, the request was made that we should take an orphanage child into our homes for the holidays, and I decided gladly to ask for a six-year-old boy as company for our own. When he came, he and my son were great mates after the usual scrap. They were always outside playing, instead of being in the house slowing down work, and the Christmas proved happy for all. The orphanage child was a wonderful example in manners to my own children.

£1/1/- to "Well Rewarded" (name supplied), Kahliah, N.S.W.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I NOTICED a bowl of roses in the living-room. "Those roses look very nice," I said to my wife.

"I'm glad you like them," she replied coolly. "They've been there for three days."

I thought I had better show some enthusiasm.

"Dainty Bess always makes a lovely show," I said.

"Those roses aren't Dainty Bess. They're Improved Cecil Brunner."

"How silly of me! Of course they are," I said.

Actually it was the first time I had heard of Improved Cecil Brunner. I wondered what Cecil Brunner was like before he improved. Could he be left alone with Dainty Bess?

Plant names are one of the big snags of gardening. This is especially so when you are a late starter in the field, like me.

Before I was married I never even owned a flower-pot. I thought flowers were things you bought at a florist's when you couldn't avoid it.

As a result I have never caught up with my wife in gardening knowledge.

But after my howler over Im-

A BUNCH OF ROSES

proved Cecil Brunner I started to read up on roses in the gardening magazines.

The remarks on them, I found, often sounded very personal. Like: "Mrs. Georgia Tharp's flesh-pink beauty is delighting many this season." Or: "Noeline Flag prefers a shady spot, protected from westerly winds."

What do the people who have



roses named after them think of this kind of publicity?

This thought struck me when I read that "Fred C. Conklin is a vigorous but thirsty dwarf." The statement could hardly give pleasure to Mr. Conklin, if he is still around.

I asked a gardening expert about it, and he said my suspicion was correct.

He told me the story of Mrs. Hannah Fidge, whose husband gave her name to a new rose.

At first she was pleased with the comments in the gardening magazines, such as "Hats off to the gracious newcomer, Mrs. Hannah Fidge!"

But soon some of their remarks made her uneasy.

An authority said: "Many suburban gardeners are having success with strongly perfumed Mrs. Hannah Fidge." Another referred to Mrs. Hannah Fidge as "a big-bodied hybrid."

When a magazine gave its readers instructions on "how to prepare a bed for gay Mrs. Hannah Fidge," she lost her patience.

She got her husband to change the rose's name to Souvenir de Chatswood.

It was a sensible thing to do. There is no point in putting up with the kind of humiliation that befell Mrs. Mona Hotchkiss, the Melbourne socialite. The gardening catalogues all say Mrs. Mona Hotchkiss is a hardy climber with abundant pink hips.

THE WEB

This week's prize-winning story

By **FREDA VINES**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

For Readers' Choice Contest
see page 49

LOOKING up from his textbook, Rennie Coltas saw the girl hesitate at the entrance of the auditorium and knew a stirring of the heart that he had not experienced before in all of his twenty-five years.

She was a small girl with the grace of a ballerina. The finely pleated white tunic, belted with gold, clung to her figure with affection, and her hair was black and shining, cut close to her head. She was not without vanity, for jewelled clusters, iridescent as bubbles, swung at her ears.

She was, thought Rennie, not more than nineteen or twenty years of age. She had a certain shy gentleness that, allied with her grace, would have reminded another generation of a fawn, but the simile did not occur to Rennie for he had never seen — and would never see — a fawn. In his time no living creature had inhabited the earth's face for more than two hundred years.

Seeing the girl smile at him, Rennie smiled back. Her eyes, he noted, smiled with her lips.

She said: "Am I late — or too early? I didn't want to miss tonight's lecture. Hemingway has always been rather a favorite of mine."

"Hemingway?" Rennie frowned. "Isn't tonight's lecturer Fossilton?"

"Ernest Hemingway," she said gravely, but he caught a flicker of laughter in the grey eyes, "was a twentieth-century novelist. I see I've been stupid and mistaken the time. I thought it was the Librarians' Hour. You see, we went upstairs and I'm afraid we rather lost track of time — the sky was clear tonight and the stars were wonderful."

Rennie looked his surprise, for no one went "upstairs" to the earth's surface much these days from the comfortable world men had carved for themselves underground. Usually the only people who went there were the workers in charge of the atmosphere extraction plant, for there was

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Wilde stood quietly behind the angry Rennie while Leona gazed silently at the tiny, fragile web.



It's fun to be alive ...
surrounded with the gaiety
of new

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Gay Again

AN INSPIRED FRAGRANCE
WITH A SPARKLING
DEVIL-MAY-CARE AIR.



CYCLAX GAY AGAIN
The most joyous fragrance
you've ever known.

Cyclax Gay Again is alive
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Purely feminine! It was
created especially for you ...
so let yourself go ... revel
in its sweet freshness ... live,
love, laugh and be happy as
it weaves its magic joyous
spell.



Cyclax Gay Again
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Cyclax Gay Again
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Single Tablet. 6/-.



Cyclax Gay Again
Dusting Powder
with puff - 12/9.

Cyclax Gay Again
Bath Powder
Sprinkler-top Canister. 8/6.

Cyclax Gay Again
Spray Mist. 23/-.

Start living ... start loving

Cyclax *Gay Again*

Concluding instalment of our exciting two-part serial
By **GITTA SERENY**

The Medallion

THE day that GEOFFREY HOUSTON turns ten he still does not know that he has been adopted by JOHN HOUSTON and his wife, MARIAN. Geoffrey was taken to America from Italy at the end of the war by John, who in war-stricken Rome had found a girl in the street who had been shot and who begged him to take her baby son. She died before she could reveal his identity. On the morning of Geoffrey's birthday he receives a gold medallion sent anonymously. Some days later John receives a cable from Vienna from an old friend, ERIC STANTON, saying the boy is in Vienna. A frantic telephone call to Geoffrey's school reveals the boy has disappeared. The desperate parents contact the F.B.I., who discover that a boy answering to Geoffrey's description was taken aboard a plane for Paris at New York with a nurse and papers showing he was bound for Switzerland, as he was ill. At Paris he was transferred to

a chartered plane for Switzerland, but there was no record of the plane having landed there. The Houstons are told they must fly to Vienna, where the U.S. Army will continue the search.

When Geoffrey regains consciousness he finds himself in a room overlooking a courtyard. He dresses himself in his school clothes, which he finds in the room, and escapes by jumping out of the window. He has not the faintest idea what city he is in but he instinctively knows he will be hunted.

Meanwhile his parents are told the authorities know Geoffrey has escaped in the Russian zone, for it is the Russians who abducted him.

Geoffrey finds some American money in his pocket and is able to have a meal in a restaurant, but he flees when he sees some soldiers watching him. He finds his way to the river and an unexpected hiding-place. NOW READ ON.

THAT had been an hour ago. For an hour now he had been sitting in this man-made cave, trying to think of what to do next. He had found the cave just as he had been about to dodge back into the small crooked streets; He hadn't wanted to go that way. Somehow the streets felt wrong, he didn't know why. He had felt threatened, threatened even by that direction. He was obsessed with the idea of getting across the river.

Somehow—he didn't know why—he thought it might be safer, better on the other side. But, on the other hand, he knew that he had to get out of sight, that every person who saw him, whom he saw, was a potential danger. There was another discovery that had added to his fear.

Keeping close to the walls as he walked through the streets, he had met several children, several boys who looked about his own age, and some quite a bit older. And they, even more than the grown-ups, had stared at him. And Geoffrey had realised that most of the boys wore short pants, and that those who wore long ones wore suits, and Geoffrey could see that he looked quite different from them.

Once more then he had leaned over the parapet, in that street along the river, and looked at the two bridges he could see from where he stood, and then at the yellow, dirty water that flowed sluggishly beneath him. If I could find a boat, a rowing-boat, he had thought. Then if I could stake out somewhere until tonight, in the dark I could row across.

Then he saw the steps. Broad stone steps that led down to the water's edge, and a path alongside it. And he had also seen a boat. A small boat, green with age, with rusty oarlocks. There were no oars that he could see. But they could be standing against the wall under me, he had thought. I can't see that from here. And he had run to the steps, and, pressing himself hard against the wall away from the water, he had run down. It was when he had got to the bottom and started looking for the oars that he had found the hole, the cave, his present refuge.

He had seen that there were several caves along the path. From what he had seen when he crawled in, they were places for stocking tools and nets and other oddments, except that in the very back there was an iron door, tightly locked.

The one Geoffrey had chosen was about halfway between the two flights of stairs. It was dirty and musty-smelling, but it was a shelter, and, what's more, could serve him as a lookout post. From it he could observe the goings-on on both bridges, and, he hoped, work out a plan of action.

As he sat there now, after counting the strokes of the church clock till ten, Geoffrey no longer felt panicky. He no longer questioned why all this was happening to him. It was manifestly impossible to find an answer, and subconsciously he had, hours ago, accepted the solution he had first thought of on the plane: This was a case of mistaken identity. Accepted it, even though he realised perfectly well that it was he they were looking for. He, Geoffrey, with his face. He didn't

ask himself why any boy should be in such a situation, and, strangely enough, even though he was convinced that there was some mistake, it still had not occurred to him to give himself up.

The panic he had felt in the restaurant had been short-lived, had mostly been caused by the sharp contrast between feeling perfectly warm and safe at one moment and utterly threatened the next. Even so, the development from panic to fear to excitement had been gradual, and only now, sitting in the dusky of his cave, did he suddenly realise that he was warm and fed, that he had a watch that ticked, that he was able to think quietly and that, not too long from now, he would think of a way to get out of here.

The sun shone bright now outside, but his cave was dim. I'll think later, he thought drowsily, and he fell asleep.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. Marian and John were sitting in Colonel Matthews' office in the U.S. Headquarters building near the American Embassy. They had come there at Colonel Matthews' bidding, still accompanied by Henry Tatum, with whom they had spent the morning in their hotel room at the Bristol.

It had been a terrible morning. The first two hours after Matthews had left them had mostly been spent in answering Tatum's questions. He had shown an extraordinary knowledge of matters in their lives they thought no one knew about. And yet, as far as the key to the whole situation was concerned—Geoffrey's antecedents—John had found to his bewilderment that Henry Tatum seemed to be determined to avoid discussing it. Yet John could not bring himself to force the issue.

Twice the telephone had rung, and both times Tatum had answered before John could get there. After the second monosyllabic conversation, John had lost his temper. "Look here, this is beginning to be ridiculous. Do you people have to be quite so officious about this? Here it is almost noon. We've done what your colonel asked us to do. We've kept out of it. We've stayed here twiddling our thumbs until we are going mad. But it's been hours now. He promised to phone us. He hasn't. That means he isn't getting anywhere. This can't go on. We've got to do something."

Tatum's bland diplomatic face had shown sympathy for a moment. "Believe me, I know how you must feel," he had said. "Mr. Houston, Colonel Matthews is one of the ablest men I know. I wish you could believe me. It would help you both if you could. If anyone is going to get the boy out of the Russian zone, he will. His organisation is quite extraordinary. Even we don't know how he does it. He has his people everywhere—" That was when the telephone had rung again.

"That was Lieutenant Radenkov," Tatum had said. "He is coming up."

Radenkov had been carrying a roll of paper in his hand.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1957



"There isn't much news," he had said as soon as he came in the door, "but there is some."

"Yes?" Marian had stepped forward.

"He's quite a boy, isn't he, Mrs. Houston?" Radenkov had said with a brief smile, the American vernacular sounding oddly appealing in his curious accent.

"A woman called the MPs just a few minutes ago. She called from a pay phone in the second district. She is the owner of a coffeehouse over there, in the Prater. That's the Vienna fairground. It's set in an enormous rambling park, the biggest one in Vienna. She said she would have called before but that she had been detained and questioned by the Russians since eight this morning and had only just been released."

"Yes?" John had urged him on impatiently.

Radenkov's voice had been quiet and calming. "She wanted to let us know that this morning, about seven-thirty, a boy came into her coffeehouse in the Prater. She thinks he was American. He wore long grey trousers, a pale blue sweater, and a navy jacket. He spoke no German and had only American money. He asked for breakfast, which happened to be the only English word she understands, and she gave him hot milk and coffee, bread with butter and honey. Mrs. Houston, she said the boy seemed fine. A little cold, but all right."

"You said she was detained by the Russians," John had cut in. "What happened?"

Radenkov had hesitated.

"Lieutenant," John had said, "we have to know these things. It is much worse for us if you try to hold things back."

"Yes, I know," Radenkov had said, but looked at Marian, who seemed to have lost ten pounds since he had seen her just a few hours ago. "The boy was spotted by some Russian soldiers as he sat in the coffeehouse near a window," Radenkov had continued. "The woman helped him get away through the back. She was then taken off to the Russian Kommandant and questioned. This was the reason she

decided to call us. She said the boy seemed very frightened of the Russians, and the Russians seemed very anxious to catch him. She couldn't understand why, but she wanted to let us know."

"That was very good of her," Marian had said softly.

"Yes, it was," Radenkov had answered and then added quickly, "Mrs. Houston, we do know several things now we didn't know before. I know this is meagre comfort, but, believe me, it is something. We know now the boy isn't hurt. We know he is in sufficiently good spirits to take risks."

"We know he realises where the danger lies, even though we don't know how he knows it or how much he realises. We know he has some money. We didn't know that before, and it's the kind of thing that is very important."

"We didn't know he had any money on him," John had said, "and, besides, it's American money. That's not much good to him, is it?"

"I wouldn't say that, Mr. Houston. After all, this woman at the coffeehouse accepted it, didn't she?"

Marian had nodded. "But, Lieutenant, what can he do? Whom can he turn to? How can he know whom to trust and whom not to trust?"

"Yes," Radenkov had said soberly. "That is true, Mrs. Houston. And it's one problem, if not the main one."

"Where is he now?" John had asked.

George Radenkov had looked at him and then raised his hand in a gesture both of exasperation and helplessness. "We don't know."

"But for heaven's sake—"

"Mr. Houston, the problem of finding him is stupendous. But we have people stationed all over the Prater, all—"

John had broken in, almost viciously, "Good heavens. This isn't some sort of soap opera. Who exactly are these—these mythical people all of you keep mentioning? And how in heaven's name can they find Geoffrey?"

Radenkov's voice had showed no impatience, only boundless sympathy. "Please, Mr. Houston, I can't tell you who

Quite plainly Geoffrey heard a voice behind him say in English, "Geoffrey, don't go on any of these things. Don't use American money."

they are. You must appreciate that. But I can tell you that at this very moment, and since early this morning, there are more than two hundred people in the second district both looking for Geoffrey and prepared to get him off the streets the moment they find him. It is merely a matter of time before they spot him."

"All right," John had said, controlling himself. "Let us suppose one of your people over there does spot Geoffrey. What happens then?"

"If Geoffrey can be persuaded to trust that person, Mr. Houston, then that person will, first of all, as I said, get him off the streets into one of the apartments at our disposal there."

"And then?"

"Well, I don't know. You see, I am—well, let us say I am a sort of liaison, a sort of middle man. It is Colonel Matthews, and Colonel Matthews alone, who plans strategy."

"And you don't know what he is planning?"

"No, I don't." And then he had said, "I have to go, Mr. Houston. There is just one more thing we should like to know." He had slowly unwound the long roll of paper he had brought in under his arm. "Could you tell me whether you recognise this photograph?"

Both Marian and John, momentarily stunned, had looked at the familiar small face before them.

"Where did you get this?" Marian had finally asked.

"Do you recognise the photograph, Mrs. Houston?" Radenkov had repeated.

"It's Geoffrey. Of course I do. It's Geoffrey."

"You mean, do we recognise the actual photograph, don't you, Lieutenant?" John had said.

"Yes. Yes, Mr. Houston. We should like to know whether

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The finest fruity drinks you ever tasted!



this little  bottle makes 2 big bottles

giving 50 large glasses of refreshing fruity drink!



Yes, there's generous plenty for a party in this little 4-oz. bottle—it's pure summer magic, because it's Tutti Frutti. "Big Sister" makes Tutti Frutti so concentrated in deliciousness that you can buy top quality and save at the same time. And *that's* not a pleasure that happens often nowadays! In fact, Tutti Frutti is so economical

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SO SIMPLE..SO QUICK..SO EASY!

Here's what to do: add a little sugar, some hot water, and in 60 seconds your delicious cordial is ready to serve. Imagine the saving! It's quite the nicest way of keeping cool as a breeze.



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A RING FOR JANET

A short short story by DOROTHY M. ROSE



RUSS BROWN checked his watch as he hustled along the shortcut through the park. Young resident physicians really had no right to grab an hour away from the hospital for lunch.

The big insurance building was just the other side of the park. Russ wasn't really anxious to arrive there—not that he didn't like his future father-in-law.

Joe Hamilton was a swell guy. But after the lunch with Mr. Hamilton the whole matter of which engagement ring Russ was going to give Janet tonight would be settled. Russ had the uncomfortable feeling that the decision had been made already, and not by him.

It wasn't simply a question of the ring, Russ reflected, riding up in the elevator. The trouble was, if he didn't make this decision, was he ever going to make any decisions in the future for Janet and himself?

He'd tried to get his objections over to Janet last night, but she'd only wrinkled her nose at him in that appealing way she had.

"It's sweet of you to offer me the ring that was your mother's," she'd pouted, "but, as Mother says, it's sort of tiny. It isn't as though a girl gets engaged every day. A ring means so much to a girl. It shows the whole world how proud she is of the man she's marrying. And Dad can afford to help us, Russ."

She'd hinted at a lot more. The engagement party tomorrow night—it would be rather lavish; and the wedding itself, and her lovely trousseau. Wouldn't all those things make the ring that had been his mother's appear just that much more out of place?

Russ had bristled. "Being a doctor's wife won't be easy sledding, you know, even after I get my own practice started."

"I know, darling," Janet had been sweetly reasonable. "I can skimp when I have to. But must I

when there's no need, when Mother wants Dad to help?"

In the end Russ had given in to her. But the uneasy feeling persisted that most of the things Janet said were lines she'd heard from Mrs. Hamilton.

The elevator stopped at the seventh floor and Russ made his way along the corridor, scanning names on the doors. But it was at the big area beyond the private offices that he found Mr. Hamilton's cubicle, a surprisingly small space, set off by glass partitions, and identical to the other glass booths lined up beside it.

Joe Hamilton greeted Russ heartily. "We'll go right down to the lunchroom, son," he said, and took Russ' arm.

When they got off at the third floor, Russ started to turn into the first dining-room they passed.

"Whoa, not in there!" Mr. Hamilton laughed. "That's for the bigwigs. Matter of protocol, you know."

Russ hadn't known. He allowed himself to be steered along the hall.

Once they were seated at a table Mr. Hamilton drew a small box from his pocket and placed it on the table. The box was covered with white satin. Mr. Hamilton flipped back the lid.

"That's quite a rock, sir," Russ said uncomfortably. "But I don't feel right about this. I've told Janet."

Mr. Hamilton shoved the box nearer Russ. "I admire your pride, son," he said. "But you're dealing with a woman. Got to keep them happy, you know."

His hearty, bluff laugh asked Russ to share the humor of female demands. Russ managed a feeble smile.

"Janet chose it herself," Mr. Hamilton said, serious again. "But if she decides she'd prefer another, we can always return it. The wife's dealt at the one shop for years."

"It's too much," Russ repeated painfully.

Mr. Hamilton was shaking pills out of a bottle. He gulped down a couple with water. "It's what Janet and her mother want, Russ," he said. "Got to please them."

Russ started on his food unhappily. Halfway through he noticed Joe Hamilton was only pushing at his own lunch.

"What's wrong?" Russ asked. "Your appetite off? Why not let me check you over?"

Mr. Hamilton shook his head. "Nothing to it. Fact is, Doc, I've had an examination. X-rays, the works. Guess there's an operation in my future, some day."

Russ laid down his fork. "What are you waiting for?" he asked with concern. "You're not afraid?"

"No, of course not," Mr. Hamilton toyed with the silver. "It can wait. This is a big year, the wedding and all. No need to upset Janet and her mother." His eyes were suddenly alert. "Look, son, you forget I told you. You're not to breathe a word to my wife, you hear?"

Afterwards Russ walked back through the park, the white satin box a dead weight in his pocket. It had been a shock to find Mr. Hamilton in that cubicle of an office.

From the way his wife was always turned out, you'd think Mr. Hamilton ran the insurance firm. Now, it loomed as entirely probable to Russ that the ring in his pocket was the reason Mr. Hamilton was putting off that operation.

He worried about it all through his afternoon rounds. And there was so little time to decide. He was to meet Janet in the park at five o'clock. The place was one of their favorite spots and it was there she wanted him to give her the ring.

But to his surprise she was waiting for him outside the hospital.

Russ' heart leaped as he saw her. For all her smart clothes Janet looked like a beautiful child. And when he faced her with the only ultimatum possible she might be lost to him forever.

He could tell from the growing alarm in her eyes as she listened to him that Janet hadn't known a thing about her father's condition.

"I won't let him pay for the ring," he told her flatly. He reached into his pocket and brought out the two boxes, the white satin one and the one that had been his mother's. "It's up to you," he said carefully. "I can pay for the big ring myself, but it'll take time. We'd have to put off the wedding a year or so."

Janet didn't seem to be listening. "Why didn't he tell Mother?" she asked. "How did they get to this stage, where he can't share a big worry like this?"

Russ shrugged. "I guess you get to that point gradually. Your mother wants a lot of things and —"

Janet's eyes were wide and very bright. She hesitated only slightly before she reached out and took the box that held his own mother's ring. "It won't be that way with us," she said solemnly.

Russ let out his breath and grabbed her to him. That had been a bad minute, the minute while he waited for her to choose the box with their future in it. If she'd chosen the other box there wouldn't have been any future for them at all.

Because the white satin box had been, of course, quite empty. The ring was locked away safely at the hospital, ready to go back to Janet's father tomorrow. Some time Russ would tell Janet. But not now. He was otherwise occupied.

(Copyright)

Russ was surprised to find Janet waiting for him as he hurried out of the hospital.

BROAD
HURST

Hour of

Short Story by Dorothy Eden

MATTHEW had tidied his desk preparatory to leaving the office. It was with some impatience that he consulted his sister's shopping list to see what he must buy on his way home. A fortnight ago Elizabeth had broken her ankle, and although, with the assistance of a daily woman, she could cope with running the house, she was temporarily unable to go out shopping.

Matthew was a nice young man with decent impulses and the kind of courtesy that not only was taught to him at his public school but also was bred in him. But there was also the fact that he was eight years younger than Elizabeth, and when their mother had died at a comparatively early age Elizabeth had promptly become the loving and maternal elder sister. She had pampered Matthew to a degree that made him absurdly dependent on her. It had also made him slightly pettish and easily irked about trifles.

For instance, at this moment he found the fact that Elizabeth required a pair of red-and-blue hand-knitted ski-ing gloves that could be obtained only at a shop in Paradise Mews extremely irritating.

The wools to be matched for the piece of tapestry she was working on, the soap of a kind she always used and not stocked by their local chemist, and fruit from the barrow boy at the corner he found reasonable requests.

But ski-ing gloves! Dash it, Elizabeth had a broken ankle and couldn't ski for weeks, anyway, even if it were the season. Did he have to go half an hour out of his way to buy something that could well wait until his sister was able to do her own shopping once more?

Matthew picked up a pencil and methodically crossed out the last item on the list. Then he put on his hat, picked up his umbrella, and left the office.

It was a lovely evening, clear and still, with the late sunlight shining in a golden haze. Even the rush-hour crowd seemed to have slackened its mad dedicated rush to buses and tube trains, and to be lingering to watch the pigeons in the square, or the river flowing by, or a down-at-heel street entertainer doing his act.

Paradise Mews. The name seemed to float into Matthew's head as if it were part of the golden evening. He had purchased the tapestry wools, the delicately scented soap, grapes, and a pale green watermelon. Perhaps after all he could make the detour to Paradise Mews, since it was such a charming evening, and apart from

the Enchantress

the couple of hours of study he would do after dinner there was no reason to rush home.

So he found his way to the narrow cobbled street with the pale pink and blue houses and the tiny shop windows, such as one would imagine would be displayed for a smaller, gayer race of people than the average Londoner.

The shop he sought had a conglomeration of objects in its window, gaily dressed felt dolls, tea cosies, pottery, musical boxes, and hand-knitted ski-ing jerseys and gloves. And inside, behind the miniature counter, was the most beautiful girl Matthew had ever seen.

Disconcertingly, he forgot what it was that he wished to purchase. He began to feel in his pockets for the shopping list and the melon tucked under his arm burst out of its paper bag and went rolling on to the floor. He tried to stop it with his umbrella, but it eluded him and disappeared beneath the counter. The girl stooped quickly to retrieve it. She laid it on the counter and said, "Perhaps you would care to put your other packages down?"

Her rosy face was quite grave, but her huge violet eyes were sparkling. She watched Matthew awkwardly lay down his umbrella, his briefcase, and the package of soap beside the wayward melon. Then she smiled briefly and dazzlingly, and said, with the faintest trace of a foreign accent, "What can I do for you?"

Although Matthew was still hot and confused, he had come to his senses.

"I want a pair of red-and-blue hand-knitted ski-ing gloves," he said briskly.

"What size, please?"

"Size? Oh, lord, I'm afraid I don't know. They're for my sister."

The girl, like her shop, was miniature size. She looked like one of those enchanting figures that one saw in snow scenes, laughing and red-cloaked, even when the snowflakes whirled down. She was unlike any other girl Matthew had seen.

"And your sister, her hands, they are this big?" She spread out her own fragile small-bone hand that, although no bigger than a child's, was perfect in its maturity.

"Oh, larger than that," Matthew said with certainty.

"Perhaps a seven? That is quite large."

Matthew tried to visualise Elizabeth's hands and found that he hadn't the faintest recollection of their size or shape.

"Well, yes. Perhaps I'd better take them. I could change them if they're not right." There was an oddly hopeful note in his voice.

"But of course. I'll wrap them for M'sieu."

"You're French," Matthew exclaimed, as if he were making an important discovery.

The girl gave him a glance from beneath her eyelids.

"That is of interest to M'sieu?"

"Yes, I've never met a French girl. I mean, actually I don't meet a lot of girls—"

The girl was looking at him with her enchanting friendly smile.

"I came from Luxembourg a long time ago. That will be twenty-five shillings, please. The gloves are lined, you see. They wear very well."

"I'm sure they do." Matthew produced the money and began to gather up his parcels. It was too humiliating that the melon escaped his grasp and once more ran merrily across the floor. But it made them both laugh. Matthew joined his English "ha ha ha" with the girl's gurgle of mirth, and suddenly, it seemed to him, they were friends.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Lucilla. Here is your lively melon. Perhaps it would be a good idea if I made everything into one parcel for you."

"That is kind of you. My name's Matthew Prendergast."

"Matthew. That's nice. If the gloves smell a little of camphor that's because it isn't

quite the season for buying them. They are put away from the moths."

That brought Matthew back to reflection on the strangeness of Elizabeth's request.

He said, "It's very likely I may have to change them."

"But of course. That is fine." She smiled at him again, and he had to go. He didn't know any way of staying. One couldn't say to a girl one had met only five minutes before, "It's a lovely evening. Come and walk by the river." Yet that, extraordinarily, was what he longed to do.

He didn't consciously remember anything of his journey home. But he did, as soon as he got into the house, look at Elizabeth's hands. They were slim and fine, not as small as Lucilla's, but very nice feminine hands. From them his glance travelled to Elizabeth's neat waist and upwards to her not beautiful but very comely face, her brown eyes, and her soft, pleasant brown hair.

"I say, Liz, I'm afraid the gloves will be too big," he burst out. "You didn't put down a size, so I guessed. But I hadn't realised your hands were so small."

"Oh, you got the gloves, Matthew, you are a pet. I thought you'd be cross, having to go out of your way. But I specially wanted them from that shop." Then she exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I forgot to tell you. They're not for me, they're for a man."

"A man?" It was Matthew's turn to be startled. He didn't know that his sister was friendly enough with any man to go to the extent of buying him a present.

"Yes. How silly I was not to put down the size."

It seemed that Elizabeth was blushing faintly. But Matthew didn't give too much attention to that, for he was saying eagerly: "Never mind, Liz. I can change them. I arranged that with the girl in the shop. I'll take them back tomorrow."

"Oh, would you? That is kind of you."

"But I say, Liz, what made you think of buying ski-ing gloves at this time of year? Lu — the girl had to take them out of camphor."

"Just a thought I had. They're a birthday gift for someone who—rather deserves one."

She still didn't enlighten Matthew as to the intended recipient of the gift, but it seemed to him that a little of the sparkle had gone out of her face. She seemed withdrawn all at once, and rather unhappy.

"Are you going to study tonight?" she asked.

"I had planned to. Did you want to go to a cinema or something?"

"No, I don't want to go out. It's too difficult on crutches. Matthew, how much longer will it take you to pass these exams?"

"The usual course is four years. I may with luck do it in three. I've only been studying for six months, you know."

"That would be another two and a half years," Elizabeth murmured. "Well..."

She said no more, and Matthew did not attempt to follow her trend of thought. He was too busy with his own.

The sun had set somewhere behind the tall buildings that shadowed Paradise Mews, and Lucilla, locking the door of her shop, crossed the street to tap on the lilac-colored door opposite. A window opened upstairs.

A head, shaggy and blond, was thrust out.

"I'm busy tonight, sweetheart."

"Oh, what are you painting, Adam?"

"None of your business, my angel."

"Oh!" Her voice was full of disappointment. She pouted and looked like a very exquisite china doll.

Adam swore under his breath. "Bless my kind heart!" he muttered. "You'd better come up."

Lucilla, glowing with pleasure, said, "This instant," and opened the door and came running up the narrow stairs.

She was so delectable, so pink and white,

so huge-eyed, that Adam could only marvel at his lack of susceptibility.

"Lucilla, my little one," he said, "what you must do is fall in love."

"But I am already in love. With you."

Adam shook his head. He was a large person, thirtyish, with a furrowed brow and tolerant eyes. He was dressed in green trousers and a bright colored shirt. He looked picturesque and interesting. A number of women had found him so, Lucilla most obstinately of all.

"You can't be in love with me," Adam said patiently. "I've told you so."

"But why not? You have liked to paint me in your pictures. Why do you not like to love me?"

"It's just one of those chemical things. We're not for each other."

"Oh, I will prove to you what nonsense that is!"

"What about that good-looking young man I saw coming out of your shop half an hour ago?" Adam parried. "He was looking back

To page 42

The young couple lingered outside the little shop saying good-night, unaware that Adam was watching them from his window.



THE ISLAND

A short short story

By OLGA A. ROSMANITH

THE old dog in the basket gave a feeble bark. Henry Bates looked up at the tall slender man standing over him.

"Why, Mr. Withers! Am I glad to see you. You missed coming in June the first time in twenty years. I was beginning to worry about you."

The old bookseller was sitting at his desk at the dark end of a narrow canyon of books in a semi-basement below street level. The door was open into the white-hot glare of a New York heatwave. Its radiance outlined the visitor and cast his face in shadow.

"I'm not that Mr. Withers, Mr. Bates. I'm his grandson James. He told me to call on you."

Henry Bates was pierced with apprehension. "That was nice of him. He's told me so much about you. I've chosen books for you since you first began to read. How is your grandfather?"

Before young Withers had time to answer, Henry's mind had leaped the years back to the day his favorite customer had first come in. It had been a sizzling day just as this one.

He had been sitting where he was now when he got the worst blow of his life over the telephone. A cool voice had gently said "I'm so sorry, Mr. Bates, but I see no hope in your wife's case."

"No hope at all, Doctor Adler?"

He had been a young man in his forties then and his voice had been shrill with rebellion.

"Only a miracle. There have been four opinions . . ."

At this moment Spot's predecessor barked, then yelped with pain as somebody kicked him. "Call your dog off me!" yelled a man standing at the centre table with Patch nipping his ankles. "Do you suspect your customers of stealing?"

Henry did not suspect his customers, but seedy browsers like this one who drifted in and depleted the bookshelves. He could see the outlines of a small book in the pocket of the man's limp seersucker coat. "Excuse me, Doctor," he had said into the phone.

The man had made an angry scene, finally shouting, "I wouldn't have a book from here if you gave me one," he slammed the door.

Henry's heart was in bad condition with strain even then. He got back to his chair in time to collapse in it as his heart pounded so hard it felt as if it would burst from his body. He talked to his dog when he began to feel better.

"Let this be a lesson to us, Patch. Don't let's be rude to anyone no matter how hot and tired we are. Who knows what griefs they have, how hard it might be on the heart?"

Now lie down and keep quiet—someone is coming."

It was the tall, slender man who came and stood where his grandson was standing now. His distinguished intellectual face was drawn with heat and fatigue and his mouth was wry with a look of sorrow. He asked for a set of Marcel Proust in original French to be sent to an address to which he was going on vacation.

"I don't have all of them," said Henry. "But I can collect them for you."

"Won't that be rather a trouble?"

Henry's heart was still beating too fast, and he had not absorbed the shock of learning his wife was incurably insane, but he managed heroically to smile. "Getting my customers the books they want isn't only my business, it's my pleasure. The hunt, you know. It'll be no trouble at all."

The new customer smiled back seeming to relax with it.

"Fine. Then send them as you collect them to James Read Withers, Piney Woods Landing, Shell Cove, Maine."

Henry locked the door after Mr. Withers and went back to the telephone. The deadly news was confirmed. The heat grew more oppressive as the dusk drained the colors from the walls of books. Henry had been in the habit of cooling himself and freeing his mind of a touch of claustrophobia in the narrow shop by thinking of the island he was going to buy some day.

"No vacation this summer," he said to Patch, as they plodded to the drug store in the airless heat. "But when we have the island we'll go every year and leave somebody reliable in charge."

But the summers passed, and the situation remained the same. Mrs. Bates was physically healthy, and might outlive him. Only her mind was out of reach. It was no use going to see her because she didn't know him and included him in her hatred of strangers. Money was short, too, since the sanitarium ate up the profits.

It was the prospect of the island that kept him cheerful through the years. He studied regional books as they came out. He came to think a tiny island in the Gulf of Mexico off the Florida coast would be ideal. He would build a stout little house

that would stand hurricanes. He would have a boat-house and a boat-landing, and he would catch fish fresh for his breakfast. They might let him take his wife there and let him care for her himself if they knew he was all alone on the island.

Patch died and Spot came to take his place in that eventful summer when the new shock treatment was working near miracles. Dr. Adler tried it on Mrs. Bates. Henry could recall the tones of the doctor's voice falling like the notes of a bell tolling for a burial.

"Sorry, Mr. Bates. The results are negative. I don't care to try again. It proved too great a strain on her."

Henry knew by a dead feeling inside that his hope now was over. She would never smile at him again with recognition in her eyes.

The following summer she died, and in adjusting himself to the change in his inner life he changed his mental specifications for his island. He would find a craggy one thick with pine trees in a smallish lake in a central state. He could smell the sun on the pines, and the cool breeze off the water any time he wanted to. It filled him with glistening air and spacious peace.

His dreams gave him the strength cheerfully to endure the tragedy of his marriage; the fact he was in debt that would take years to pay off, and the arid monotony of being tied to the city.

"That's why I'm here," the young man was answering his question. "My grandfather has passed away."

Many of Henry's old customers had died in the past few years. He had come to accept the fact they were growing old and he with them. But this was a terrible shock.

Henry Bates had come to accept the fact that he was growing old and that his dreams would never become a reality.

He said brokenly—"this grieves me indeed. So you came to tell me this?"

"Yes. And something else. My grandfather left twenty thousand dollars to buy books for the new wing of the library of his college."

It took Henry the space of a long deep breath to control his emotion. "This is a great honor—a very great honor. But I wish your grandfather had talked about it to me—I would have known exactly how to carry out his wishes."

"But he was sure you would know, Mr. Bates. He said you would recall your many talks on the great books that should be accessible to youth. He wrote me a long letter about you before he died—I'd like to leave it with you . . ."

The young man produced a slim grey envelope and Henry took it in fingers that shook a little. He went with his visitor to the door, the old dog waddling after them.

"Goodbye, son. The list will be a big job, but I'll get to work right away and call you when it's ready. Come in any time, you'll always be welcome here."

"Thank you, Mr. Bates. I see what Grandpa meant about the island . . ."

"My goodness, so he told you about my island. What irony. I'm an old man now and he's gone. I haven't got my island yet—and now I fear I never will."

Young Withers looked confused now. "Goodbye, Mr. Bates, be seeing you."

Henry returned slowly to his quiet oasis at the back of the shop and sat down at his desk. He took

the closely written grey sheets from the envelope and read them.

"I shall never forget the day I went into 'Bates for Books' the first time. I was broken-hearted that day. A tragedy in my private life had disillusioned me with the entire human race."

"I went into this dim underground shop and it was as if I had stepped from a world of cruelty and violence into some Utopia where men respected the human dignity in each other."

"Henry Bates would have been amazed to know how deep a wound he healed in my self-esteem by his friendly smile, his gentle manner, his unhurried attention, his uncommercial attitude, the tranquillity of his spirit in the kindly tone of his voice."

"I was almost afraid to return to the shop lest I find Henry Bates a creature of moods and that experience of a contact with nobility merely an illusion."

"But through all the years he remained the same. I never went to see him without coming away strengthened and refreshed with my faith renewed in the essential goodness of men."

"I suppose every man dreams of an island as an escape from reality some time or other. But Henry proved to me that reality itself is the simple place of peace. Through twenty years of ups and downs this man himself has been my peaceable island . . ."

Henry put down the letter while he cleared his eyes of tears that blinded him.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1957

From Corn the richest grain, comes the richest flavour!



Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain . . . you taste that goodness in the richer, deeper flavour of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

**FULL OF ENERGY
FROM THE SUN**

CORN — WHEN YOU NEED STAYING POWER

Put stored sunshine on your table with Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Each big, crisp, golden flake is loaded with fresh lively flavour and deep-down goodness from the sun. In itself, it would be hard to serve a more delicious, more satisfying, more *sustaining* breakfast than Kellogg's Corn Flakes! In fact, nutrition experts say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as 2 big helpings of lamb's fry.

Bring your family to the breakfast table with Kellogg's Corn Flakes — every morning. Enjoy them *yourself*, mother! — if anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's you. Remember, Kellogg's Corn Flakes take only seconds to serve.



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Pretty Pleats

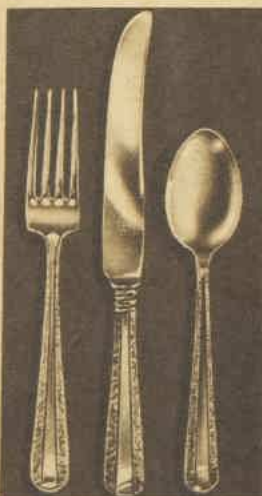


The charming graceful fall of the all-round pleated skirt really flatters the fuller figure, 5'4" and under. Fashioned by Adelyn in Grafton's Anti-Shrink Clair-de-chene, this delightful floral frock comes in a variety of brilliant summer colours.

Adelyn

SUSAN FITTING SSW-OS
STYLE 363

ALL LEADING STORES STOCK ADELYN



Dress up your table...

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Whether you choose NEMESIA, distinctive BROCADE, elegant ACANTHUS, or gay CAMILLE, you know that matching pieces for all occasions are available in each RODD design, that every piece is superlative A1 quality, guaranteed for 25 years. Yet RODD Table Silver is not expensive, full 44-piece services costing from as little as £28/16/-.

Rodd

THE NAME TO KNOW FOR FINE TABLE SILVER
AT ALL LEADING JEWELLERS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Yes—YOU (if you are shapely) will be wearing...

The Sack Dress



"SACK" silhouette at its most extreme. Sleeveless and falling straight from a boat neckline, it completely by-passes the waist. Will it please men? We don't think so.

CHARLESTON dancing dress in fine black lace (above) is reminiscent of the fashions worn in the 'twenties. The fluency of the line is exaggerated by the fitted underslip.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 20, 1957



BOW - TIED
and front-but-
toned, this
dress masks
the contour
of the wear-
er's body but
isn't extreme.

**B A C K -
BLOUSING** in
this version
and a shorter
hemline that
grazes the
top of the
knee-caps.

DECOLLETE
back curve of
subtly draped
jersey is seen
in this "sack"
dress for din-
ners, theatre,
or dancing.

● The "sack" will be first choice
in every reasonably slender
woman's autumn wardrobe

— says **BETTY KEEP**

HERE it is—the glori-
fication of the
"sack."

Call it what you like
—"slip," "chemise," or
"tube dress"—it was the
biggest fashion startler
in the Paris autumn fash-
ion collections since Dior
launched the famous New
Look in 1947.

Paris caught its breath
and wore it. Rome fol-
lowed suit. In both cities
any idea of a belt has been
discarded.

To quote a world fash-
ion traveller (male):
"There is not a waist in
Europe."

The pictures on these
pages show the "sack" in
varying degrees of loose-
ness.

It has an elegant non-
chalance, is spectacular in
its extremes. It can also
be modified.

We predict it will be
first choice in every rea-
sonably slender woman's
autumn wardrobe; worn
belted or unbelted accord-
ing to her figure and
mood.

The most elegant
"sack," in my opinion, is
black, designed for late
day and worn with long
beads and pointed shoes.

The "sack" does not
always ignore the body
and erase the figure.

It can
suggest rather
than reveal.

Along with this new
straight-cut silhouette
comes another significant
move in fashion—the ris-
ing hemline.

Paris, particularly after
five, is very much under
the influence of the shorter
skirt. Hemlines of late-
day skirts climb to a
Charleston - dancing
height, just below the
knee. Yet another im-
portant factor in fashion
is the coiffure that brings
back "bangs." Falling
from a flat or high point
on the head, the "bang"
at times reaches to eye-
brow level; other cuts
suggest a halo. Be sure
your hairdresser is talented.

Paris says: The "sack,"
with its easy simplicity
geared to modern life, is
the look of the year.

We say: To wear it
needs fashion confidence
— enough to carry off
such an attention-catching
outfit without getting
flustered.



**STRAIGHT-
CUT, unfitted
one-piece**
(above) has
slender, elon-
gated lines and
a new chic
sophistication.

**CLEAN
YOUR OVEN**
in minutes!

with amazing

Van-X

**THE SPRAY-ON
OVEN CLEANER**

SO SAFE
SO EASY
SO CLEAN
SO QUICK



**SPRAY ON -
CLEAN OFF!**

**REMOVES
BURNT-ON
FOOD
AND GREASE
IN MINUTES**



**WON'T HARM
HANDS
NO
DANGEROUS
CAUSTICS
NO
HARMFUL
ACIDS**

HANDY ECONOMICAL SIZE

8"11

The idea that took all the drudg-
ery, all the dirty work out of oven
cleaning for millions of American
women . . . here for you! Now,
with Van-X, you can clean your
oven in minutes. Van-X is safe . . .
easy . . . clean . . . quick. Simply
spray on Van-X, clean off, and see
your oven become sparkling clean.
Amazing Van-X press-button,
spray-on oven cleaner cleans pots
and pans, barbecue grills, waffle
irons, rotisseries . . . wherever
there's burnt-on food and grease,
clean it off so easily with Van-X
... and remember Van-X will not
harm your hands.

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Railway Square, 841 George Street Sydney. Telephone WB 1256.

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Super
Spread*

It's *New*... It's in **GOLD FOIL!**

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**Still the same
low price**

ETA *the Golden Spread in the Golden foil*

They've put a perm in your pleats

IN both processes the chemical used is thio-glycollic acid, and, although the name is probably unfamiliar, most women would recognise its acrid smell.

The C.S.I.R.O. has patented the new process under the name Si-ro-set (it even sounds like a "perm" solution), and treated pleats or creases are not affected by rain or dry-cleaning.

However, the man in charge of Si-ro-set research, Dr. Arthur Farnworth, does not advise hairdressers to try permanently pleating their skirts or husbands' trousers with their stocks of the chemical.

"We use it under entirely different conditions," he said. "Hairdressers work with a two-stage treatment and stronger solutions. The wool process takes only 15 seconds to act."

Synthetics gave boost to search

The story of Si-ro-set is a fascinating phase in the war between wool and synthetics.

Dr. Menzie Lipson, officer-in-charge of the C.S.I.R.O. Wool Textile Research Laboratory at Geelong, told me that the search for the process had been going on for years.

Dr. Farnworth had devoted his time to the problem since, two years ago, developments in synthetics had compelled the laboratory to intensify its efforts.

"I lost count of the processes and tests made during this period," Dr. Farnworth said.

Dozens of stain tests were made to ensure that no color change took place in treated fabrics.

The durability of the crease in water was severely tested by putting processed garments in water of 120deg. F. and moving them around slowly for an hour.

Machines tested the tearing strength of the cloth and the breaking strain of the yarn.

And another machine carried out edge-abrasion tests,

● Scientists of the C.S.I.R.O. are putting permanent pleats and creases in woollen garments by treating them with a solution that includes a chemical used by hairdressers for cold permanent waves.



DR. ARTHUR FARNWORTH and assistant Valeria Tomljanovic spray a piece of woollen fabric with Si-ro-set in the laboratory at Geelong, where the process was developed.

making several thousand rubs along the crease.

Dr. Farnworth and his assistants made extensive wearing tests, too. They worked in trousers of which only one leg had been treated.

Mere production of a permanent crease, however, was not enough.

Clothing manufacturers insisted on a process that would take less than 30 seconds in the pressing stage.

Anything more than that, they said, would create bottle-necks in factory production and additional labor and expense problems.

"This was our most difficult factor," Dr. Farnworth said.

But the goal was achieved—with a little to spare.

Si-ro-set takes only 15 seconds under the steam-press, costs less than a halfpenny for the chemicals used on a pair of trousers, and involves only one extra hand to spray the fabric on the production line.

Manufacturers need only to install ordinary paint spray-guns and an exhaust fan to ensure the fresh atmosphere necessary for the process.

Skirts will be sprayed all over for pleating, but trouser legs probably will be sprayed over about three inches at the creases.

Successful tests of production-line technique already

By
SHEILA McFARLANE,
staff reporter

have been made in several Australian factories.

"The cost to the public should not be more than six-pence a garment," Dr. Farnworth said.

However, Dr. Lipson explained that clothes treated with Si-ro-set could not be successfully washed and "drip-dried" at present.

"For most purposes, the type of garments treated with Si-ro-set will normally go to dry-cleaners, anyway," he said.

"We do not think the future of wool lies in drip-dry qualities.

"There is a certain finish put in by the mill which is lost in washing woollen garments, and which is sometimes returned in the pressing.

"We may even be able to maintain that finish in the process we finally settle on."

Dr. Lipson believes Si-ro-set will eventually be used in dry-cleaning, although it is being applied only to new articles at present.

Garments will still crush

"The process does not prevent woollen fabrics crushing, and manufacturers will not be using it to prevent unpleated or other types of garments from crushing," he said.

"We will lay down the claims manufacturers can make for the treatment, and they will need to adhere to these claims only."

Once the Si-ro-set process had been perfected, the C.S.I.R.O. made a report on the discovery to the International Wool Secretariat.

Dozens of Australian and overseas inquiries have since reached the laboratories, all with the same "How do you do it?" note.

Geelong-born Dr. Farnworth is a Master of Science and Doctor of Philosophy in textile chemistry.

Both Mrs. Farnworth and Mrs. Lipson are bacteriologists.

Wife studied fellmongering

Dr. Lipson's wife did research with the C.S.I.R.O. for several years before her marriage, studying bacteriological and enzymic methods of fellmongering (removing wool from sheepskins).

Dr. Farnworth's wife was doing research on diphtheria and whooping-cough at Leeds University, England, while he worked on textile chemistry.

"But she keeps to her own 'laboratory' very well," he said. "At least, when we designed our kitchen, I'm sure it was a laboratory she had in mind."

Meanwhile, half-a-dozen home-made spray-guns are gathering dust on one of Dr. Farnworth's laboratory shelves.

They are reminders of months of work and dozens of hard, far-into-the-night experiments that paid off in another victory for wool in its battle against synthetics.

"to Keep your complexion..



You must CARE for it"

There is no better skin care than a twice daily lather with rich, medicated Solyptol toilet Soap. This simple method keeps your skin healthy—and healthy skin is beautiful skin. Solyptol Soap is so gentle—it refreshes as it cleanses, clears away skin blemishes, brings out your natural beauty.

Solyptol Soap



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Goddard's



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Goddard's Plate Powder—3/4 and Silver Polish—small 2/4, large 4/- guardian of fine silver for generations.

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VEET hair-removing cream

BOTH SKIRTS have been washed five times in soap and warm water. The skirt on the left, treated with Si-ro-set, has retained its sharp creases and smooth appearance.



It's a European trick—Lorgnettes

It's the very newest note from London, Rome and Paris—lovely Lorgnettes. Take them out for theatre programmes, flourish them shopping. They're a Martin Wells exclusive!

It's the smart thing—a Spectacle Wardrobe to . .

FRAME YOUR EYES IN HIGH FASHION

Fancy wearing the same spectacle frame with *all* your pretty dresses. Like wearing the same hat. Unthinkable! Dress up your eyes. Ring the fashion changes with exciting frames that were created for cocktails, meant for the theatre, patterned to parade yourself in. The fashion accent is on eyes and Martin Wells sees that your eyes have IT!



La Fleur—wear them to the Theatre

A lovely wrap-around trim in Sterling Silver decorated with handset Marcasite stones. In Wine, Metallic Red, Metallic Blue, with or without White piping, in full tone, half tone or clear bridge.



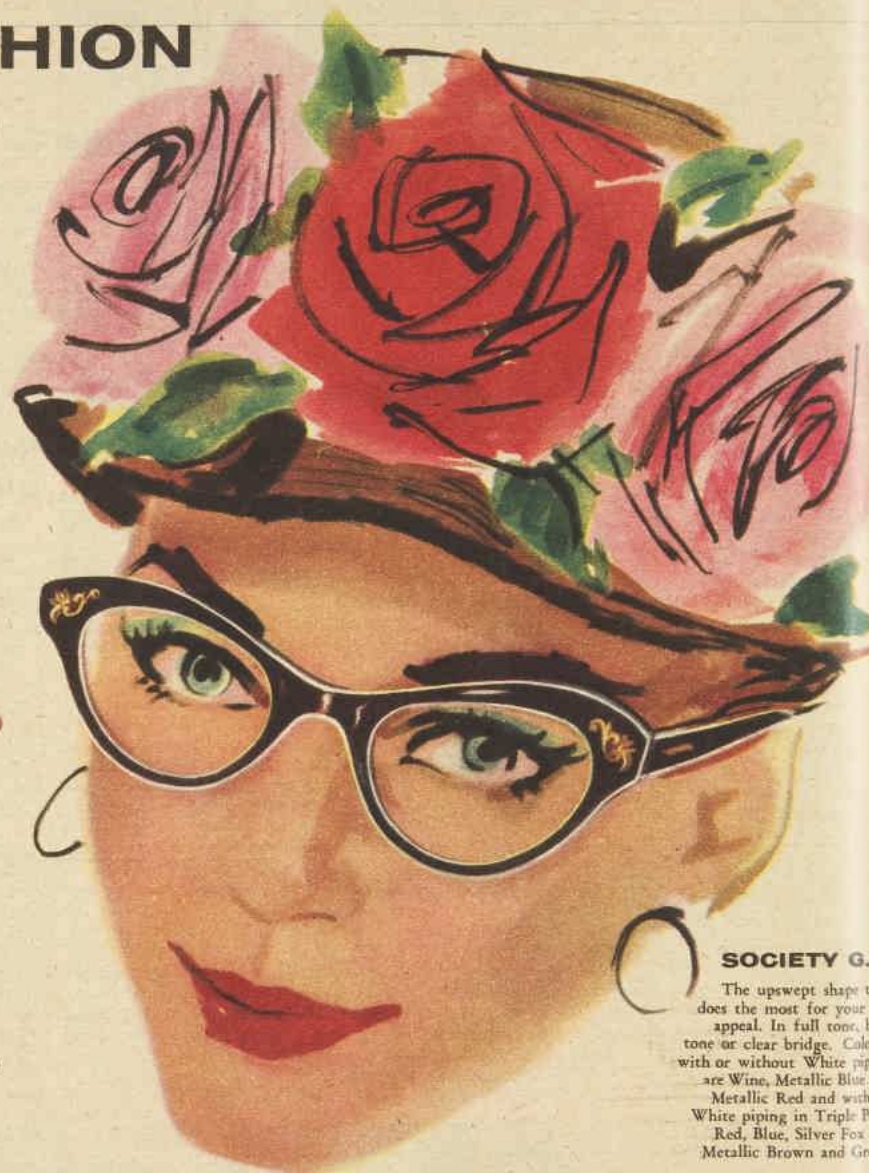
Symphony—to glamorise Business

Extremely fine filigree from designs of Venetian Goldsmiths. In 18-ct. Gold plated—Wine, Metallic Blue . . . and in Rhodium—Wine, Metallic Red and Metallic Blue with White piping.



Fiesta Jewel—wear them for Cocktails

A lavish, sparkling, 18-ct. Gold-plated trim with raised Sterling Silver ornament and handset with Marcasite. In Wine, Metallic Blue and Metallic Red in full tone, half tone or clear bridge.



SOCIETY G.12

The upswept shape that does the most for your eye appeal. In full tone, half tone or clear bridge. Colours with or without White piping are Wine, Metallic Blue and Metallic Red and without White piping in Triple Pearl Red, Blue, Silver Fox and Metallic Brown and Green.

Be personally fitted by your optometrist or optical dispenser

It's true! Your spectacles become the most important part of your personality when they are Martin Wells designed to bring out the best in your looks—put a sparkle in your eyes. It's little wonder that Martin Wells exports his creations to the Fashion Capitals of the world! After all, they are the smartest, best-crafted spectacle frames made anywhere. All Optometrists and dispensing Opticians are proud to display them—your supplier has them in 12 minutely different sizes and two variations.

Martin Wells

FASHION-DESIGNED SPECTACLE FRAMES

Products of Martin Wells Pty. Ltd., 38 H.E. Area, St. Marys, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 20, 1957

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● An unwanted pregnancy is one of the unhappiest realities any unmarried girl has to face. Keeping it secret from parents only makes it more unhappy.

THIS week two teenage girls who are pregnant have written to me, asking where they can get help in their nearest capital city.

Here are their letters:

"PLEASE help me as I am frantic. Recently I met a nice boy at the local dance. We went out together a few times and he asked me to go steady. My parents approved of him and I thought I loved him, so I agreed. Now I find I do not love him and am going to have a child by him. I do not want this child and am too scared to tell my parents. I am 19."

"Worried," S.A.

"HOW can I tell my parents that I am pregnant to a married man who spent a week in the country town we live in? He has gone now, I don't know where. Please tell me if there is some place in Adelaide to go to. I must leave this town soon, my pregnancy will be noticeable."

"Helpless," S.A.

I thought I would answer you two together. First of all there is no easy way to tell your parents. The best thing to do is to make up your mind to tell them and do so immediately. Don't wait for "the right moment" or try to do what people call "breaking it gently," just go ahead and tell them.

You'll both be surprised at the way your parents rally to help you once they've recovered from the initial shock. Parents are generally wonderful at coping with difficult situations.

There are a number of places in Adelaide where unmarried mothers are cared for and you should visit them, "Helpless," as soon as you can, and talk to the matron of the one you decide to go to.

The available places are the Kate Cocks Memorial Babies Home, Wattle Street, Brighton, the McBride Maternity Hospital (Salvation Army), the Church of England House of Mercy, Fullarton, The



A word from Debbie . . .

● Mothers, aunts, and such always like Christmas presents that you make and show some thought and ingenuity. My recipe for making sprinkler bottles for damping the clothes may help you.

A clothes sprinkler may be made from any old bottle, cleaned and painted. The trick is to paint it inside so the paint doesn't chip as it wears.

Wash the bottle in soap and water, dry, then rinse it out with some lighter-fluid.

When it is perfectly dry, take the paint of your choice (any paint except one with a water base) and pour it into the bottle. Swirl it round until the glass is all covered and then up-end the bottle to dry.

Outside decorations can come out of a magazine. You may like one picture or a number of little ones, single daisies or something. Pat them out carefully, paste them into position, and, when they're dry, lacquer them over with clear nail polish.

Now push the sprinkler in (you can buy them for a few pence from a chain or hardware store) and you have a charming gift.

Roman Catholic Fullarton Refuge, the Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital, Adelaide. If you decide on the Queen Victoria Hospital, you should see the Almoner.

One of the wonderful qualities common to all these places is the sympathetic help that is offered free. Don't be shy about seeing the people concerned, they deal with similar cases all day.

"WE are five girls of 16 and 17, of average intelligence and appearance. We have a very grave and frustrating problem—we cannot seem to attract any member of the opposite sex. We live in a small western township and fear that may be the root of our trouble, as there are only a limited number of boys, who we think are very juvenile. They are the same age as we are. Do you think leaving home may be the answer to our problem? The worry of all this is beginning to affect our health; four of us have spent the past few days in bed, as we are terribly scared that we are going to be old maids, a fate which we think is worse than death."

"Desperate Five," N.S.W.

I'm afraid the five of you are headed for that fate worse than death, because oldmaidhood comes most surely to girls who believe they're "too good" for other people.

It is quite plain that the root of your trouble is this attitude. You all think that the single boys of your own age in your township are "very juvenile."

This is probably true; girls generally grow up mentally much quicker than boys. But I doubt this of you five.

It is not exactly mature to make your contemptuous "not good enough for us" attitude so apparent to the boys, and you must make it very clear if not one of the five of you can attract a boy.

The silliest part of your letter is the remark that your dreadful fate is making you all sick. Going into a decline and languishing went out before the 20th century.

The 1957 girl who is worth knowing would admit her failure with the boys was her own fault and set to work to make herself more attractive and more interesting. That, I think, is the only hope for the five of you.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

THE "Cabaret Night in Paris" series of LPs has now reached Volume 5 and it follows the general pattern of its predecessors: a generous selection of French songs performed by top Parisian artists.

The incomparable Edith Piaf contributes two tracks, "Left Bank" and "Les Amants d'un Jour," while her former husband, Jacques Pills, sings "Le Rififi."

Among the other titles are "Portuguese Washerwoman," "C'est Magnifique," and "Douce France," and the line-up of stars includes Tino Rossi, Charles Trenet, Maurice Alexander's Orchestra, One-time Grosbois, Annie Cordy,

and the Companions of Song. If you have the first four discs you'll want 33OS.1105 to complete your set, but if you haven't any I'd suggest you first play over either Volume 1 or 2.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
QUITE recently film star Robert Mitchum surprised his fans by emerging as a calypso singer on a 78 r.p.m. disc which bracketed "What Is This Generation Coming To" with "Mama, Looka Boo Boo." Apparently it was well received, because now a 12-inch LP (T853) comes along called "Calypso-Is Like So." The two titles mentioned above are in it, plus ten others.

Mitchum has captured the Trinidadian idiom extremely well and the lyrics in nearly every case are undeniably quaint. My choice is "From a Logical Point of View" (always marry a woman uglier than yourself). The native philosophy is that she will make a great fuss of you and never attract the roving eye of your neighbor.

This is the sort of record it's best to dip into and play one track now and then. A dozen calypsos at one sitting is, I feel, too heady a draught for anyone except the most ardent devotee.

— BERNARD FLETCHER.

Designed for the discerning



PERMA GLASSES

The glass within a glass that keeps cold drinks cold — hot drinks hot. 4 or 8 per set.



PERMA ICE PAIL

With exclusive triple insulation that keeps the ice cubes frozen to the end of the party.



Let new colorful Kingsley-ware

Introduce a distinctive and new note to your entertaining

SNACK JAR

An attractive jar for all round use in the home, for serving biscuits, cheese straws, crackers, etc.



COLORVISION SNACK SET

Ideal for T.V. parties and outdoor entertaining. Six beautifully styled portion plates, six companion cups with clever hook handles for nested stacking.

PACKED FOR GIFT GIVING!



Kingsley-ware colors include citrus yellow, almond green, charcoal, melon and white rice.

Manufactured in Australia by

DIE CASTERS LIMITED

Melbourne and Adelaide

DYNAMIC Mrs. Dita Cobb, founder of Overweights Anonymous in Sydney, is following the success of O.A. by forming another club for women with a common interest.

This time it is to be called the Stork Club, and all the members will be expectant mothers.

"I got the idea in a bus one day when I overheard two obviously expectant mothers discussing their problems," Mrs. Cobb said.

"It seemed to me there must be many like these two anxious to meet others facing the same problems as themselves, who would listen to their 'baby' talk out of interest and not just out of politeness."

The result is the Stork Club, which will meet each week from November 28 at a Sydney department store to hear specialist advice on subjects ranging from diet to the latest thing in maternity fashions.

This pen is mightier than the pound

HERE'S an example of service.

Malcolm Ellis, noted Australian historian and biographer of Lachlan Macquarie and John Macarthur, has written "The Torch—A Picture of Legacy" for the Legacy Movement.

Although he is working on a biography of William Charles Wentworth, he gave more than four months of his time—free—to write "The Torch," and all proceeds from the sale of the book will go to Legacy.

Like Mr. Ellis, Sydney publishers Angus and Robertson have also given their services free, and will not make a penny from the publication of the book.

Worth Reporting

Willow's pattern for a dress

TALENTED young New Zealander Willow Macky, a writer, poet, composer, and artist, is conducting a one-woman campaign for a national costume and folk songs for her country.

Willow visited us while she was in Sydney arranging for the production of one of her songs, "Te Haranui, A New Zealand Christmas Carol."

She told us that the national costume idea originated in New York when she represented New Zealand in a Parade of the Nations held at United Nations Headquarters.

"Standing in a spotlight, daubed all over with suntan lotion and dressed as a Maori, I decided non-Maori New Zealanders should have their own national dress," Willow said.

The one she has designed is a simple frock of white linen, made from New Zealand flax, bordered at the neck and hem with handwoven Maori designs, and with a spray of fern embroidered on the skirt.

When she returns home Willow hopes to persuade the Education Department to introduce the costume into New Zealand schools.

SOME people have an insatiable urge to work out what things would be like if they weren't what they are.

For example, according to one genius, "a flea is so strong that if it were as large as a man it could drag two elephants round a football field." Oh, well.

A BULLETIN from America reports that a lot of G.I.s acquired a taste for exotic foods while serving overseas.

One ex-serviceman, a Mr. Ed Halpern, has found a way to satisfy his yen for Japanese delicacies. Among the items he's put on the menu of his Philadelphia coffee shop are:

- Bumble bees in soya sauce.
- Whole squid.
- Salted cherry blossoms.
- Diced whale skin.

Wanted: One pig, standard size

IN Denmark, it seems that the pig is practically a pampered pet.

And it's no wonder when you consider that tinned ham is one of the principal sources of revenue to the Danish canned-meat industry.

We've been reading an instructive story on the subject in the Danish Foreign Office Journal.

"Danish pigs," it said, "are kept in ventilated sties which permit the right amount of exercise and the feeding of a balanced diet made up of grain and skim milk."

"The result is a standard-sized pig."

★ ★ ★

RUBY MILLER, a Gaiety Girl of the Edwardian era, gave a B.B.C. talk recently.

Said she, "I got engaged to a couple of viscounts and an earl. But one was Scottish, and when he told me that his piper would wake me in the morning at six o'clock I returned the ring."

Sassenach!

Man-size game of playing trains

WOULD you be understanding enough to encourage your husband while he fastened model-railway tracks to the dining-room table?

Or transformed the kitchen into a workshop for miniature engines, carriages, and trucks?

"One of the first essentials for model-railway building is an understanding wife," says Gus Durham, secretary of the Association of Pacemaker and Australian Railway Modellers.

To enthusiasts all over the

world, playing trains is anything but child's play.

One Sydney modeller, a doctor, has built an intricate electrically controlled railroad so big that it has to be housed in the basement of his home.

If you live in Sydney and are one of those people who just can't walk past a toy-shop window with a train in it, you're sure to enjoy the Australian Railway Modellers' Exhibition in the C.E.N.E.F. Auditorium, 201 Castlereagh Street, on November 23.

Proceeds will aid the Smith Family, a Sydney charity.

Strings on her fingers

WHEN Annette Macarthur-Onslow, of Camden, sails for England in January, the chances are there'll be puppet "stowaways" in her luggage.

For while abroad Annette hopes to study puppet techniques and theatres both in England and Europe.

Annette's interest in puppets began four years ago when she joined a small club of puppet enthusiasts at East Sydney Technical College.

"As soon as I picked up a control and tried to work a puppet I knew I was a puppeteer heart and soul," she said.

Annette worked with Sydney cartoonist and puppeteer Norman Hetherington, giving shows on TV and in stores. Now she has dreams of bringing more sophisticated puppets before adult audiences.

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

IM in my mid-30s and the mother of six, and I often feel very ancient. My ego received a decided lift, however, when, at a recent school fete, my eldest son's mate remarked to him:

"Gee, is that your mother? I thought she'd be old, but she's a real good sort."

£2/2/- to Mrs. J. Buttenshaw, Leary Rd., Acacia Ridge, Qld.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

AT the beach one Sunday I noticed my husband eyeing some young bathing beauties. I must have looked a bit envious of them, because he turned to me and said:

"Don't be jealous, darling, I love you just as you are. I don't go for good looks."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. T. Douglas, 29 Lillian St., Clayton, Vic.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

See your skin improve on Rexona's health and beauty diet

In love with a sun-drenched country, pretty Jan Heidenreich and Janette Jones spend those first spring days picking armfuls of golden wattle out at Pennant Hills. Plenty of warm sunshine and brief, gay cottons lend a flattering tan to glowing skin. Such lovely complexions as these know only the gentle care of mild Rexona Soap.



Rexona Soap
is medicated with
Cadyl* to

bring out your natural loveliness

Give your skin a health and beauty treatment every time you wash. *Cadyl, the special blend of rare and wonderful beauty oils, cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth in Rexona Soap, flows deep into your skin where blemishes begin... healing, nourishing. Known as Cadyl, this formula is exclusive to Rexona Soap. So every time you smooth the silky Rexona lather over your face, neck, arms, all of you, your skin blooms with new health and life. And day by day, you reveal your natural loveliness. Why, Rexona even smells like a beauty treatment! Such a fresh perfume, like wild roses in the morning dew.



BATH SIZE 1/5 REGULAR SIZE 1/1

X.142.WW66g

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 20, 1957

FIVE PRESSURE★PAK PRODUCTS

for
happier
living

In addition to the already famous Mortein Pressure★Pak, four exciting new Pressure★Pak products have now been made. Here they are! First, a spray which sets your "hairdo" with a dainty invisible "net." Next, a super-smooth, remarkably economical, brushless shaving cream! Third, an instantaneous room deodorizer; and fourth—imagine it!—even artificial snow for Christmas decorations! Each comes in a container which is entirely automatic. All you do is press the button!

The trade name Pressure★Pak is the property of the Pressure★Pak Company, a division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.



MORTEIN PRESSURE★PAK: When you press the button a highly penetrating mist of Mortein is automatically released. This mist quickly kills every fly, every insect pest—even those that lurk behind curtains and furnishings. In two sizes, 8/11, 15/11.



GOSSAMER: Press the button and a fine spray of Gossamer sets your hairstyle with a delicately perfumed invisible "net." Keeps hair silky soft. Spray Gossamer on after a shampoo-and-set. Set a new hairstyle in minutes! 13/11 Large "Salon" Size 21/-



SMOOTHEx SHAVING CREAM: For Dad! Press the button and the liquid inside the container expands into a rich, foamy, supercharged shaving lather. No shaving brush needed. One container of Smoothex makes nearly half a gallon of lather; lasts for months. Only 8/6.



AIR★O★ZONE: Press the button and spray Air★O★Zone for a few seconds. Unpleasant odours will vanish; harmful air-borne bacteria will be destroyed. Air remains fresh and sweet for hours after spraying. Two sizes, 8/11, 17/9.



SANTA★SNOW: Wake up on Christmas morning with "snow" on the Christmas Tree and on the windows! Instantly you press the button out come gleaming "snow flakes" which settle where you want them. (Easy to remove when Christmas is over.) Medium size: 10/11; large: 17/9.

Balmoral's
summer lingerie
enchantment...

'babydoll' jamas

bewitched with nylon
permanent pleating,
delicate petit-point or
hand-embroidered flowers!

Balmoral conjures up nylon lingerie
to bring out the enchantress in
you! Here — 'Baby Doll' shortie
jamas — ethereal yet enduring,
with all nylon's easy-to-keep
freshness. Save on cost! Buy Balmoral
lingerie in Ivory, Blossom Pink,
Whisper Blue or Daffodil, SSW-OS
— at your favorite store!

Balmoral

Reading top to bottom:—

'Rosebud' — garlands of tiny rosebuds,
hand-embroidered on nylon sheer,
enhance the yoke 59/11

'Vogue' — permanent pleating from yoke
to hem — the yoke strewn with
hand-embroidered flowers 99/11

'Rosepoint' — exquisitely embroidered
with petit-point roses on nylon lace
and etched with nylon tulle 59/11



IF UNOBTAINABLE, WRITE BALMORAL MILLS, MELBOURNE, N.11. FOR NEAREST STOCKIST

Penguin Parade



AT DUSK the Fairy Penguins
come ashore on Phillip Island,
off the Victorian coast, after a
day spent fishing and swimming.



SUSPICIOUS, this mother glares at the camera from
her nest in a burrow under a tussock of grass on the
cliff side. The chicks, which are rather ugly grey
balls of fluff with long necks, are hatched in November.



DICK PLANT, an official of the
Penguin Reserve, tries to per-
suade a reluctant homecomer to
pose for a close-up photograph.



RIDING THE WAVES. Like all penguins, the Fairy Penguins use their wings for
swimming instead of flying. They are remarkably agile in the water and can travel
at 30 miles per hour. Their teal-blue backs and white fronts make an excellent camou-
flage in the water. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Gary Linney.

at Phillip Island



"Nightly miracle from the sea"

● The nightly landfall of the Fairy Penguins at Victoria's Phillip Island is one of Australia's most enchanting sights.

AT dusk each evening, as the sandhills are salmon-pink and the sea like pewter, they come in to land after fishing all day 20 miles offshore.

They drift in like clumps of seaweed until they reach the smallest wavelets, then they suddenly stand, waddle ashore, and gather in groups of 40 or 50 or more.

There, like small scattered conventions of head-waiters, they confer, seem to take a vote, advance a few yards up the beach, then scuttle in fright back to the water, but only to regroup and advance again towards the hundreds of people who nightly wait among the permanent rookeries in the darkening sandhills.

The people line the main approach to the rookeries and wait with torches ready as the light dies, and the penguins, in a desperate, strung-out waddling run, dash the last 50 yards.

Each group seems to have a leader, and trailing each group there is nearly always an aimless, slap-happy, delinquent penguin like Dopey, the seventh Dwarf.

Among the groups, too, are stray individualists who refuse to run the degrading gauntlet of human beings. These rare fellows avoid the people by waddling in a wide circle and entering the rookeries by the back door.

The Fairy Penguins have teal-blue backs and white shirt fronts, and, although slow on land, have been clocked at 30 m.p.h. in the sea, where they work in teams, with the patience of sheepdogs, rounding up shoals of pilchards, whitebait, and small gar.

To make things easier for both penguin and public, the local Penguin Preservation Committee will this summer floodlight and rope the beach, and will describe over a public-address system what a Phillip Islander once called "this little nightly miracle from the sea."



"I GOT HERE FIRST." One penguin dives into his burrow as another scrambles off to find a haven from the flashlight. At night the rookery resounds with the birds' strange calls, a cross between a duck's quack and a baby's cry.



LOPING THROUGH THE DUNES, these three penguins are bound for their burrows on Phillip Island. Fairy Penguins nest also in caves and rocky crevices on some parts of the N.S.W. coastline, and at Narrabeen, near Sydney, numbers of them nest under beach-front houses. This year at Phillip Island the Penguin Preservation Committee plans to use floodlights and a public-address system for the benefit of watchers, and will rope the beach to protect the penguins.



the final touch

So necessary to every woman, every girl. Anyone can offend through perspiration odour. There's nothing unusual about it—nature decides that you will perspire and that means perspiration odour. Don't be complacent because perspiration odours are not apparent to YOU, they are to others. You must use a personal deodorant to preserve after-bath freshness.

*Mum is no ordinary deodorant

Mum's exclusive ingredient M3* actually destroys the germs that make perspiration offensive . . . eliminates entirely all body odours for a full 24 hours.

Completely safe and delicately perfumed, Mum gives that minute-by-minute protection that lasts right from one shower to the next.

Mum is the deodorant you can be sure of.

The world's most successful deodorant, Mum never irritates normal skins . . . never rots your clothes.



*M3 is known to science as hexachlorophene—the wonder ingredient which destroys odour-causing bacteria without harm to skin and clothing.

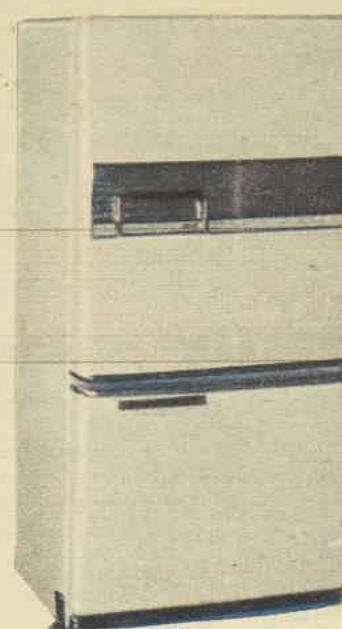
MUM KEEPS YOU NICE TO BE NEAR—24 HOURS A DAY

M01





Admiral



ALL THESE LATEST AMERICAN FEATURES

- Removable crisper on door back
- Adjustable racks on both doors
- Pedal-operated freezer door
- Single control for both compartments
- Canyon Copper fashion-front panel
- Tarnish-proof Canyon Copper fittings
- Roll-out storage basket in freezer
- All aluminium cold-plate coils
- Available in cream or white

Admiral proudly presents the **Imperial DUAL-TEMP**

2 TEMPERATURES — 2 COMPARTMENTS — IN THE ONE CABINET

Who said you can't afford a refrigerator *and* a freezer? Here they are together in the one big, beautiful cabinet—each compartment with its own separate door ... its own individual temperature. The "Imperial DUAL-TEMP" keeps all foods at the peak of perfection *automatically*

—it defrosts itself and evaporates all the unwanted moisture, never needs your attention. See your nearest Admiral retailer soon; let him tell you about the special easy terms that will put the "Imperial DUAL-TEMP" in your home immediately.



"BRIGHT NEW LOOK" REFRIGERATORS FOR EVERY FAMILY—LARGE OR SMALL

Extreme left: **Standard or De-Luxe 10.7 cu. ft.** for the larger family. Full-width freezer chest holds 80 lbs. of frozen food. De-Luxe model features push-button defrost and automatic water disposal. Canyon Copper trim.

Centre: **Crisp-line styled 8 cu. ft. model**, perfect for average-size families. Freezer chest holds 50 lbs. of frozen foods, complete top-to-bottom storage facilities, "Touch-a-Magic" handle. Canyon Copper trim.

Right: **Wonderful 4½ cu. ft. model** for flats, offices, or laboratories—anywhere space is at a premium. Designed for positioning on kitchen cupboards or similar base; concealed, adjustable legs to control level.

ADM 135/PPC

KIMBERLEYS PADRE
Rev. Arthur Cottrell
seems with some of the
children. Foreground:
Alma Lilly (left) and
Dolly Dimples.

Never-Never children discover the sea

Eighteen children from Hall's Creek, in the Kimberleys of Western Australia, have just had an eight-day seaside holiday they will long remember. The holiday was at Darwin, and for some it was the first sight of the sea.

THE children live during the school year at the Australian Inland Mission hostel at Hall's Creek, under the supervision of Mrs. Lois Hurse, formerly of Melbourne, who was in charge of the holiday camp.

Their homes are on cattle stations in an area 650 miles east to west and 490 miles north to south. Their nearest beach is at Wyndham, 230 miles away—a beach impossible for swimming because of crocodiles, mangroves, and mud.

(To give an idea of how far away in the Never-Never some of them live: Two of the 18 at Darwin have a 12-mile pack-horse ride to the nearest air-strip, and then three changes of planes from home to Hall's Creek.)

Four of the holidaymakers had never seen the sea before, and half had never swum in salt water.

The eighteen children, ranging in age from seven to twelve years, made the most of the eight days at the United Church camp at the sloping beach at Lee Point, about eight miles from Darwin.

Their day began with a swim before breakfast, and

sometimes not even the inducement of a projected visit to the pictures was enough to get them out of the water to change into "town" clothes.

Duties in the camp were light. Mrs. Hurse and her offsider, Miss Sue Sandral, also from Melbourne, did the cooking, while the children helped with the washing-up and made their own beds.

One very big day included visits to the R.A.A.F. station, a wild-life sanctuary, the wharves, a picnic lunch, meeting the Mayor, Mr. L. D. Richardson, at the Town Hall, and afternoon-tea at the Residency with the Administrator, Mr. Archer, and Mrs. Archer.

Another day the children went for a harbor cruise in a Naval vessel, and on the Sunday they attended the United Church service.

The Hall's Creek holiday was the result of Mrs. Hurse's visit to the Lee Point camp during a recent stay in Dar-



WASHING-UP HELP is given Sue Sandral, assistant to Mrs. Lois Hurse at the Lee Point camp, by two of the girls. The camp was affiliated with the Far North Children's Health Scheme.

win. The United Church minister in Darwin, the Rev. N. C. Pearce, who showed Mrs. Hurse the camp, casually suggested the idea. She was enthusiastic because an existing scheme for sending Central Australian children to Adelaide for a seaside holiday had always neglected the too-far-away Kimberleys children.

The Education Department in Perth permitted the camp to be held during the school term. This was necessary because parents otherwise see their children only during the holidays.

The trip meant an alteration of schedules of the MacRobertson Miller Airline Company, which flew the hostel's weekly consignment of fresh fruit and vegetables on to Darwin as its contribution.

Bulk of the funds was raised by A.I.M. supporters in the south.

"Full air fares were paid for those whose parents could not afford it, and £7 of the fare for the others, and pocket-money for all of them," said Mrs. Hurse.

A good percentage of pocket-money, incidentally, was spent on ice-cream on sticks, never seen in Hall's Creek.

Swimming togs were donated by a mail-order firm in Perth.



PLAYING GARAGES are Italian Rocky Magnoli (left), Jackie Shore, and Tiger Bennett. Generally, the boys made cattle stations instead of the traditional sand castles.



Arnott's Xmas Cakes

Order early
from your
grocer to avoid
disappointment

The 2lb. size is
a square cake
packed in a trans-
parent, heat-
sealed bag and
enclosed in a car-
ton wrapped in a
colourful Xmas
display wrapper.



Arnott's 3lb. cakes are attractively piped and decorated and packed in beautifully printed tins of lasting use.



There is no Substitute for Quality

Buy also, and put aside, one of these cakes for Easter or special occasions to come, whilst they are available over Xmas.

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Nov. 13

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tri-colors. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck on a deserted footpath.</p>	<p>★ It's the pay envelope that counts now, and you could find plenty of use for any extra money. Financial sleight of hand could provide a luxury.</p>	<p>★ A member of the household may be away for a few days or you have less work to do than usual. Try not to stay at home alone too much. Visit friends.</p>	<p>★ The very young may find parental disapproval of the beloved hard to bear. You are so sure of great love, yet before long there could be a new thrill.</p>	<p>★ If it's money-raising for a good cause you will be in it up to your neck. Do not, in a burst of enthusiasm, allow expenses to run wild. Others are optimistic.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck through other people.</p>	<p>★ Brains or ability won't help unless you can win the co-operation of one key person in any situation likely to arise. Compromise rather than lose out.</p>	<p>★ Family matters, important decisions may require much thought. Changes in the domestic situation should not be made in haste. Attempts to please all may fail.</p>	<p>★ Wedding plans may be near or still in the distant future, but you won't be an old maid. The beloved may be a new acquaintance or the boy next door.</p>	<p>★ Share your plans with a congenial person. If you can both see the humor in misadventure, schemes that failed, you will be able to laugh at obstacles.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a snap decision.</p>	<p>★ You are not afraid of hard work, but you may be fed up at present. Any attempt to force issues could be disastrous. Hide your time in everything.</p>	<p>★ Special jobs are the chief emphasis. Scratch meals because you are dreammaking, piles of ironing because you are repainting are not efficient, but enthusiasm wins.</p>	<p>★ Can you strike a nice balance between being friendly, yet not too forward? You are going to have a chance to air your skill in that direction shortly.</p>	<p>★ Don't sulk if you are left behind with unglamorous tasks. You make your contribution and recognition of your efforts is near. An honor is headed your way.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in taking a chance.</p>	<p>★ Keep your eyes open and your mind alert for that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity which may have a permanent influence on your affairs. Make no rash promises.</p>	<p>★ Even if you have only a small verandah you can give it a new look. Those who are eager to experiment with modern, outdoor living will get plenty of ideas.</p>	<p>★ Some girls gain attention from a crowd of boys, others equally attractive seem neglected. This week you will have charm for one and he is the one that matters.</p>	<p>★ Enjoy all social occasions, accept invitations, contact friends old and new. Beyond a lively social flutter you may, after this week, settle down to far more work.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in the family circle.</p>	<p>★ If you are weary of lack of appreciation you may stop performing certain extras which appear to pass unheeded. It is a good way of gaining attention.</p>	<p>★ Lucky people moving into a new home will be busy arranging their possessions effectively. Other's plan informal parties. This could mean a birthday or wedding anniversary.</p>	<p>★ You might meet a boy you have not seen for a long while. He is more grown up and has acquired poise. You may now appreciate his charm and manners.</p>	<p>★ Home or family may absorb most of your energy, but it is a case of setting things in order before starting off on a new cycle. An old friend arrives unexpectedly.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a message.</p>	<p>★ Travelling around observe what other folks are doing and you will gain a new perspective. There could be a whisper in your ear of something new. Follow it up.</p>	<p>★ News for which you have been waiting may arrive this week. You may be waiting for a letter or phone call. Once it comes you may go into action.</p>	<p>★ Drifting around with your crowd you are not definitely paired off with anyone. You may compare them without arriving at any conclusion. There is plenty of time.</p>	<p>★ Hasty grabs at half a dozen projects will give you variety, although you are inclined to be running late, changing plans at a moment's notice.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a bit of extra money.</p>	<p>★ Look around for a better deal: the first offering may not be what you need. Bargain-hunters must spend time and energy. You can stretch yours further than most.</p>	<p>★ If your budget is working well you may expand your ideas and indulge yourself in a long-cherished wish. Some Librans plan Christmas presents.</p>	<p>★ Your best beloved may be sitting for examinations or occupied with his career. He cannot spend all his time dreaming about you. Sympathise with his problems.</p>	<p>★ Practical considerations which may have dictated your use of spare time may now be ruled out. You tend to carry out postponed plans or an old scheme revived.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a good first impression.</p>	<p>★ You could get away with almost anything at present, but is it worth while? If you skip your work, if you slide through you'll lose your self-respect.</p>	<p>★ The stars favor buying summer clothes now. Conditions will not be so favorable later. Study your type, decide on your colors, and do not forget the little details.</p>	<p>★ If you really care deeply you will do your utmost to convince him you are the one. Wear your prettiest clothes, avoid topics and mannerisms he dislikes.</p>	<p>★ You may face the culmination of an interesting social year, during which you have been very busy. Some of you may be elected to office. Be ready with a speech.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a parcel.</p>	<p>★ While frankness is a desirable quality there are times when silence and discretion will best meet the situation. Your inside information may be confidential.</p>	<p>★ Should you be planning a surprise for a member of the family, there is the danger that you may inadvertently let the cat out of the bag. Be cautious of slips.</p>	<p>★ A ray of sunshine, a pleasant surprise, a party you had not counted on can all lead to romance. It will be up to you to keep the friendship going.</p>	<p>★ Gossip is not to be trusted. Ignore it, and do not add to it just to make a good story, for it will bounce back to the person concerned and could cause trouble.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in enhanced prestige.</p>	<p>★ Influence of a friend could be paramount if you are hunting a job or anxious to display past successes. Friends, spell opportunity, but you must deliver the goods.</p>	<p>★ It will be difficult to find time to carry out a heavy programme. Do your best and refuse to worry over neglected tasks. Less ambitious people will be happier.</p>	<p>★ If you belong to a tennis club or any sporting body you may safely mix love and your chief interest. Events won in partnership are especially well aspected.</p>	<p>★ Initiative will be required of you; don't expect folks to go out of their way for you. Show you can take the first steps with a new acquaintance.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in the evening.</p>	<p>★ Your job may be a challenge to action. Those who have boasted of their abilities get a hearing, but only hard work can turn a chance into enduring prestige.</p>	<p>★ Time-consuming interruptions just can't be helped, but you may slow up simply because your enthusiasm has evaporated. A new enterprise is waiting for you.</p>	<p>★ If older people are praising a boy, don't hold it against him. He may be an attractive escort and a good dancer. He could be good husband material.</p>	<p>★ If you disapprove of associates whose principles appear rather elastic, drop out quietly from the group. Quarrels will not settle anything. Unreliables waste time.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in new plans.</p>	<p>★ Restlessness may prevent you from settling down to finish what you have begun. If you must have a number of irons in the fire, do one job at a time.</p>	<p>★ Before embarking on any undertaking obtain information that is accurate. Results that are amateurish are a waste. Your sign has a strong critical faculty.</p>	<p>★ Weekend house parties are going to count in your plans. If the beloved enjoys lazing on the beach that new swimsuit will make you look like a magazine cover.</p>	<p>★ With thoughts turning to out-of-door amusements a weekend picnic might be the answer to simple entertaining which involves little work. Provide novelties.</p>

6 a.m.— Mum's first for a refreshing Lifebuoy shower

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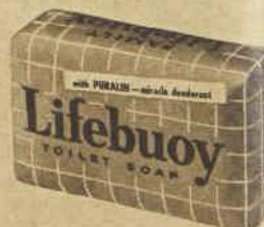
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so much he nearly fell over his own shadow."

"Oh, him! He was just a customer."

"Even customers have names."

"Of course he had a name," Lucilla said aloofly. "It was like yours, Matthew."

"I fail to see the similarity between Matthew and Adam."

"Because they are both serious and dignified names, stupid."

"I hope the young man was also serious and dignified. Now, you can't stay to supper because I am going out."

"Oh, Adam!"

"I mean it. Off with you. And begin to grow up, will you?"

Matthew heard the telephone when he was in his room studying. He was going to answer it, to save Elizabeth the brief journey on her crutches, but before he was down the stairs he heard her speaking.

The caller was someone to inquire after her broken ankle, for she was saying, "It's progressing. I get the plaster off next week. No, it doesn't really inconvenience me a lot. Matthew's sweet about doing the shopping, and — what's that? Oh, darling, you're such an optimist."

It was the endearment that made Matthew pause on the stairs. He did not think he had ever heard his staid and serious sister use one before. Curiosity made him linger to see if he could gather whether it was a man or a woman to whom she was speaking.

"What did you say? It's better than being a futurist. Am I a futurist? Well, perhaps —" Abruptly Elizabeth had lowered her voice. Only by unashamedly straining his ears did Matthew catch her words. "It's no use at present. I've told you."

After that she hung up, in the poor blighter's ear it seemed. When a discreet interval had elapsed Matthew went downstairs. He found Elizabeth in the drawing-room. She was sitting idly, not even working on her beloved tapestry, and her eyes looked almost as if she had been crying.

Continuing . . . Hour of the Enchantress

from page 25

"Finished work?" she said brightly.

"I don't feel much like it tonight." This was true. In a most aggravating way the round, rosy face of Lucilla kept floating between him and the printed page.

"I'm not surprised. It's a lovely evening. You should be —" Elizabeth stopped what she had been going to say and instead asked rather severely, "Matthew, are these examinations really necessary to your job?"

"No. But it's always wise to have a second string to one's bow."

"Yes, I agree, but sometimes I wonder whether, at your age, you're not taking life a little too seriously."

Matthew looked at her in astonishment.

"Liz, I'm twenty-three. If I don't prepare for the future now —"

"There are other ways of preparing for the future."

"Such as what?"

"Well, finding a nice girl to marry, for instance."

"Liz, are you trying to get rid of me?" Matthew looked at his reliable, kind, and maternal sister in hurt amazement.

"I believe you've fallen in love yourself! I heard you on the phone just now. And there were those gloves. For a man, Liz, are you hiding something from me?"

"Of course I'm not." Her face was soft and tender as he always remembered it.

"Haven't I always looked after you? I used to even when Mummy was still alive, you know. You were my baby brother. And I promised Mummy before she died that you would be my first care."

"I know that," he said in some embarrassment, and then was impelled to add, "Have I disappointed you?"

"Don't be hurt, Matthew. Sometimes I think if you'd be just a little less serious . . ."

There was another banging on the lilac-colored door in Paradise Mews.

"Adam, are you home? I can see your light."

The reluctant head appeared at the window.

"Mind your own business, can't you?"

"But, Adam, if you're home I could cook your dinner."

"I," said Adam, holding up a whisky glass, "do not intend to eat for some time."

"Oh, Adam, darling, you're not sitting up there getting drunk! Are you unhappy? But that's a waste of time when I could make you happy."

"That's where you are wrong, my little peach blossom. I, as they say in books, love another."

He was a little sorry when he saw the stricken look that came over the perfect little face looking up at him.

"Fall in love with someone your own age, Lucilla," he said gently.

"I will, too," she snapped at him, and turned to run back into the doorway that led to her flat above the shop.

Almost at once she heard the telephone ringing. In a daze of misery she picked it up and heard the shy, serious, blundering voice, "Is that Lucilla? Do you remember me, Matthew Prendergast? I was in your shop this evening."

In spite of her anguish, a dimple flickered in Lucilla's cheek.

"Oh, the young man with the melon. What did your wife say when she found it so damaged?"

"I haven't got a wife. Only a sister."

"Oh!" Lucilla paused. "Sisters are nice?" Her voice ended on the upnote of a query.

"Look, Lucilla, those gloves. They're the wrong size. I wondered if I could change them tonight?"

"Tonight?"

"Yes. My sister wants them for a present for a man friend, quickly. In fact, she really wanted to give them to him in the morning. If it wasn't

utterly inconvenient to you — I mean, you'd be doing us an enormous favor —"

"How long will it take you to get here?" Lucilla asked.

"I suppose about half an hour — that really is sweet of you."

She hung up and made a little face at the light across the street. For too long had she been dazzled by Adam Ruskin's brilliant shirts and tolerant eyes.

Matthew could scarcely believe he was doing this impulsive and exciting thing.

The absurd thing was that when he had rung the bell and been let into the shop by a pink-cheeked and enchanting Lucilla he found that he had not brought the gloves.

"Oh!" he spluttered. "What must you think of me? I mean, I even wrote down the correct size — Oh, dear, do you think I did this deliberately?"

Lucilla shook her head instantly.

"Some young men, yes. But not you, Matthew. You are not like that."

"I say, do you really think that?" Matthew asked eagerly.

Lucilla nodded again, and this time a faint blush deepened her exquisite color.

"Lucilla, I know we don't know each other. But would you come out for a walk with me? I mean, how are we going to get to know each other if we don't go out together?"

"How indeed?" Lucilla agreed. "Wait just one minute while I get a shawl."

Five minutes later Lucilla was able to lift her pretty chin high in the air as, her arm tucked cosily in Matthew's, she passed the lighted window on the opposite side of the street.

Elizabeth waited until almost midnight. Then in desperation she went to the telephone and dialled a number.

"It's me," she said tentatively when a deep lazy voice answered.

"Darling! What a wonderful surprise at this hour!"

"It's only at this hour be-

cause I'm worried about Matthew. He went out after eight and he hasn't come home yet."

"Good for him. What are you worrying about?"

"Well, I think I might have hurt his feelings. He's awfully sensitive, and he's rather gathered that we're in love, and on top of that I told him he was too serious."

"And about time, too!" the voice approved, so that Elizabeth didn't know whether he was referring to the wisdom of Matthew knowing they were in love, or of his being too serious.

"But we're not going to spend the night talking about your young brother, are we? I've heard enough about us not being able to marry until he doesn't feel he's being thrust out of the nest."

"It's only because I promised —"

"My dear darling Elizabeth," came the impatient voice, "the problem is tedious. Anyway, it's almost solved. By the way, did you buy me my birthday present?"

"Oh, yes. But the wrong size. I foolishly didn't write down the size and Matthew thought the gloves were for me!"

"A heaven-sent mistake!" he murmured delightedly.

"What are you talking about?"

"Only that at this moment your young brother is thanking his lucky stars for that mistake. I should think from now on he'll take small things like mistakes in his stride."

"Adam, I can't understand you. Did you know Matthew was buying those gloves? If it comes to that, why on earth did you ask for ski-ing gloves in the spring?"

They sat at a small table in the darkest corner of the restaurant.

"Lucilla, would you think a man could fall in love between the hours of six and midnight?"

"Matthew, not with me? Am I going to have to hurt you?"

"I don't think so," said Matthew in his new confident voice.

"You're a awfully good-looking," Lucilla murmured. "And kind. And I think —" She stopped, thinking firmly that it had only been the shirts that had dazzled her. Take the shirts from him, and he was just an ordinary man, with a furrowed brow and eyes that always laughed at her. Matthew's eyes did not laugh at her. They adored. They made her feel — how? — no, the feeling was beyond description.

"What do you think?" Matthew demanded.

"I think if we don't go home now your sister will never have those gloves to give her young man for his birthday in the morning," Lucilla said firmly.

But her eyes were pools of tenderness, the dimple in her cheek flickered.

"Adam, what was that you said?" Elizabeth demanded incredulously.

"I said not to worry. Your brother has just said good-night to the enchantress. Very discreetly, at her door. He should be home in half an hour."

"What on earth is he doing outside your house?"

"I'm not in my house, darling. I'm in my studio."

"You've never told me you had a studio. Where is it?"

"I'm telling you now. It's in Paradise Mews."

There was a long silence. Then Elizabeth said slowly, "Opposite the glove shop. The ski-ing gloves that you wanted for your birthday. The gloves Matthew would buy since I couldn't get out because of my ankle. The shop of —"

"The enchantress," finished Adam. "The delicious child whom no man under twenty-five could possibly resist."

Elizabeth began to laugh.

"Adam, it's a plot."

"No, my darling, my adored, my only love. It's the same thing that makes me have this interminable conversation with you at midnight when I've had too many drinks and long to sleep. And you know what that is."

"Yes," Elizabeth whispered lovingly into the receiver. "I do."

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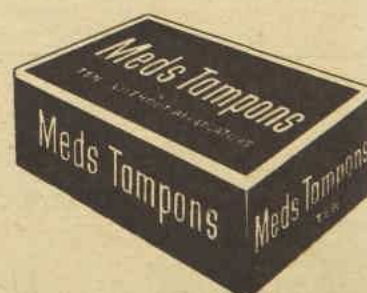
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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Flower - printed silks are blooming in late-day summer fashions.

THIS fashion item answers a young reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I WANT to make for late-day wear a frock with a sleeveless top and a wide skirt that will look pretty for dancing. I would like the frock to have a waistline, and need a pattern for the design in a 34in. bust."

You couldn't have anything newer or prettier than a flower print—and there are many in the shops. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right. The simple bodice is sleeveless, and has a scooped-out neckline. The skirt is finished at the hemline with a wide self-material ruffle, making a pretty dancing skirt. A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details how to order.

"WOULD you please tell me if skirt lengths are shorter this summer than last season?"

A shorter daytime hemline is showing in the current autumn Paris collections. Personally, I think the smartest skirt length is the one in such proportion to the wearer's figure that no one really notices what length it is.

"FOR my trousseau I have made a very lovely chiffon nightgown with a lace top, and I would like to complete it with a bedjacket. What style would you suggest?"

I suggest a shoulder cape of lace, finished with a deep pleated frill of chiffon. You will, of course, make it in the same lace and chiffon used for the nightgown.

"WOULD you advise me on a color, material, and accessories for a smart, but not dressy, outfit for city wear? I have very dark hair and brown eyes, and am 24 years old."

My suggestion is a sheath coat-dress made in strawberries-and-cream-colored linen, worn with a scarlet leather belt and matching shoes. For the hat and gloves I suggest white pique. Have the gloves



DS268. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

wrist-length, the hat a beret-turban.

"DURING the hot weather I find it necessary to have so many changes that I can afford only inexpensive dresses—and they look it. Could you offer any fashion advice that might help me look better dressed?"

Do you really need so many clothes? It is better dressing to have three well-planned and chosen outfits in your wardrobe rather than half a dozen indifferent ones. A pretty cotton bought inexpensively can be given the expensive treatment. For example, replace a self-material belt with a cummerbund or a good leather belt. If necessary,

change any buttons to ones you feel are more "like you." Hand-sew the hemline. Lastly, always remember that even inexpensive clothes need the best accessories you can give them.

"I HAVE some white lace for an evening formal and would like your advice about the length. Would ballerina be correct? I would also like a suggestion for the color of the lining."

The evening dress with a short-in-front and long-at-back skirt is very new in formal evening fashions. I suggest you follow this idea for your lace dress. Flesh-pink chiffon will show the pattern of the lace to advantage.

Beauty in brief

COLOGNE IS SO COOLING

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Most women like to be lavish with the light fragrance of cologne during the hot weather.

TO get the most from the cologne that you use, it's a good idea to match its scent with your dusting powder and soap.

Probably you will want a light, floral blend for summer, and splash it on generously and often.

After your bath or shower, a dusting with the powder and the sweet scent of cologne can help you to stay fresh for hours even on a sticky day.

Keep your bottle of cologne in the refrigerator and see that it is well corked. A touch of the perfume at the wrists, elbows, and neck can be most reviving.

Use it at night, too, just before you go to sleep. Some people like to spray cologne around the bedroom itself. Wasteful? Not really.

Even a dash of chilled floral cologne on your arms on a hot night will help to send you off to sleep on a cool cloud.

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DIOR'S

● The clothes illustrated on these pages are part of the magnificent all-Dior collection to be paraded in Australia—the last collection presented before Christian Dior's death. The parades, in Melbourne and Sydney will give Australian women a first-hand view of Paris autumn fashion. The clothes disclose the pruning of tricks and fads from day fashions and the extravagant dressing in Paris night life—its glitter, romance, and femininity.

● The Dior parades have been organised by The Australian Women's Weekly in association with the Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne, and David Jones Ltd., Sydney. The collection will be shown in Melbourne from November 23 to December 4; in Sydney from December 7 to 14. The gala premiere on November 23 will be held in the Mural Hall at the Myer Emporium, Melbourne. A gala opening in Sydney on December 7 will be at David Jones Ltd.'s Great Restaurant, Elizabeth Street store. Seven mannequins will show the collection.



"DAUPHIN" (above), a superb evening coat in white satin, has a silver bead trim and extravagant bands of white down lining the front panels. The matching waist-defined dress has a deep décolletage.

SHORT evening dress and coat (right), worn by Odile, are in red-and-black flower-printed satin, trimmed with mink. At far right Lia wears a chic chemise-dress elegantly "collapsing" in the right places.



ROSE-SATIN evening shoe finished with a beautiful paste buckle. The design is inspired by shoes worn in 18th century.



CLASSIC-LINE evening court shoe in palest rose-pink satin has a closed back, ultra high heel, and well-arched instep.



DEEP ROSE-PINK satin evening shoe, designed with a sharply pointed toe, has a satin rose perched on the instep.



CHIC blunt-toed evening shoe has an extended front and jewel-encrusted heel, with thin straps crossing on a high instep.



GREEN SHOE (above) and the other four are designed by Roger Vivier to be worn with the gowns in Dior's collection.

Collection for Australia



EXOTIC EVENING DRESS, called "Opium," is in rich brocade in butterfly-wing-blue—one of the newest Paris colors. The silhouette is Empire-inspired with a bow caught under the bosom. The dress has a floor-length skirt and long sleeves. The short gloves, shoes, and necklace are all matched in color to the dress.



NEW SHUTTLE LINE is seen in a coat made in bright red wool. The coat tapers at neck and hem, with a gentle "bulge" and a half-belt at the hipline.



SPECTACULARLY long and slim are numbers of diaphanous sheers with flying draperies in the Dior collection. France wears the one above in chestnut-brown mousseline. Note beige accessories.



TWO-PIECE JUMPER SUIT of pale eau-de-nil satin is worn by Lia with a reversible pale gold and eau-de-nil satin coat. The jumper is pulled in with a belt finished with a flat bow and streamer ends. The coat is extravagantly trimmed with mutation mink to match the close-fitting-to-the-head turban.



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P.S. PICTORIAL-SHOW . . .

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little to see and the only sounds were the deep, lonely sighing of the sea and the howl of the great winds that tore at the veils of vapor that hid the earth, as though to reveal its scarred-and-pitted face to the curious sun and moon. For there was no living thing: no plant, no bird nor beast—nor had there been in the two centuries since the cataclysm of the Great Bomb.

For a long, long time, historians said, the great powers had exploded one nuclear weapon after another, each in turn protesting that in the interests of world peace it was imperative they should have the most powerful weapon of all. This had gone on for years and, although the world became a little sick, it was nothing serious.

All might have been well had not a group of small nations, alarmed by their big neighbors' activities, arranged for their top scientists to combine on the production of a bomb that would protect their own interests. The resulting explosion proved beyond doubt who had produced the most effective nuclear weapon, and with it the world died, and every living thing on the earth's surface with it.

The pioneers who had prudently established the underground cities some years before felt that the disaster was not altogether without its compensations. The earth had fast been becoming over-populated and without the great bomb it would in a few hundred years have been able to provide standing room only.

But that was history. Now Rennie had eyes only for the girl who stood framed by the great archway which glittered with rock crystal and gilding. The gold which the men of the past had won from the earth and then buried again had been used by the artists

of the underground age to decorate the buildings which had so many feet of solid rock between them and the sky, for gold had no longer value as currency in a civilisation which had no goods to market and was interested only in its survival.

The girl turned away, and Rennie saw the man standing behind her; a slight pale-faced man with white hair and a youthful face.

"Oh, Wilde," called the girl lightly. "How stupid! We've missed the lecture after all. This is the Engineers' Hour." She turned back to Rennie. "You are one of the engineers, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes," Rennie told her. Then, seeing her turn to go, he said sharply: "Don't go."

She looked a trifle surprised. "Why not? I must go—I've no right here, you know, I'm a librarian."

"I know," he said. For the librarians were the keepers of the world's books which had escaped destruction, and as a class they were held in some fear and dislike because of the superiority affected by some of them because of their great knowledge. But this girl was not like that.

"Stay," he said, wondering a little at his sense of urgency. "Please don't go."

She looked at him long and steadily from the clear eyes—seeing a dark man, broad shouldered and with the smooth tan that hours under the artificial suns of the underground sports grounds had given him. Then she smiled again.

Three weeks later he asked her to marry him under the wide dome of the cloud-swept sky, where he guessed she would best like to be. She,

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dim in the starlight, and wrapped in the thick red cloak above which her small face was pale, stood very still and silent for a while. Then she said: "Have you been married before, Rennie?"

"No." He paused, a little surprised at his admission, for marriage was a simple thing in the underground age, calling for no more than the filling in of a form to be approved by the right authority, and the cancelling of it was as simple.

Yet he had not married, perhaps because his job of tunnel construction took him far afield, burrowing through oddly assorted strata of rock and earth, each with its own particular problems of construction and maintenance, which was one of the chief reasons why the engineers of the Main Tunnels Department were the most highly skilled and specialised of any in the underground.

He frowned and said slowly, "I don't know why."

She smiled. "I have never been married, and I don't know why, either. Perhaps we were waiting for each other."

"That fellow Wilde?"

"The Chief Librarian?" She hesitated. "He is a friend of mine—and one of the wisest people I have ever known. But nothing more."

Then she stepped closer, and for Rennie there was no longer desolation on the face of the earth, for she was in his arms, her lips soft and moist against his. It was he, shaken and disturbed by her passion, who ended the kiss, and she, seeing his confusion, laughed softly. "That's something I read

about in a book," she said. "What else do you read in your books?" he asked. He himself had never read anything that was not an engineering textbook, for specialisation had reached such intensity that it was no longer considered necessary or even desirable to have knowledge of anything outside one's profession. In fact, so technical was the jargon used by each profession that communication with anyone else had become practically impossible.

"Would you really like to know?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. His lips were still tingling from her kiss, and he would, he thought, like to repeat the experiment.

"Some day," she promised, lifting her face to him again. "I'll tell you."

It was many months before he reminded her of her promise, one night when sleep was slow coming, for night never really fell in the underground, and the flashing lights of the atocars streaming silently up and down the main tunnel outside their apartment defied the drawn blinds and filled the room with uncanny radiance. He lifted himself on one elbow and looked down at Leona.

She was, he thought, enchanting. His marriage to Leona Re—for that had been her name—had brought him happiness he had not thought possible. To his delight she had proved popular with his friends, who had at first raised eyebrows at his marriage outside his profession.

But he could never reconcile the girl who sat quietly listening to their eternal talk of engineering problems with the wild young creature who clung to him in the half-dark of their room, wooing him with tenderness and with laughter.

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Now, as he watched, her eyes opened, and she turned to him, saying anxiously: "Can't you sleep, darling? You worry too much about the tunnels. Can't you think of something else for a change?"

"Only you," he told her half seriously. "Talk to me, Leona. You promised once to tell me what you read in your books."

"Of course," she said. She lifted her arms lazily, putting them behind her head. "It's rather hard to know where to begin."

But she had begun, and night after night he had found himself listening to stories of the vanished peoples who had lived and loved and hated, had fought and hunted, feasted and starved in the world before the Great Bomb.

Their disorderly existence, their undisciplined emotions seemed far removed from the orderly civilised life of his age, but gradually, to his surprise, he found himself beginning to envy the fear and disease ridden people he should have pitied.

For the world they had known had been a living one, on which the sun shone and the pure rain fell, and the breeze had blown, scented by many flowers. There had been great forests and green fields; there had been busy cities, gay with lights under the night sky; and there had been birds, beasts, and fish that Leona had brought pictures of from the library to explain to him.

The only animals that had survived the Great Bomb had been the pets that people had brought with them to the underground cities, but these had vanished during the hungry days before science produced edible, if somewhat uninteresting, food by imitating plant processes.

This dawning envy of the vanished peoples was not the only disturbing factor in Rennie's life. Marriage had not disturbed the friendship between Leona and Wilde Garner, the Chief Librarian. It seemed to Rennie that Wilde called more and more often, and the sight of the Chief Librarian lounging in the most comfortable chair, his pale student's face alight with sardonic amusement, began to infuriate Rennie beyond endurance.

Wilde Garner was handsome, and, in spite of his prematurely white hair, no more than thirty years of age. He was brilliant, and did not bother to hide his look of pity at Rennie's lack of knowledge of most things outside his profession.

Rennie hated him. He was also miserably jealous of the fact that Leona derived such immense pleasure from Wilde's company. And he hated their conversations, which were usually as unintelligible to him as his own engineering jargon was to Leona.

He had, he realised, made a mistake in marrying outside his profession. Leona would never lose her fascination for him. But he could not see how she could fail to be bored by him, though it was difficult to entertain such doubts when they were alone, with Leona gay and responsive in his arms.

"You love me?"

"Oh, Rennie, Rennie—!"

Reassurance in her soft voice banished all doubt. Then afterwards, content, lying beside her with closed eyes in the half-dark, he would listen to that same voice recalling the past and the world that had existed before the Great Bomb.

If he could have been with her all the time there would have been, perhaps, no doubts at all. But he was forced to

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be away a great deal, the tunnels requiring constant supervision, threatened as they were continually by sudden earth movements and the eternal ooze coming down from the old rivers and seas above.

The tunnel lights that gave a ghastly semblance of day never entirely banished the gloom of dark rock surfaces and the steady drip, drip of water from above; and here, many miles from the warmth and laughter of Leona, the doubts crowded back, dark and ugly as the tunnels themselves.

him, laughing with him, the two of them closer in mind than he could ever be.

So he travelled with anger for company and the fear of losing her—and the knowledge that he hated Wilde Garner as he had never hated anyone. Sometimes, too, he could almost hate Leona for the vision she had created for him of a green and living world, so that the underground seemed dull and favorless in comparison,

FOR THE CHILDREN

Whuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



While he did his tour of inspection, the red Government atocar sliding silently through the twisting tunnels, his practised eyes scanning ceiling and sides for the danger signs of stress, he knew Leona would be with Wilde, working with

and the twisting tunnels close and oppressive, almost as though the walls might some time close on him and the speeding atocar, crushing him between the solid rock.

From one such tour he returned to find the apartment

empty. He was not surprised at this, for he was a day earlier than he expected, but depression lay heavily on him as he ate his lonely meal, then undressed and lay down on the bed, having switched on the television extension. But there was nothing to engage his attention—only a talk by one of the Panel of Experts which governed the underground, and which regularly issued statements and statistics which proved everything and nothing.

The emptiness of the apartment was a mockery, and between him and the benign face of the expert on the screen there came continually the mocking face of Wilde Garner, so that after a while he could bear it no longer, but went to the interphone and called the Library.

There was some delay before Leona was found, and when she came she failed to switch on the image-projection which would enable him to see her face while they talked, and her voice sounded breathless and a little apprehensive.

"You, Rennie! I didn't expect you so soon. I'm working—"

"I know." He tried to ignore the flatness in her voice. "Shall I call for you?"

"No—!" She sounded flustered. "No—don't do that. I'm not sure when I'll be through, I'll come as soon as I can."

"I can come and wait for you."

"No—no—there's no need to do that. Go to bed, Rennie. You must be tired. I can get a lift home."

"With Wilde?"

There was some small hesitation. "Yes," she said at last. "With Wilde. I won't be long. I promise you, Rennie."

"Very well."

"Rennie—I—"

"I'll see you later," he said, and snapped down the switch

that concluded their conversation with a vicious flick of his finger.

A few minutes later he had dragged on his outdoor clothes and was hurrying out to the atocar.

The run through the city block was a matter of minutes, for there was little traffic at this time when most people were watching the various forms of active sport which constituted practically the sole form of entertainment, and was the only common meeting ground for all sections of the community.

The Library had been excavated at the end of one of the main tunnels and was brilliantly flood-lit to make the most of its splendidly carved pillars and archways. But Rennie had no eyes for its magnificence as he brought the atocar to a split-second halt a few hundred yards away.

He saw only Leona coming swiftly down the broad stairway, her red cloak glowing for a moment like a jewel in the bright light before she stepped into the waiting atocar Rennie knew well to be the Chief Librarian's.

Then in a moment its red rear lights were vanishing around the curve of a tunnel in the opposite direction, and Rennie, fury spilling over him with the force of a breaking wave, had pressed the starter button and was following.

It was some minutes before the atocar came into view. He knew where they were headed now—to the elevator station where the great steel elevators shot up the shaft to the earth's surface.

Knowing it his anger strengthened, his ears still singing with the sweet treachery of her voice: "I won't be long, Rennie. I promise you." It

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was not only with him that Leona delighted in the night sky with its glimpse of fugitive stars.

His atocar came to its silent halt, but even as he leapt out and ran the whine of the ascending elevator told him he was too late. They were already on their way up, and it was twenty minutes or so before he could follow.

But it seemed an age before the elevator finally carried him to the surface, and, as he stepped out into the fantastic yellow glow of the earth's twilight, an icy gust of wind reminded him that he was wearing only light clothes and not the warm garments that were demanded by the cold winds that endlessly swept the earth's bare face.

He stepped out quickly, seeing no sign of Leona and Wilde, but instinctively taking the walk that was her favorite one, close to the seashore where black rocks stood as saw-toothed sentinels between empty sea and sky. Half an hour later he knew his choice had been the right one, for he saw them ahead of him, the two of them standing still and very close together.

He started to hurry, no longer conscious of the knifing of the icy wind through his thin tunic; then the sound of his footsteps brought them swinging around, and he saw the sudden terror on Leona's face and the sharp anger on her companion's.

But as Wilde's hand flashed up and Rennie saw the dull glint of the disintegrator, Leona had run between them, matching at Wilde's wrist.

"No!" she exclaimed. And then sharply: "Rennie, what are you doing here?"

"What am I—?" Rennie choked in anger. "Shouldn't I ask what you are doing? Or should I know?"

Her eyes fell away from his. "You don't understand."

"No," he told her bitterly. "I don't. You could have spared me this if you preferred Wilde from the first. I thought you were happy. But I should have known better. After all, we have little enough in common—I can't talk your language."

"I never wanted you to!" Her voice was sharp with distress. "Oh, Wilde, what are we to do?"

Rennie swung on Wilde, his voice harsh with fury. "You can't have her, Wilde. I'll kill you first! She is mine."

Wilde seemed amused. "I think I have the advantage there," he said, glancing at the weapon he held in his hand.

"You are a fool, Rennie—but you are right in one thing. I love your wife, and precious little good it will do me." He turned to Leona. "You had better tell him, Leona—if you can trust him."

Leona stepped forward. "There is nothing between Wilde and myself, Rennie," she said quietly. "Except this."

At first he could see nothing where she was pointing, for the yellow glow had nearly gone. Just a crevice between the rocks and then he thought he detected movement. He went closer and saw the tiny living thing, on the shivering threads of a web smaller than a man's hand.

"Look well, Rennie," said the sardonic voice of Wilde behind him. "You are looking at the first living thing man has seen besides himself in two hundred years."

Before his fascinated eyes, the creature began to move again, and he saw the silken thread run from its minute body as it did so.

"A spider," Leona told him. "I found it, Rennie—isn't it wonderful?"

He said, finding his voice at last, "But how—where did it come from?"

"The wind brought it." She was excited as a child. "It's happened before. We have an old book that says how, when the island of Krakatoa was destroyed by an eruption in 1883, many months afterwards they found a tiny spider spinning its web in the desolation where nothing else lived. The air currents had brought it, carrying it far above the earth's surface to start life again."

"But—" "Don't you understand?" she exclaimed. "It has come from somewhere where there is still life in the world—where

life has not been destroyed."

Rennie stood silent, savoring the happiness that swept him. Somewhere in all the desolation there was a lost valley where trees grew and birds still sang.

Somewhere where a man could walk in green grass with the clean air in his face; where streams sang their way to the sea between the fern and flower covered banks no man of his generation had seen.

"It's wonderful," he stammered at last. "Life on the earth after two hundred years. It will be a sensation. The Experts—"

"There will be no sensation," Wilde's voice was the crack of a whip. "No one will know of this—except us."

"Why—" "If I thought you would speak of this," said Wilde, and the disintegrator in his hand was on a level with Rennie's heart. "I'd kill you now."

Rennie stared in bewilderment from one to the other and saw the same determination that was in Wilde's face reflected on that of the girl.

"Wilde is right," said Leona, and her voice was sad. "No one must know."

"Why not—?" Rennie said, the vision of green forests bright in his mind—the forests that Leona had described so often and so well. "Why?"

"Can't you see what would happen?" asked Leona. "Man destroyed the world before. It could so easily be destroyed again before it properly began if everyone rushed to this one green spot. It can't be very big—not yet. After all, many searches for signs of life were made for years after the Great Bomb. This must remain our secret. Rennie, promise you'll say nothing."

"But couldn't we find it—just the three of us?"

"No," said Wilde sternly. "Curiosity would be stirred at once if we started to search for it. No—we must forget it—all three of us."

For a moment they were

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silent, their eyes on the tiny brown spider, busy at its endless spinning.

"Poor little spider," whispered Leona at last. "There is nothing for you here—yet."

"Your promise, Rennie," Wilde reminded him.

Rennie drew a long breath and looked at the sullen, leaden sea where no gulls flew and at the desolate land. And his throat was suddenly tight with grief thinking of the world he would never know; and with hatred of the vanished people who had condemned him to live out his life burrowing in the dark underground of the earth.

The vanished people, who had walked under the sun in a living world, and danced and sung songs, and drunk the good wine beneath the moon; had hunted the wild deer and fished in shining streams. The lost people who had held their heritage so lightly.

Leona, reading his face,

came to him suddenly, taking his hand tightly in hers.

"Rennie," she pleaded. "Don't take it so hard. You know it's there somewhere—that green valley. At least you know enough of it to dream of it. You and I have that consolation—it's more than the rest of them have. We have love, too. I'll never leave you, Rennie, never!"

"Very pretty," said Wilde coldly, "but I still want your promise to say nothing."

"You don't have to threaten me, Wilde," Rennie said wearily. "I won't talk."

It was nearly dark now. No longer could they see the spider, still there patiently spinning its silken trap for the prey that would never come.

"Let's go," said Wilde.

"But the spider."

"It will die," Wilde's voice was harsh. "As Leona said, there is nothing here for it."

Rennie was suddenly conscious again of the cold: the bitter wind against which his thin clothing gave no protection. He shivered as they turned their faces towards the guiding lights of the elevator tower, and Leona, coming close to him, pressed herself

against him as though to give him something of her warmth.

"Rennie," she said. "Forgive me—I could not wait until you came back. I had to tell someone about the spider—and there was only Wilde who would understand."

"I know," he said.

He drew a deep breath, feeling her hand warm in his. She loved him—he would never doubt that now. He could feel sorry for Wilde, coming more slowly behind them, as they stumbled over the uneven ground towards the light—Wilde who would never taste her sweetness, never hear the magic of her voice re-creating the past in the semi-darkness of their room.

At the thought of it his first unhappiness was already blunted. So much they had. Theirs, too, the secret knowledge brought by the spider—the spider, swept from some hidden tree on his last journey, travelling the highways of the upper air, aided by his silken web, to bring them a sign of life—his message unspoken but plain to see. In God's good time the world would live again.

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READERS' CHOICE CONTEST

"The Web" is the fifth to be published of the six prizewinning stories from our recent short-story contest held in conjunction with the International Correspondence Schools.

These six stories form the basis of our Readers' Choice, for which we will award cash prizes totalling £85.

Next week the sixth and final story, "Namma Hole," by Noel Tennant, will appear.

This is what you have to do. Read the six stories and decide which you consider the best.

In next week's (November 27) and December 4 issues we will publish a voting coupon with the six stories listed.

Simply indicate on the coupon which story you think the best and write and attach to it a 50-word letter giving the reasons why.

Readers' votes will win an additional £100 for one of the authors. Each author has already won £50 prize-money. Phyllis Rose, author of "Tail of a Wallaby," also won an extra £100, the special award for an author who had never before had any work published.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

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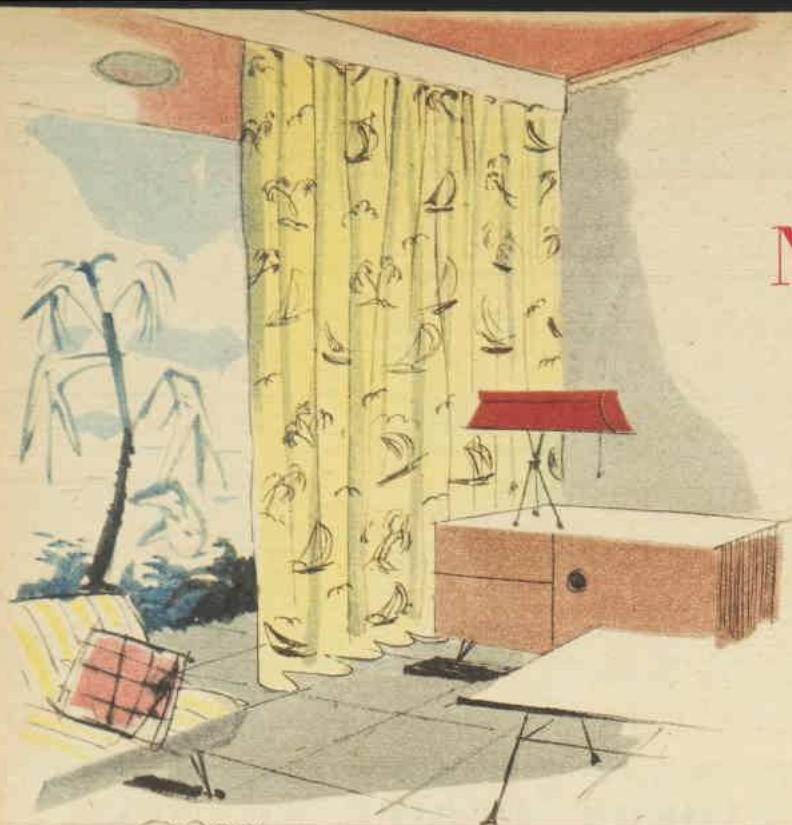
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 20, 1957

YEAR OF SUCCESS

★ The year 1957 will long be remembered by talented young actor Don Murray and his pretty green-eyed wife, Hope Lange.

DON'S role of the young dope addict in "Hatful of Rain" brought him enthusiastic acclaim, placing him high in the ranks of the new generation of actors.

And Hope landed roles in two of the year's big and eagerly awaited films, "Peyton Place" and "The Young Lions."

Now news comes that Don's original screenplay, "The Homeless," in which his ambition is to play the lead with Hope, has been bought for American television.

Both Don and Hope have been signed to star in the television version of this story of love in a refugee camp.

A thoughtful and serious-minded young man, and a deeply religious member of the Church of the Brethren, Don interrupted a Broadway career for two and a half years' voluntary work in European displaced persons' camps.

Don says he fell in love with Hope when he was playing his first big Broadway part as a

young sailor in "Rose Tattoo," and she was a 17-year-old Martha Graham dancer.

Hope says she fell in love with Don when, on his return from Europe, he was playing in "The Hot Corner," in which she was understudying.

But since both belong to theatrical families, they had known each other for years.

Hope's mother is a Broadway and Shakespearean actress, and her father was a composer and arranger for the late Flo Ziegfeld. Don's mother, Ethel Cook Murray, is a former Ziegfeld beauty and singer.

Hope, who attended the famous New York Lodge Professional High School for the children of theatricals, made her Broadway debut as a professional actress when she was 12.

Later, to earn money while she studied danc-

HUSBAND-AND-WIFE team Don Murray and Hope Lange have been signed to star in the televised version of "The Homeless," a story (by Don) about love in a European displaced persons' camp.

FILM FAN-FARE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

ing, she worked as a fashion and photographic model.

When Don was selected to co-star with Marilyn Monroe in "Bus Stop," and Hope was chosen for a supporting role, the young couple decided to marry.

The wedding took place quietly at Beverly Hills on April 14, 1956.

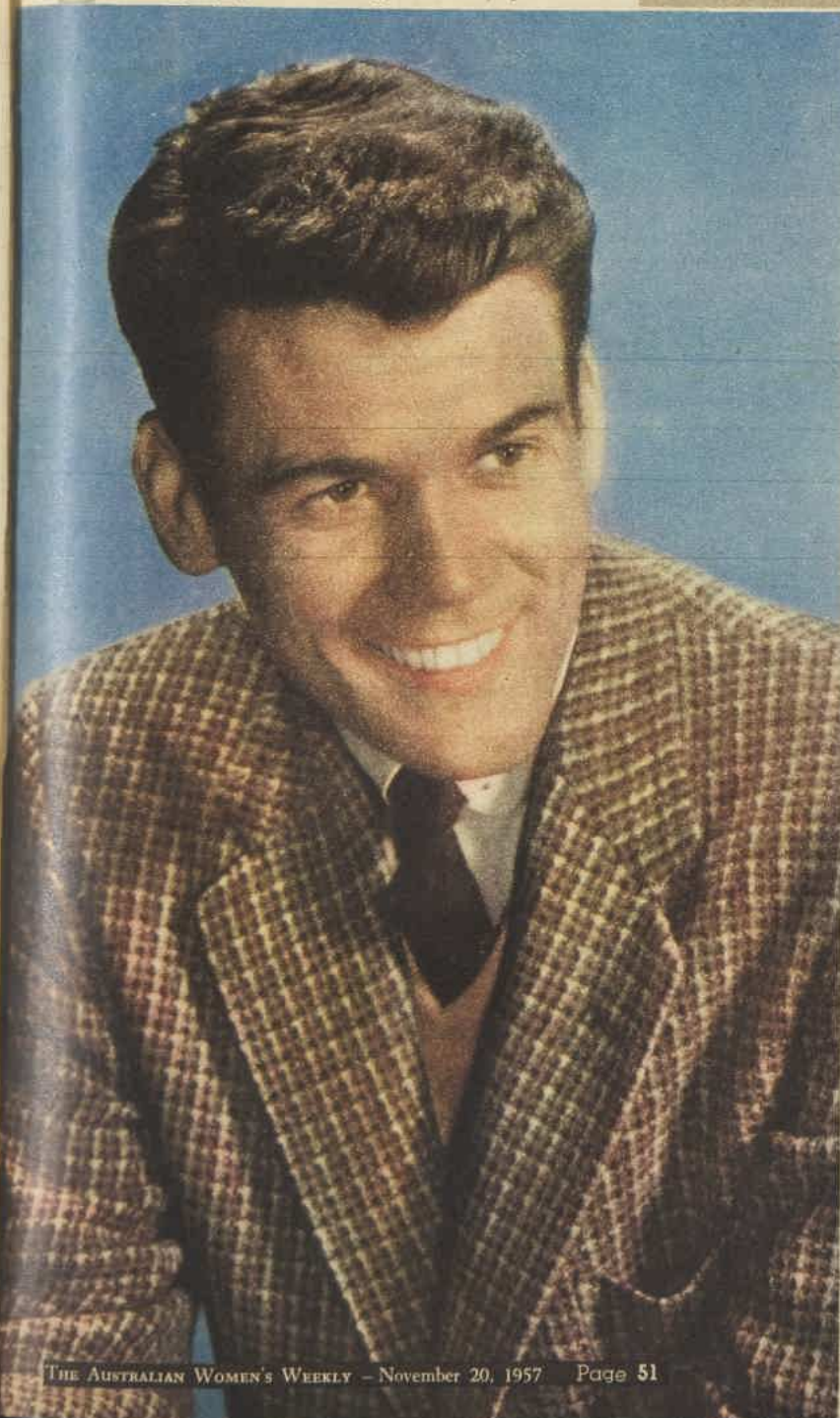
Recently, on the strength of long-term, "two-a-year" contracts, the couple bought their first home—in the suburb in which they were married.

They moved into it complete with their new son, Christopher.

Don, the most uncomplicated and untroubled of the current crop of young dramatic actors, says he is looking forward to pottering about and doing his own odd jobs.

He wears unremarkable, conservative clothes, drives a Ford convertible, and is determined not to change his ways.

Don has one picture coming up, "The Hell-Bent Kid," with newcomer Diane Varsi.



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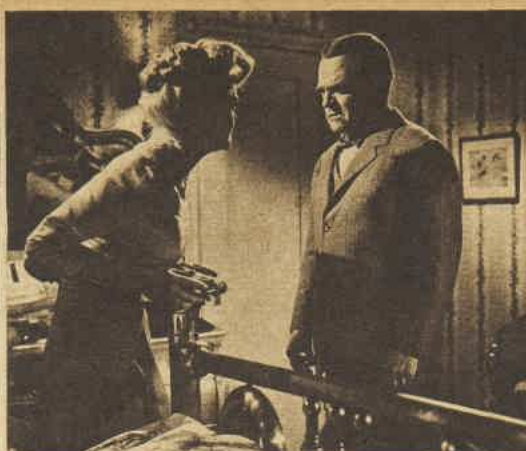
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1 LEARNING from vaudeville clown Chaney that both his parents are deaf mutes, his singer wife, Cleva, fears for her expected child, but has a normal baby, later known as Lon, jun.

The faces of Lon Chaney

★ Made for Hollywood's Golden Jubilee year, film history is relived in Universal's "Man of a Thousand Faces," in which James Cagney stars as that extraordinary wizard of make-up, the late Lon Chaney.

Dorothy Malone plays his unhappy first wife, Cleva, and Jane Greer, the girl he later married. Roger Smith plays Lon Chaney, jun., and Robert Evans the late Irving Thalberg, the producer who made Chaney a star.



2 SUCCESS in big-time vaudeville is marred by Cleva's jealousy of the act's soubrette, Hazel, at left. During a show Cleva rushes on stage, attacks Hazel, and attempts suicide. Chaney is fired, divorce follows, and Lon, jun., is put in an orphanage.



3 REPORTING for work at Universal, Chaney, down on his luck, is befriended by "Queen of the Extras," Marjorie Rambeau.



4 CALLED one day to the office of Irving Thalberg, Chaney, now gaining a reputation for his remarkable make-up effects, is surprised to discover that the already famous producer is so young a man.



5 "MIRACLE MAN," "The Phantom of the Opera" (above), and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" follow. Chaney is married to Hazel, whom Lon, jun., thinks is his mother.



6 FOLLOWING the reappearance of Cleva, now working as a cook, Lon, jun., bitterly upbraids his father for keeping them apart, and packs up to go and live with his mother.



7 SURVIVING the arrival of talkies, Chaney is stricken with throat cancer, and on his death-bed hands over to Lon, jun., with whom he is now reconciled, his most valuable possession, his make-up case.

Zsa Zsa and Tony made 'em Quayle

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

★ Sparks have been flying down at Elstree, with Zsa Zsa Gabor making a film with two of the most improbable co-stars: Anna Neagle and Anthony Quayle.

THE atmosphere on the set would have been hectic enough without Zsa Zsa.

But with her, everyone has been wearing a slightly dazed look — wondering, perhaps, where and when the next bombshell would fall.

Furthermore, since leading man Anthony Quayle moved from the classical theatre into films he's been in an awful hurry to become a star.

So the film unit has been working day and night to finish his scenes in time for him to start work on another film in North Africa.



ANTHONY QUAYLE, who co-stars with Zsa Zsa in the British-made film.

Yet through all this rush Zsa Zsa has never missed even a fragment of a scene.

Unlike some of her colleagues, she has never chosen a trip to her dressing-room to change or to make up as the excuse for taking a long spell from the pressure.

Wisecracks, of course, have crackled all the time, usually

FILM FAN-FARE

between Zsa Zsa — hands on hips—and producer Herbert Wilcox.

They were arguing about the way the next scene should be played. "I know thees could 'appen in real life," she cried, waving her arms. "But —could it 'appen in a film?"

And as the studio clock moved on: "I'm sure we shall never finish by half-past four. Eet is six o'clock already!"

In "The Queen and Smith," Zsa Zsa Gabor plays a Secret Service girl. Her companion, Anthony Quayle, has to kill her when he finds she is a traitress.

Zsa Zsa winked. "I'm quite a dramatic actress now, you know. In my last film, 'The Girl in the Kremlin,' I was shot dead, too.

"But—zey did not like the way I died. One of the studio

men, he said, 'That's about the sexiest death scene I 'ave ever seen.'

"You know, I know quite a lot about death scenes. I theenk I become a critic.

"My husband, George Sanders, now—he always take such a long time to die in pictures.

"Dear George! He love to act. I tell heem, people when they are shot, they fall down at once.

"Not George. He reels all over the set before he collapses. That is why I theenk the wide screen is very good for George. There is more room to reel, and more furniture to fall on to."

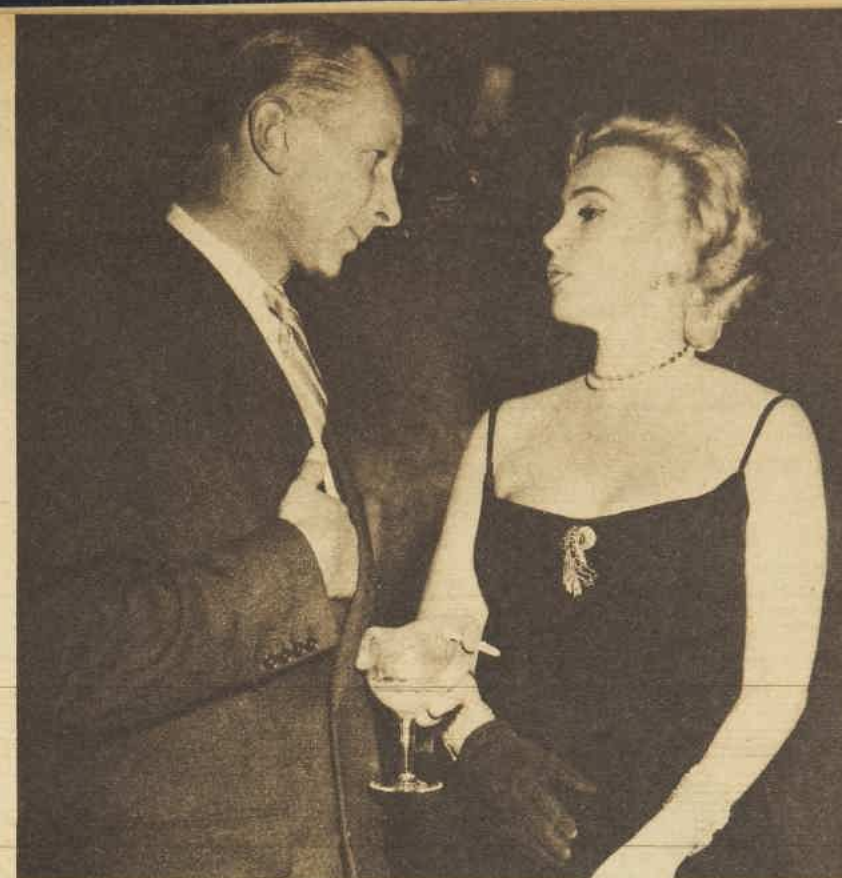
Zsa Zsa has returned each night exhausted to her West End hotel—and taken the phone off the hook.

"Six peers want to marry me, and I 'aven't got the time to see them. Mind you, three of them are not eligible yet. They're still married.

"It all start when I arrive 'ere, and say I am looking for a fourth husband. Right away the phone it starts to ring, and among others I count six titles.

"So far I 'ave too little time to, how do you say?—sort them out."

Two other suitors have been setting a competitive pace to Britain's romantic blue-



ZSA ZSA GABOR chats to lighting cameraman Gordone Dines at a London reception to welcome her to England for "The Queen and Smith."

bloods. They are tall publisher Gordon White and industrialist Jimmie Hanson, formerly Audrey Hepburn's fiancé.

Zsa Zsa shrugged, "I 'ad a date with Jimmie last night, but I stood him up. Too tired, you know."

She remains a staunch Hungarian patriot, and her eyes flash when she describes the events of the October uprising.

"It was the boys and girls who threw the bombs and fired the guns. The fathers and mothers were busy in the

Communist factories, and left the grandparents to bring up the children. The old people taught the young ones what a wonderful country Hungary used to be.

"I have to work hard to keep up a beeg house in America and many servants. All my servants are Hungarians. My leetle girl and I always eat Hungarian food.

"One of my former 'usbands, poor Conrad (Con-

rad Hilton, hotel-owner)—his hotels are full of Hungarian refugees. I 'ave made him employ them."

She sighed. "Conrad is such a fine man. I was too young to appreciate him when we were married."

The one thing that has thrown Zsa Zsa off her fiery stride is the friendliness in British studios.

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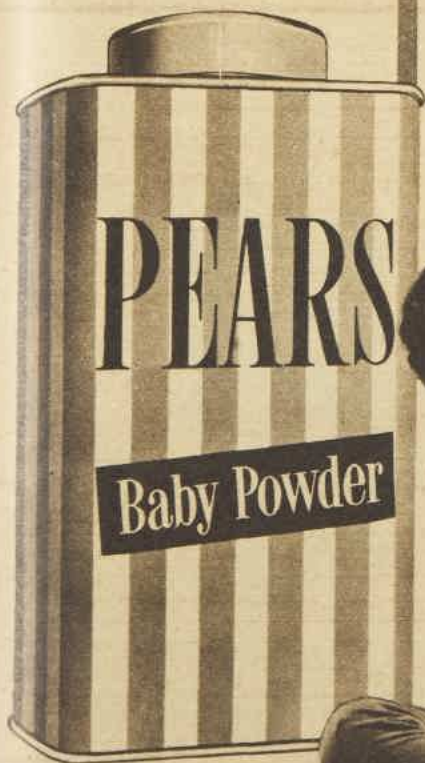
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First release in Australia. New boucle worsted tweed type. Slub and hairline stripes are combined to give an overcheck effect in shades of oyster grey, wild rice, sea green, pastel blue.



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you recognise this as part of a photograph you took, or had taken for you, and gave to someone."

John and Marian had looked at each other. "We've taken many snapshots of the children," John had said slowly.

"But do you recognise this particular photograph?" he had asked again. "Could it be— Could it have been copied? You know, taken from some snapshot you or someone took and then sent to friends. Mr. Stanton, for instance?" He had put no emphasis on the last few words, but both Marian and John had looked up sharply.

"Eric does have a photograph. A photograph of all of us," Marian had said slowly.

"You sent it to him that summer when he was in Berlin, didn't you?" John had said.

"Yes, I remember very clearly."

Marian had been looking carefully at the large paper Radenkov was still holding up for them. "Where did you get this, Lieutenant?" she had asked. "Why should anybody— Her voice had trembled. "Are they using this to— Is this how they are trying to catch Geoffrey, over in that Russian district?"

"No, Mrs. Houston," Radenkov had answered very quickly. "No, they aren't. No, this comes from quite a different source." And before John, who had just noticed that some black lettering had been incompletely cut off under the photograph, could ask anything else, Radenkov had rolled up the poster.

"Mrs. Houston, I—we'll get Geoffrey back to you, and back to America. I promise you. Even if I have to swim the Danube Canal to get him out." With that he had left the room.

There had been silence after he left until John had turned to Henry Tatum. "Do you know Lieutenant Radenkov well?"

"No, I don't." Tatum's tone of voice had discouraged further questions, but John persevered. "Where does he come from?"

"I don't know, Mr. Houston."

Continuing . . . The Medallion

from page 21

"Lieutenant Radenkov has a decided accent, Mr. Tatum," Marian had prodded.

"Yes, he has, hasn't he? Mrs. Houston, would you care for some lunch now?"

"Is Lieutenant Radenkov a Russian, Mr. Tatum?" John had asked, ignoring the evasions.

"Lieutenant Radenkov is an American citizen, Mr. Houston," Tatum had said stiffly. "His parentage, I believe, is Russian." And upon that he had effectively ended the conversation by lifting up the receiver and asking for room service.

SHORTLY after an exquisitely served lunch, which they had barely touched, the telephone had rung again, and this time it had been Colonel Matthews, telling Henry Tatum that he was sending a car over for them. They had left the room five minutes later and driven through the sunny Vienna streets in almost utter silence, interrupted only once by Marian.

"The coffeehouse where Geoffrey went," she suddenly asked Tatum. "How did he find that? I mean, where is it in relation to the size of that park, the Prater? Would he have to go way into the park to get to it?"

"I am sorry, Mrs. Houston," Tatum spoke politely, as usual. "I don't know which coffeehouse he went to. But we'll ask Colonel Matthews."

American HQ was housed in a large building that had formerly been the Konsularakademie, the consular institute. It was within a stone's throw of the American Embassy in one of Vienna's most exclusive residential sections, the ninth district.

Colonel Matthews' department consisted of four rooms on the second floor: his own large, airy office, one smaller office in which sat his two aides, Lieutenant Robert Hess and Sergeant Jack Riehmhauser.

Colonel Matthews was stand-

ing at the window looking out into the street when John, Marian, and Henry Tatum entered the room. The Colonel's face looked grey and haggard.

"Sit down, Mr. and Mrs. Houston," the Colonel said. "This is Lieutenant Radenkov's idea to bring you here. He seems to think you can help."

"I see," John said quietly. "Is there any news at all?"

"None, absolutely none." Matthews was pacing the room now and thumped his fist on his desk every time he came near it. "We are combing that blasted district with a fine-tooth comb. Four hours now. Not a sign of him." Marian moved. "No, no," he said before she could say anything. "They haven't got him, we know that. I am going to give it another thirty minutes. If we don't spot him by then, I am calling Washington."

"What do you mean, Colonel?" John asked.

"I mean, Mr. Houston, that this has all the earmarks of a potential powder keg. I don't know this boy of yours. A ten-year-old in this sort of situation—I cannot base my operation on the vague hope that he will keep his head."

"What operation, Colonel?" Marian asked.

"Mrs. Houston, it is impossible to seal off one district of a city like Vienna for more than a very limited period of time. There are such things as public utilities—food transports, ambulances, sanitary trucks, fire equipment. They can't keep this up for long, but they could keep it up for two, if necessary three, days. Once they open up, we can get the boy out in minutes. But the point is I cannot risk outwitting them. For two reasons."

"The first one is that I don't know how long it will be until the boy cracks and gives himself up to them; he may be sitting somewhere right now, working himself up to it. The

second is that even if he can hold out, how long will it be before they catch him?"

Marian tried to interrupt. "No, wait. You asked me a question. All right. An hour ago the Russians landed a fair-sized plane in a field in the Prater. The meaning of this is clear. They will not even risk a trip to the airfield; the minute they find him, they will bundle him into that plane and they'll be out of Vienna and out of our reach so fast we won't see them for dust."

"Since at present we haven't been able to find him, even though hundreds of people have been combing the place for him for hours, we must now admit the possibility that they will find him first."

Neither John nor Marian said anything for several minutes. Then John, forcibly quelling the new rise of panic within himself, leaned forward. "Colonel Matthews, we've heard quite a bit about your organisation in the Russian zone. Well, those Russians are human; they must have human frailties. Could they be bribed? Could you get a bribe to them?"

"Bribed?" Tatum looked up sharply.

"Yes, bribed, with money. I can raise about twenty thousand dollars. That's a lot of money, must be a lot of money, to any Russian. If necessary, I'll get more, somehow."

Tatum's voice was incredulous. "Houston, are you serious? Do you really think any Soviet Russian could be bribed for that boy?"

"Well, couldn't we guarantee some officer safe conduct and all that sort of thing in return for help?"

Tatum and Matthews looked at each other, but, before either of them could answer, Marian interrupted. "I still have not understood, Colonel, what operation you were referring to a while ago. Or, rather, what

To page 66



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Pot-plants for color



KURUME AZALEAS in massed pots on the patio at Mr. and Mrs. S. Rubensohn's home, "Kelvin Park," Dural, N.S.W. These azaleas are ideal for potting. Hydrangeas could also be used in this position.

Plants grown in pots, tubs, or troughs provide the gardener with an easy method of adding color to patios, terraces, and flagged outdoor areas.

AMONG the plants much used for potting are azaleas, geraniums, hydrangeas, fibrous-rooted begonias, rex begonias, tuberous-rooted begonias, and dwarf pomegranates. But, of course, there are thousands of others suitable for this purpose.

Soil for potting should be light, well supplied with humus and sand, moderately fertile, uniformly mixed, and damp but not sodden. A crock over the drainage hole, a thin layer of well-washed cinders or some more crocks or lumps of charcoal, a layer of fibrous matter to check soil choking the drainage, and, finally, the potting-soil, and the job is nearly done.

To those who have never taken any special trouble to mix up potting-soil, let it be said that some garden loam may contain from 30 to 50 per cent. of clay. To this loam add one-third part sand and make up the rest with well-rotted manure and some leafmould, if you can get it.

Fertility can be improved from time to time by adding organic manure or some fertiliser or bonemeal. For acid plants such as azaleas, mix four parts loam with three parts sand and three parts peatmoss or leafmould, and one part old, rotted manure.

For plants such as geraniums, hydrangeas, begonias, and others that need a soil with ample humus, mix four parts leafmould, two parts sand, two parts dried old manure, half a cup of bonemeal, and two cups of broken charcoal to every quarter bushel of the mixture.

These are the ingredients for success. The choice of plants rests with the gardener. And, of course, it helps to have a green thumb.



DECORATIVE CORNER in the lovely garden at Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey's home at Bayview, N.S.W. The fishpond is surrounded by pots filled with cacti and hydrangeas, and the wrought-iron holder contains brilliantly colored calceolarias, azaleas.



ATTRACTIVE HOLDER for plants is seen in the doorway at Mr. and Mrs. E. Cox's home at East Roseville, N.S.W. The tub is a discarded washing-machine bowl, set on wrought-iron legs and filled with vinca variegatum trained over a dead ficus vine.



WEeping WILLOWS form a perfect setting for this pot of azaleas in the garden of Mrs. P. G. Francis at Normanhurst, N.S.W. Concrete and wooden tubs of this type can be filled with a variety of plants or small shrubs and set in the garden as decorations.



SCARLET GERANIUMS make a bright splash of color on the wide steps in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. David Pratten, of Pymble, N.S.W. Mrs. Pratten has given a lot of space in her lovely garden to this increasingly popular flower.



DARWIN TULIPS, white and gold, in pots, make an unusual and exotic decoration on these steps. When grown in pots, tulips can be brought to flower in a cool part of the garden, thus preventing the scorching of buds that so often happens in warmer areas of Australia. The pots are produced for display when the tulips are at their peak. These displays of potted flowers can be changed with the different seasons.

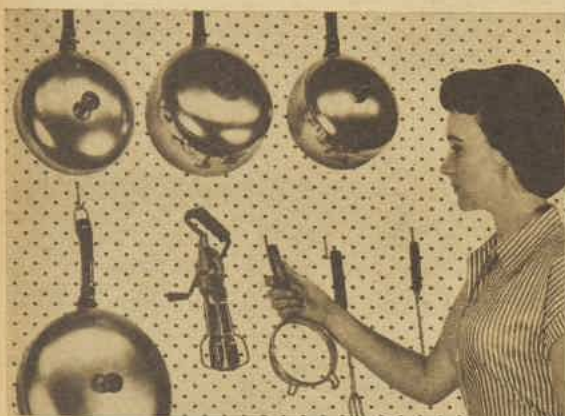


STRAWBERRY BARREL (above) was made by Mrs. E. L. Simon, of West Ryde, N.S.W., from an old cask in which a nursery had delivered a tree. The barrel turns, thus ripening all the fruit evenly.



CLASSIC URN (left) filled with golden dwarf cypress adds to the beauty of the steps at Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey's home at Bayview, N.S.W. Spill-overs of pale lilac verbena add to the color.

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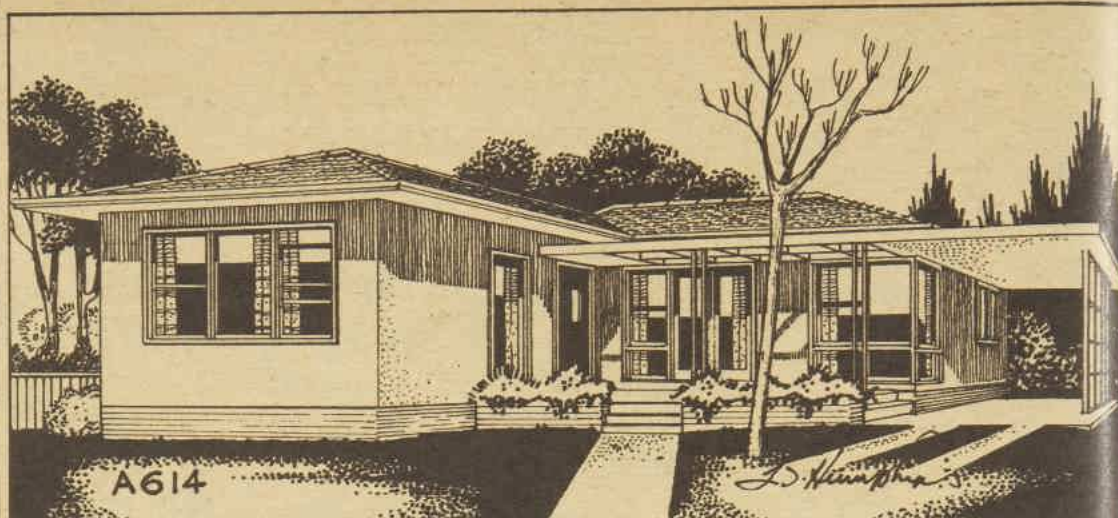


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Small but attractive house



OUR HOME PLAN No. A614 is shown above with the conventional hipped roof. The plan is designed for a forty-foot frontage and can easily be adapted for a skillion roof. Although the same layout is used, the skillion roof alters the whole appearance of the house. See sketch below. With both roof styles, there is a pergola-covered patio.

Plan for skillion or hip roof

● Our home plan this week, although small, is a pleasing house that has a surprising amount of living space. The design allows for either a hipped or a contemporary skillion roof.

If built in timber, the house is only eight squares, but nothing has been sacrificed because of its size. There are two good bedrooms and the living area has a wonderfully open appearance.

The design is for a 40ft. frontage. The sketch above shows the house with a conventional hipped roof. With the same layout and a skillion roof, the whole appearance of the house would be altered, as shown in the sketch below.

In both variations of the plan there is a pergola-covered patio that can be extended to form a flat roof over the carport.

The basic layout is simple and the plan ensures the maximum of fresh air and sunshine.

Extending from front to back, the living-room has double doors opening on to the front terrace, and an electric fire centrally placed to heat the whole living area.

There is a pleasant, well-lighted dining alcove with floor-to-ceiling windows

framing an outlook on to the terrace.

A novel feature of the design is the interesting layout of the kitchen, with its elliptical meals bar. The kitchen is a cheerful room with an orderly work area. There is a work bench along one wall with cupboards above and below for storage.

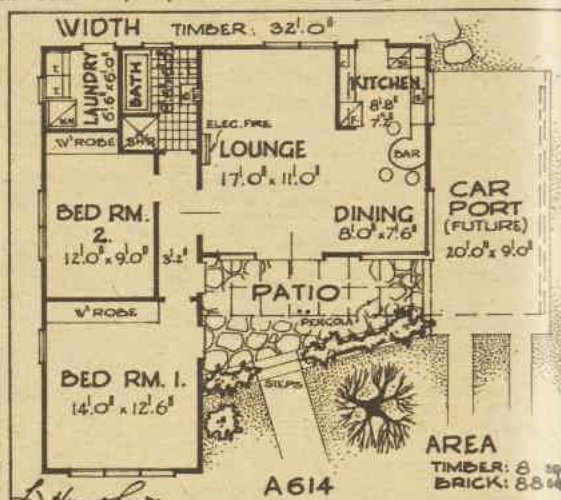
It is always an advantage to have a place next to the stove on which to place food, and this has been provided.

Both bedrooms are in an excellent position near the bathroom, and have built-in wardrobes for extra space.

An interior toilet is not shown, but this could be installed in the bathroom, if desired.

Placing the kitchen at the front of the house is a trend that is becoming increasingly popular in Australia. Home-builders who like this idea could have the kitchen in front by building the house on a wider site.

The carport could then be placed on a corner wing of the kitchen. A lowered timber screen at the end of the carport would give privacy to the kitchen.



FLOOR LAYOUT of the home. On a wider site, the kitchen could be at the front. The carport would then be on the kitchen's corner wing, and the patio could be extended.

Placing the home in this way would also give extra outdoor living space, because the front patio could be extended from the corner of the main bedroom to the kitchen.

The design is one of our signature plans, and is by Melbourne architect F. T. Humphrys.

Excluding the carport, approximate costs of building this home would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £3710; brick veneer, £3375; timber, £2675; fibro, £2500.

In Victoria: Brick, £3310; brick veneer, £3050; timber, £2450; fibro, £2350.

In South Australia: Brick, £2975; asbestos, £2300.

In Queensland: Brick, £3710; timber, £2450; fibro, £2350.

This home plan can be obtained at our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane. The Centres offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock. All standard plans cost £7/7/- each, complete with specifications, and are available in six variations.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can also be ordered by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses of the Centres are:

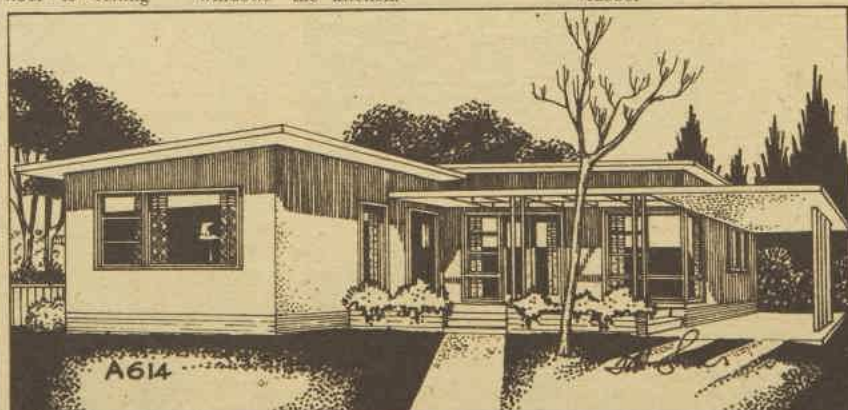
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co., Ltd. (Second Floor), Rundle Street. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.



THE SAME HOUSE WITH A SKILLION ROOF has a contemporary appearance. This roof could be placed on the house without altering its layout. The basic design of the house is simple and ensures the maximum of sunshine and air for its occupants.



ATTRACTIVE PLAQUES made from pot-plant saucers by Mrs. Margaret Evans, of East Melbourne. She first plans the designs, then draws them in pencil on the smoothed surface of the saucer. Oil colors are used for painting.

Art based on saucers

A Melbourne woman who used to sell some of her handiwork in an exclusive Madison Avenue, New York, gift shop is making wall plaques out of common pot-plant saucers.

IN her East Melbourne flat, furnished mainly with things of her own making, including the rugs on the floors, Mrs. Margaret Evans showed how she transforms the rough pot-plant saucers into vivid wall ornaments.

She learnt handicrafts at the High School of Fine Arts in Hungary before she married and migrated first to America and then to Australia with her husband.

Mrs. Evans' method of making the saucers into plaques is simple. She chooses a saucer and first drills a small hole in the base of it for hanging. If it cracks in the drilling she discards it.

When the drilling is accomplished, the saucer is smoothed all over with glasspaper and thoroughly dusted.

With a soft pencil Mrs. Evans then draws on its face the design she has planned — a symmetrical pattern, flowers, or animals and birds.

With oil colors and a fine brush the pattern is filled in, leaving the red brick color of the saucer in places where it is suitable.

The brush strokes must be firm and definite. An extra



MRS. MARGARET EVANS at work on one of her wall plaques made from a pot-plant saucer. Some of Mrs. Evans' pottery work is seen on the table at her side.

layer of color, put on to correct an error, could spoil the whole finish.

When the color is dry the plaque is given two coats of varnish to produce a gloss.

A piece of felt cut to fit the back is glued on to protect the wall it hangs on.

Mrs. Evans also makes pottery and rugs, and does oil painting.

Many designs

Her pottery includes lampshade bases, dishes, jugs, and vases. On many of them she first draws, then paints on the intricate all-over patterns of her own design.

She has developed a vivid blue pottery glaze that is believed to be original. It is a "raw" glaze, the powder being melted after being applied to the object instead of being melted first.

The vivid green-blue that results from this method cannot be achieved by conventional glazing methods.

Some copper oxide is added to the composition of the clay moulding to take this glaze.



After a big wash a dirty spot's the last straw!

"It's enough to make you weep. The whole wash done at last and now this tea-towel still isn't clean!"



Just a touch of good, golden Sunlight on those extra dirty spots before clothes go into the copper or washer makes sure of a wash that's clean all over. Use all the extra washing power in Sunlight and get clothes really clean — Sunlight clean.

Extra dirty spots need
**SUNLIGHT'S
EXTRA WASHING
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SUNLIGHT-
PURE AND MILD AS A
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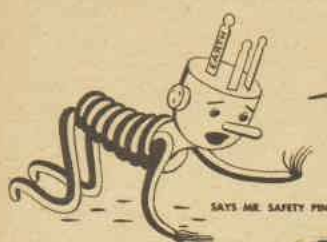
SU.205. WW143



THREE STRIKING PIECES of pottery made to shapes and patterns designed by Mrs. Evans. She never makes two pieces the same. The painting and glazing of these original and attractive ornaments require special skills.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW

Don't
DO IT



MOST ELECTRICAL FATALITIES
ARE CAUSED BY:

- AMATEUR ELECTRICAL REPAIRS
- MEDDLING WITH APPLIANCES
- WRONGLY WIRED OR LOOSELY CONNECTED PLUGS
- MAKESHIFT EXTENSION LEADS

BE WISE — PLAY SAFE

Get a competent tradesman to do the job.

ISSUED BY

THE ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY
OF NEW SOUTH WALES



WOT
POT LUCK
—IT'S

MUMS
CUSTARD

SMOOTH AS WHIPPED CREAM!

Miss Precious Minutes gives

Tips for the housewife

● Here are some useful tips, including a method of cleaning your costume jewellery, that will help solve the small problems arising in every household.

EVER thought your "junk" jewellery would look all the nicer for a good clean-up? Beads and bracelets and even the decorative trimmings on glamor spectacles are apt to appear a bit the worse for wear in time.

You are quite safe in washing your pretty pieces of jewellery once in a while to improve their appearance, provided they are made of glass and are strung together with nylon or metal thread. Cotton thread might rot if washed.

To do a thorough cleansing job you will need three separate baths for your jewellery (see picture at right), as well as a soft-bristled brush and a towel for drying.

The first bath contains solution of warm, soapy water in which the piece of jewellery should be dipped up and down for a while. Scrub the surfaces carefully with the soft brush.

Follow with a clear rinse in the second bath. This should remove most of the soap particles clinging to the jewellery.

Another rinse in the third bath completes the cleansing. Dry the jewellery carefully and thoroughly.

FRESH, light scorch marks can be removed from woollens and silks by smearing with borax or glycerine. Leave for an hour, then wash the articles carefully. If the materials' fibres are not burnt, this should remove the scorch.

A SMALL piece of blotting-paper placed in the bottom of salt shakers will help keep the salt dry. Be sure to replace the paper frequently. A few grains of rice are also effective.

KEEP woollens under water as much as possible while washing. Lifting them in and out of water during the washing causes unnecessary strain.

PERSPIRATION stains can be removed from washable fabrics by soaking in a mild ammonia solution or in cold water for about 20 minutes and then rubbing over with a cut lemon. Wash as usual after either method.

BABY'S THIRD YEAR

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

When a baby passes his second birthday he is just beginning to feel his feet. He will become very independent and his personality will develop rapidly. At this time he needs special care and guidance with patient and loving understanding.

CONSTRUCTIVE toys at this age should stimulate his imagination, and satisfying play will develop his independence, initiative, and self-reliance.

Do not confuse him with too many playthings, and remember that mechanical toys will be broken easily, encouraging him to be destructive. Teach him to put away his toys when he has finished with them.

Let the child feel that he is a "big boy," who can help you. Let him "help" with household chores such as dusting and polishing whenever he wants to. Although the job will take longer, it will be worth while, because it is the beginning of teaching family teamwork.

Treat him as a real person, and get him to co-operate in his dressing and undressing. Clothes of the self-help type will be an advantage.

Give the youngster due warning when you

want him for meals or for his toilet, and do not drag him away suddenly from his play.

At this age the child is growing fast and needs plenty of sleep. If he refuses a sleep during the day, a rest in his cot looking at picture-books and soft toys will refresh him.

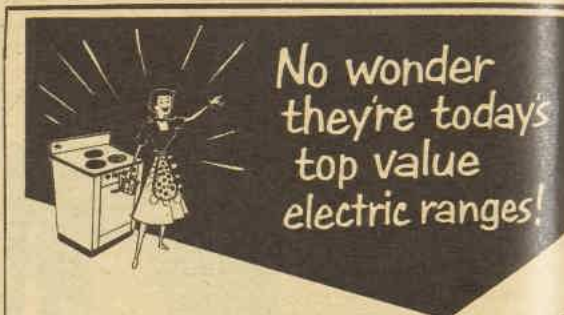
Never talk about him to others in his presence. And keep your word to him. He must know that you mean what you say or he will lose confidence in you.

These and many other hints on parentcraft are available in my book, "You and Your Baby." The book would be an excellent Christmas gift for an expectant mother or a mother of a young baby.

Order your copy of "You and Your Baby" from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 15/-, plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.



REFURBISH your costume jewellery by cleaning it in warm, soapy water, as shown above. But ensure first of all that the articles you propose to wash are all water-resistant.



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Only McIlwraith could bring you a quality electric range with such modern features and such all-round economy as "Thirty-Three".

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- Easy-to-clean vitreous enamel interior.
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- Special speedy-heat "Radiant" element.

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with "Radiant" element, £75



only **£89/5/-**

with cabinet, slightly extra.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 20, 1957

Directions for making are given below.

FIRST MOTIF

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4830290>

Westinghouse

Harnessed the Power of Niagara Falls

in 1895. World famous engineer, George Westinghouse, pioneered the commercial use of Alternating Current and one of his earliest triumphs was harnessing the tremendous power of Niagara Falls.



71 years of Progress!
1886 - 1957

With these early electrical generators Westinghouse set the pattern for power development followed ever since by engineers the world over.



and today builds the world's finest REFRIGERATORS.

The Genius of Westinghouse is reflected in every field of research and engineering from Atomic Reactors to Home Appliances including Westinghouse sealed unit Refrigerators. Today Westinghouse Refrigerators incorporate every worthwhile modern feature. Illustrated is the glamorous, NEW, BIG CAPACITY Model 997 with . . .

- BIG 9 cu. ft. capacity of FOOD STORAGE, 16.9 sq. ft. of SHELF AREA
- Tilt-out removable egg trays (16 eggs)
- Storage for 37 lbs. of FROZEN FOODS
- Exclusive Westinghouse 1/6th H.P. COMPLETELY SEALED UNIT
- Roll-out lower shelf
- Smoothly sculptured MODERN STYLING with choice of 10 COLOUR COMBINATIONS.

ASK TO SEE THE NEW, EXCLUSIVE Westinghouse CHOOSE-N-CHANGE Refrigerators

GLAMOROUS, COLOUR FAST, SCRATCH-RESISTANT plastic panels wipe clean with a damp cloth — so easy yet so inexpensive to change. Choice of 8 SMART, MODERN EXTERIOR COLOUR COMBINATIONS.



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Prizes for delicious dishes

● An appetising luncheon dish flavored with bacon, mushrooms, and green pepper wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest for readers.

THE prize-winning recipe is eggs Creole style, a substantial dish that is simple to make and needs a minimum of preparation.

Pommes Conde, an unusual dessert made from a rich creamed rice mixture and decorated with tiny apple halves, wins a consolation prize of £1.

This week we have awarded two additional £1 consolation prizes for recipes for a chicken dish and summer thirst-quenchers.

All spoon measurements are level.

EGGS CREOLE STYLE

Four tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced green pepper, 4 rashers bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2oz. butter, salt and pepper, 6 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, parsley.

Slice tomatoes, arrange in layers in ovenware dish with onion, green pepper, mushrooms, and chopped sauteed bacon. Melt butter, add Worcestershire sauce; season with salt and pepper, pour over ingredients in dish. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from oven, pour over eggs, which have been well beaten and seasoned with salt, pepper, and wine. Continue baking in a slow oven until egg mixture is set. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Morris, 24 Thornleigh St., Thornleigh, N.S.W.

POMMES CONDE

Eight ounces rice, 3 pints milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vanilla sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons gelatine, 3 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped cream, 5 small apples, 8oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, pink food coloring, angelica, cloves.

Wash rice, place in saucepan with milk and vanilla sugar, cook until rice is soft. Cool slightly, stir in egg-yolks and gelatine (dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water). When cold, fold in cream. Press into two greased moulds; one flat, the second slightly smaller and rounder. Chill until set. Peel, core, and halve apples lengthwise, cook in syrup (made by heating sugar, water, lemon juice, and vanilla until sugar is dissolved) 3 or 4 minutes. Carefully remove apples, reserve syrup. Brush apples with coloring to tint pink. Unmould rice shapes, placing smaller one on top of the other. Arrange apples around moulds, glaze with reserved syrup, which has been cooked until reduced to half. Decorate with angelica "leaves" and clove "stalks."

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. McGuinness, 41 Stowell St., Coburg, Vic.

CHICKEN RING

Three cups diced cooked chicken, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 cups chicken stock, 2 beaten eggs, 1 chopped green pepper, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper. Combine all ingredients;



FOR LUNCH on a week day or Saturday tea, eggs Creole style make a satisfying and appetising meal. See recipe on this page.

mix thoroughly, pack into large buttered ring. Bake 30 to 40 minutes in moderate oven, standing ring in a pan of water. Allow to stand 10 minutes before unmoulding. Fill centre with sauteed mushrooms or chopped ham mixed in a well-seasoned white sauce. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Craig, 44 Katoomba Cres., Rosetta, Tas.

SUMMER THIRST-QUENCHERS

Mixed Fruit Punch: Two pounds pureed grapes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar, 2 quarts iced water, juice 6 oranges and 6 lemons, 1 pint prepared tea, 1 tin crushed pineapple, ice-cubes.

Boil sugar and water 10 minutes; cool. Add strained

grapes, fruit juices, and tea, stand 3 hours. Before serving stir in iced water and ice-cubes.

Pineapple Cheer: Two small bottles dry ginger ale, 2 tins pineapple juice, 1 cup diced pineapple, lemon slices, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pitted cherries, crushed ice, mint sprigs.

Combine ginger ale and pineapple juice. Place a few pieces of pineapple, a lemon slice, and cherry into each glass, fill with pineapple-ale and ice. Decorate with a mint sprig.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Gibbs, 189 Prince St., Grafton, N.S.W.

● Recipes to file are on pages 73 and 74

FAMILY DISH

THICKLY cut veal steak baked with pineapple-flavored stuffing is this week's family dish. It costs approximately 7/9, and serves five.

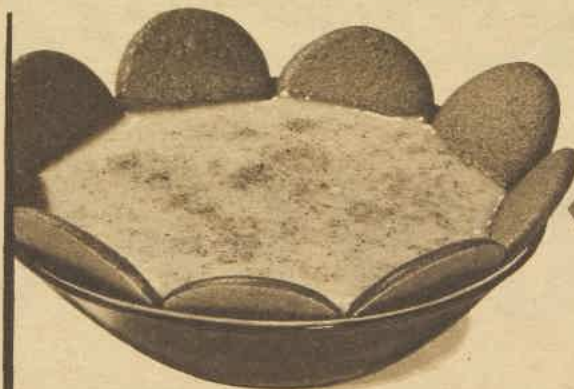
BAKED VEAL STEAKS

Five pieces veal steak cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 small onion, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 2 tablespoons grated pineapple.

Wipe steak with damp cloth, cut a pocket in each piece with sharp-pointed knife. Combine all other ingredients and fill into pockets. Sew up openings with needle and thread; place in baking-dish with fat to barely cover bottom of dish. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour, basting occasionally. Remove threads before serving. Grilled pineapple sticks wrapped in bacon are a delicious accompaniment.

**NEW EXCITING
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Foster Clark's
creamy
custard**

DELICIOUS...ECONOMICAL!



SERVE CUSTARD ON BREAKFAST CEREALS

Make a thin custard and serve hot or cold with fruit and cereals.



STRAWBERRY CRUNCH

3 level tbs. Foster Clark's Custard, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. milk, 1 oz. sugar, 2 tbs. strawberry topping, few drops cochineal, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. honey biscuits.

Make custard as packet directs. Cool and stir in topping and cochineal. Place biscuits in dish in layers and pour custard over. Chill.

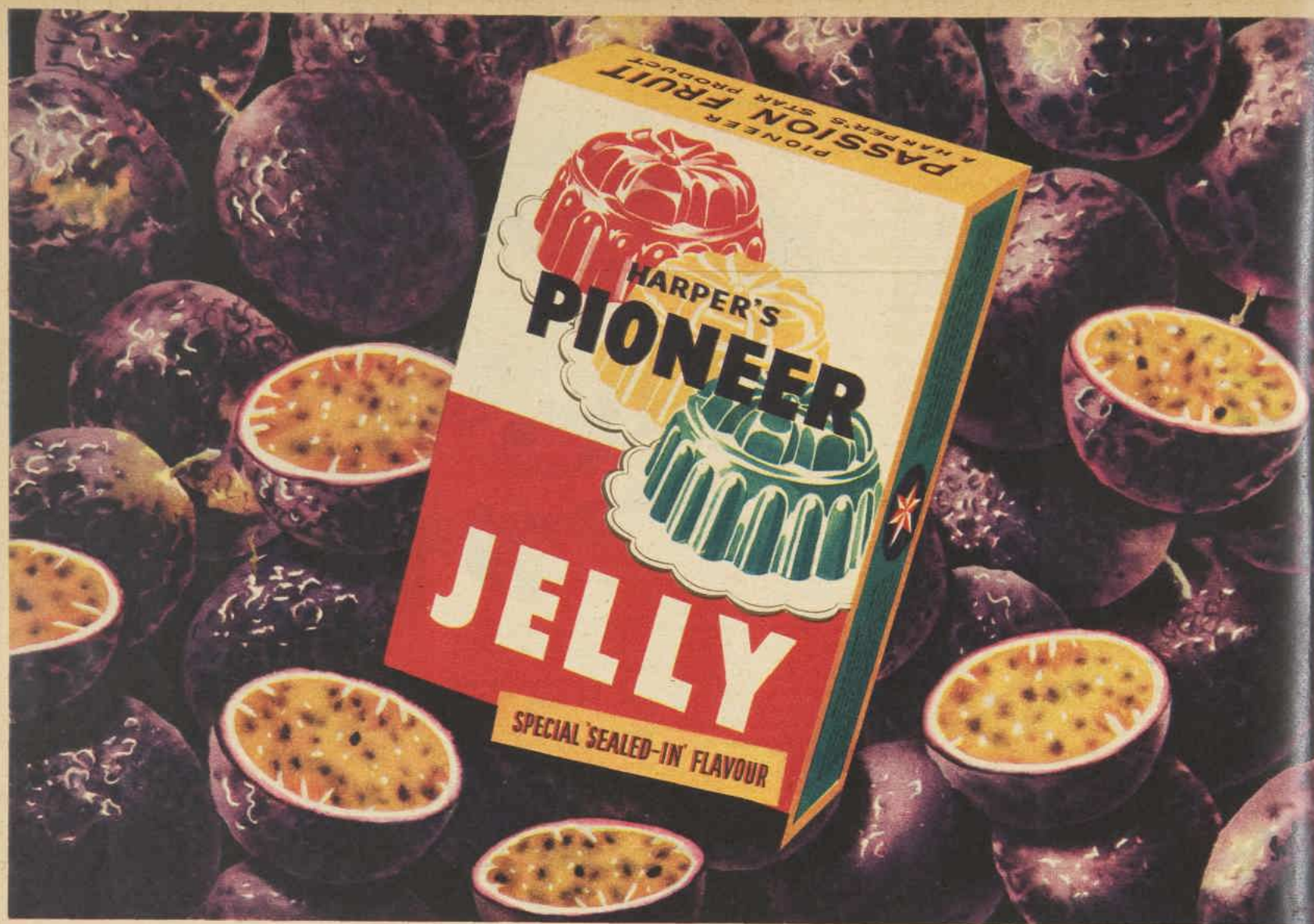


SERVE THICK AND CREAMY TOPPED WITH ICE-CREAM

for a luscious-looking, economical sweet.



SERVE HOT! SERVE COLD! SERVE FOSTER CLARK'S CREAMY CUSTARD IN SO MANY WAYS!



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HARPER'S **PIONEER JELLY**

A new delight for one and all. Delicious Passionfruit is added to the superb fruit flavours that make Pioneer Australia's favourite Jellies. All the family favour the flavour of Pioneer Jelly Crystals.



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RASPBERRY

PINEAPPLE

BLACKBERRY

LEMON

CHERRY

GREENLIME

STRAWBERRY



Available at all good grocers everywhere

Cheese Recipes

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert



● This page of special cheese recipes is designed to help the housewife introduce cheese in all the regular daily meals.

CCHEESE in all its forms and flavors has become part of the daily menu for a great many Australian families.

The real value of this highly nutritional and comparatively low-priced food lies, perhaps, in its wide adaptability. All kinds of dishes, cooked and uncooked, sweet or savory, can be made from it.

Here are some pointers about the cooking and storage of cheese that are well worth remembering:

- Don't over-cook cheese; it may become stringy and indigestible.
- Never boil a sauce to which cheese has been added. This also may make it stringy and indigestible.
- Always keep cheese wrapped in greaseproof paper or a plastic bag in a cool, dry place, preferably out of the refrigerator.
- The best way to keep cheese is to grate and store it in a screw-top jar. Cheese that is exposed to the air becomes hard, oily, and strong to the taste.

A selection of tasty cheese recipes is given below. All spoon measurements are level.

HOT CHEESE SOUFFLE

(An American variety, a little more stable than the usual hot souffle, because breadcrumbs are used as the foundation in place of the sauce.)

Three-quarters pint milk, 1oz. butter, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, pinch cayenne, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 4oz. grated cheddar cheese, 1 clove garlic, 4 eggs.

Bring the milk to the boil, add butter, salt, pepper, and cayenne; pour over breadcrumbs. Add garlic (crushed with a little salt) and grated cheese and stir until the cheese is melted. Separate the eggs and beat in the yolks. Cool a little. Whip egg-whites stiffly and fold them into the mixture. Pour into a buttered pie-dish or souffle-case (which should not be more than three-quarters filled), and bake for 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

ITALIAN PIZZA

Four ounces flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½oz. yeast (1 teaspoon), approx. 2 tablespoons warm milk, 1oz. butter, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon sugar.

Sift flour and salt into warmed basin, cream yeast and sugar and add to milk with beaten egg; add all liquid to flour and beat thoroughly. Cream butter and work into the paste. Cover and rise 40 minutes. Then flour hands and pat out with fist on a floured baking sheet to a large, thin round. Cover with the tomato-topping mixture, prove 10 minutes, bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Topping: One pound ripe tomatoes, 1 teaspoon basil or marjoram, 1 tablespoon chopped spring onions, 6 to 8 anchovy fillets, 3oz. fresh cheddar cheese, oil for frying.

Peel and squeeze the tomatoes to remove seeds. Cut each into four or five pieces. Slice or cut cheese in coarse shreds. Split the anchovy fillets. Melt a dessertspoon of oil in hot frying-pan, saute onion, tomatoes, and herbs briskly for 2 to 3 minutes. Season well. Cool

slightly, drain off any surplus liquid, and scatter the mixture over the flattened dough, sprinkle with cheese, and finally arrange the anchovies in strips over the pizza.

Serve with fresh salad on a board or plate hot from the oven.

CREAMED POTATO SLICES

One pound potatoes, ½oz. butter, 1 clove garlic (crushed with salt to a cream), 1 large tin evaporated milk, 1 egg, 2oz. grated cheese, salt, pepper, nutmeg.

Grease an ovenproof dish with butter and spread garlic over bottom. Peel and slice potatoes thinly, place in rows in dish, sprinkling each layer with cheese and seasonings. Heat milk, pour it on to the beaten egg and pour this mixture carefully over the potatoes. Stand dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour until potato top is golden-brown.

COLD CHEESE SOUFFLE

Half pint white sauce (½oz. butter, ½oz. flour, ½ pint milk), 1 egg-yolk, 3oz. grated tasty cheese, salt, pepper, mustard, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 to 3 tablespoons stock or water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ cup whipped cream or evaporated milk, 3 stiffly beaten egg-whites, watercress or parsley, tomato wedges.

To make sauce, melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and cook 2 minutes. Add milk, stir until thick and smooth, simmer 5 minutes. Cool, beat in egg-yolk, grated cheese, and seasonings. Dissolve gelatine in stock or water, add to sauce with lemon juice. When cold fold in cream and egg-whites. Pour into large souffle dish which has been made into ring shape by placing oiled jar in centre. Build up sides with oiled paper tied around dish, if necessary.

JUST A FEW of the many types of cheese that are imported into this country or manufactured locally are shown above. Recipes for familiar and popular dishes such as Italian pizza, cold cheese souffle, and tomato rarebit are given below.

Chill until set, carefully remove jar and paper. Fill centre with watercress or parsley and garnish top edge with wedges of tomato.

TOMATO RAREBIT

Two eggs, 2oz. fresh white breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons tomato sauce, 2oz. butter, 6oz. grated cheddar cheese, nutmeg, salt, pepper.

Beat eggs, add breadcrumbs and tomato sauce. Melt butter in a saucepan, add the cheese, egg mixture, spice and seasoning as desired. Stir over gentle heat until hot and creamy. Serve in a heatproof dish as a savory spread.

CHEESE COCOA CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 8oz. cream cheese, 2 eggs, 1½ cups sour milk, 2 and 2-3rd cups flour, ¼ cup cocoa, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Cream butter or substitute and the cream cheese with sugars until light and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition; then stir in walnuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour milk. Fill into well-greased and lightly floured large slab-tin, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, cover with frosting.

Speedy Fudge Frosting: Heat ½ cup cream or evaporated milk with 2oz. butter or substitute until butter has melted. Remove from heat, gradually add 3 cups sifted icing sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Lastly, add 1 teaspoon vanilla essence and 3oz. melted chocolate. Beat until thickened to spreading consistency.

LEMON CHEESE SNAPS

One-third cup butter or substitute, ¼ cup shredded Swiss cheese, 3oz. cream cheese, 2-3rds cup sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1-3rd cup finely chopped mixed nuts, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream shortening with cheeses, add sugar; beat well. Add egg-yolk, lemon rind and juice. Work in sifted dry ingredients and, lastly, nuts. Roll out on floured board to ¼in. thickness. Cut into 2in. rounds with pastry-cutter, place on greased baking-tray. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes or until edges are delicately browned. Transfer on to wire cake-cooler. When quite cold sandwich with lemon icing.

Lemon Icing: Cream 1oz. cream cheese with 1oz. butter. Beat in 1½ cups sifted icing sugar; flavor with 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

CHEESED PARSNIPS

One and a half to two pounds parsnips, salt and pepper, 1oz. butter or margarine, nutmeg, 4oz. grated tasty cheese, savory biscuits.

Peel parsnips and cut in 1-8in. slices. Cook in boiling salted water until tender but not broken. Drain well, add butter, pepper, and nutmeg to taste. Place in greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle liberally with cheese, and bake or grill until brown.

Serve with triangles of hot buttered toast for lunch or with savory crackers.



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Poets write about it—Painters paint it

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your alternative would be to waiting out the Russians, which you say you dare not risk."

Matthews answered John first. "About your question, Mr. Houston. Yes, we could and would offer guarantees, sanctuary, and for that matter our Government would be quite prepared to pay three or twenty times the sum you mentioned if we could consider that a possible solution. But, as Henry says, there isn't a Soviet around who could be bribed for that boy. I am at a loss to understand how you can even think of it. There are people who will help us—are helping us—out of idealism, if you like. But money is out of the question."

He turned to Marian now. "As for your question, Mrs. Houston. My alternative, which I will suggest to Washington in"—he looked at his watch—"sixteen minutes, is to drop the secrecy surrounding this deplorable affair, to use every means at our disposal to inform the world of the kidnapping of a ten-year-old American citizen, to ask officially for his immediate return, and to authorise us to use sound trucks to find the boy."

"Sound trucks?"
"Yes. Loudspeakers on sound trucks on this side of the Canal could reach most of the second district. Wherever the boy is, we could have you or your husband to speak to him and give him instructions over the loudspeaker—if we could make it official, that is."

"I see," John said.
"You think these measures would succeed?" Marian asked.
"You think the Russians would hand him over?"

"Yes, I think they would succeed, and I think the Russians—" He was about to continue, but was interrupted by Henry Tatum, who suddenly

leaned forward. "Mr. Houston." "Yes?" "Look, I know this is—" And then he blurted out his question: "Geoffrey is an American citizen, isn't he?" "Why, yes, of course," John answered.

"Thank heaven for that." And then Marian said in a small voice, "John?" And John, in whose head thoughts had been racing each other, looked at her and then again at Tatum.

"Well, now, wait a minute! What do you mean?" asked John.

"Mr. Houston, what I mean is: 'Has Geoffrey been naturalised?' Tatum said. "Naturalised? No, no, no, he hasn't been naturalised."

TATUM sank back in his chair and put his head between his hands. Colonel Matthews stood up as if he had been struck by lightning. John and Marian also stood up, and Marian walked towards Tatum. "What does it mean, Mr. Tatum?"

John needed no explanation, nor did Marian actually.

"Well, that settles that," Tatum said. "I have to tell the Ambassador about this."

"Does this mean you can't—the American Government can't ask for Geoffrey?" Marian asked.

"Ask for him, Mrs. Houston!" Tatum spoke as much for Matthews' benefit as for theirs. "All we can do is pray that the Russians neither know nor find out about this. How can we ask the Russians for the return of a Russian citizen, Mrs. Houston?"

"Russian citizen?" Marian said.

Continuing . . . The Medallion

from page 55

Just at that moment the door was pushed open from outside and Sergeant Riehmhauser ran in. "Colonel, it's George on two from the Schwedenplatz."

Colonel Matthews picked up the receiver. "Yes, George . . . I see . . . Yes. Right, we are coming." He banged down the receiver. "Car, Sergeant, quick. Take the field-glasses. Come on, all of you, quick, hurry up."

The building had been quiet when they had entered, but now suddenly there seemed to be people everywhere. A large car, with its engine running, doors open, was already waiting.

"The boy is in a cave. A sort of cave down at the Danube Canal," Colonel Matthews said. "Radenkov is in a sound truck on the quay just opposite. He spotted him through a telescope."

"They've found him?" John and Marian asked.

"There are caves all along that Canal. They are used as toolsheds. Actually they are entrances to the sewer, but the inside doors are locked. He couldn't get into the sewers, which is just as well," he added.

"How near can we go to where he is?" Marian asked.

They were driving at almost 70 miles per hour. "The quay we are going to is in the International zone, about two hundred yards across the Danube Canal from the second district."

"Do the Russians know where Geoffrey is?"

"I don't know. Drive faster," Matthews said in a clipped tone, and ignoring two traffic lights the driver accelerated and

two minutes later drew up behind a large Army truck that was parked two yards from a wide, deserted bridge.

Three command cars, two jeeps, and two more Army trucks stood parked along the quay.

"Sir?" Lieutenant Hess stopped Colonel Matthews just as he was about to enter the truck.

"Yes?" The lieutenant pointed at the clusters of curious Viennese, who increased in number even as they stood there. "How about them, sir?"

"Throw a cordon," Matthews barked, and entered the truck, followed by John, Marian, and Riehmhauser.

What had looked from the outside almost like an ordinary Army vehicle on the inside turned out to be something like a fully equipped radio studio. In addition to the instruments there was a telescope on a centre table. It was fixed to a stand, and it pointed out of what looked like a straight, narrow gap down the right side of the truck.

There were two men in the truck, both in civilian clothing. One was George Radenkov; the other was a young man, who sat at the table, one of his hands on the knobs before him, the other holding a telephone receiver.

Radenkov was looking through the telescope and only glanced up for a second when they entered.

"All right, George, where is he?" the Colonel asked.

Radenkov answered, still without moving his head away from the sight, and while he spoke pressed on a button to his left, which caused the walls

To page 69



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How do you measure up as a FATHER?

FATHER is playing a less important part in family affairs these days. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir, commented regretfully on the trend at a recent mental-health meeting in London.

He sees today's fathers as failures.

"Many," he told his audience of 800, "are a negative quantity in their children's lives."

● First test yourself with our special quiz below. Then read what the experts have to say. You may get some surprises.

And none among the knowledgeable men and women delegates who listened rose to disagree. So the modern father stands indicted. He is not doing all he should. Well, what should a father do for his children? More than 50 years have passed since Freud shocked the world with new

theories about the workings of the child mind—years of argument.

There have been those who swear by Freud, those who swear at him, and countless in-betweens who do both.

Naturally it has made parenthood rather a confusing business.

Poor father! Who can blame him too much if he began to leave it all to people with more time?

Now a well-known London child psychiatrist, old enough to have watched many a theory flower and die, and young enough (at over seventy) to be progressive in outlook, has summed up the problems of parenthood.

In doing so, this experienced doctor—we'll call him Dr. Jones—shows that you don't really need to be a superman to rear well-balanced children. But you do have to care.

Children need three very basic, very important things to help them become complex-free adults, he says. These are: security, affection, occupation. Give yours these three and you can stop worrying.

This advice comes from a man who has had time to study results; some of his patients whom he first saw as children are now young grandfathers!

Of the three needs, security is widely accepted as the most difficult to assess. But behind it lies the belief that if a child is sure of his parents and his home he can hardly



avoid growing up to be sure of himself.

What does being sure of Daddy mean? More than anything else, says the doctor, it means fatherly consistency.

Your child must learn to know how you will react to all situations.

If something he does irritates you today but makes you smile tomorrow, watch out. You're confusing him—and confusion is one of the surest ways to stir up feelings of insecurity.

Then, too much freedom is harmful. Some of the mod-

ernists have been distressed to find this, but it is so. A child knows he is too young to handle some of life's problems alone. He won't always admit it, perhaps, but often enough he will.

Children need to be able to feel that some things are laid down for them. Absolute freedom creates anxieties by leaving a young child with too many decisions (which means too much responsibility) for his years. So give him some rules to live by.

● Continued overleaf

Answer "Yes" or "No" to each question

Prepared by a leading child psychiatrist

1. Do you believe in the value of corporal punishment?
2. Do you believe that children should never be punished?
3. Do you take time to talk to your children "man to man" about the "rules of life" as you see them?
4. Do you give your children simple advice on sex matters, and can you do so in a relaxed and friendly manner?
5. Do you use sarcasm to correct your child?
6. Do you behave as you expect your children to behave?
7. Do you believe that your role begins after the first few years are over, "when character starts to form"?
8. Do you always keep your promises (example: "You'll get a bicycle if you pass the examination")?
9. Do you talk about your children when they are present, knowing them to be too young to understand?
10. Are you glad to find that your teenage daughter likes you better than boy-friends of about her own age?
11. Do you show your affection for your children?
12. If you disagree with your wife, do you think it important that the children should not hear the argument?
13. Do you believe it is an incentive to greater effort to compare your child to his face with others his own age?
14. Are you trying to help your child by coaching him at night?
15. Do you believe your children should look up to you rather than regard you as another playmate?
16. Do you take care to appreciate your children's little achievements?
17. Do you regard childish sex experiments as a very serious matter?
18. Is it better psychology to say "That was a naughty thing to do" than "You are a naughty boy"?

TURN THE PAGE for the psychiatrist's answers. Score five points for every question answered correctly. Here is your rating: 90 An almost perfect parent; 70 Very good; 45 Average; 25 (and below)—better do something about it!

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How good a father are you?

• From previous page

You are afraid this may "repress" your child? "Don't worry," says Dr. Jones. "Moderate discipline is never harmful."

Doctors find that nearly all laymen think of repression as an evil thing — something which has gone wrong. But no! Repression is the automatic "burying" in the subconscious of instincts and desires which society doesn't allow. The well-balanced, mentally fit adult is always going through this process.

So repression is not a thing to be afraid of but to be grateful for. Discipline (of a kindly sort) helps a child to develop the right sort of healthy repressions. It helps him feel secure.

Win respect

Dr. Jones reminds fathers who accept the idea of some discipline that this must affect the father-child relationship. It means that as a father you must "maintain your position." You can have no success in teaching them the rules of life unless you first win respect.

The doctor points to the failure of the American idea of "Pop" as just an overgrown kid among the others — an idea which is disappearing fast.

"It's immaturity," says Dr. Jones, who warns fathers not to copy the bad example. "Of course, be friendly. But keep it off that prep-school level!"

Besides the direct relationship between father and child, there is the general security which should come from the home. Mostly it's a matter of atmosphere.

And here there is a special danger, because children are intuitive, warns the doctor. If you're not getting along too well with your wife, be very careful if you hope to avoid letting your children know.

The truth is that even young ones can sense it when there is trouble in the air.

Following close behind security on the list of children's needs is affection. A child must have it from his father — and, adds the psychiatrist, be free to return it. Father is (and should be) a hero to the small child. He is the man who goes out each day to his mysterious business;

who is awaited at night like a returning monarch.

The child gets huge benefit from knowing all the time of the affection this great man feels for him.

A mother wrote recently to a women's magazine saying how for many years she worried because her husband was too busy to spend much time with the children.

Now that they were growing up to be everything she wanted them to be she has been thinking things over: "It has taken me all this time," she writes, "to realise that it isn't what father does with the children but how."

"My husband," she goes on to explain, "has always treated the children with the same sensitivity, consideration, and tact that he would accord a prize customer. With a twelve-year-old girl applying perfume with a heavy hand, he discussed scents and why they should be applied with a light, delicate touch."

"He spent forty minutes discussing sex with his sons one night after one remarked, 'That girl is a tramp.' He taught them that no thirteen-year-old girl is a tramp."

"All his love," concludes the writer, "has paid off in huge dividends. It is never necessary for him to argue, shout, or use physical abuse—because he is 'father' in every sense of the word."

And all child psychiatrists say love is the answer to most children's problems. If you love your child truly and unselfishly and if you show it, relationship problems will not arise.

This parental love must not only be the right type but also in generous amount.

The third need of well-adjusted children is occupation. And the doctor believes a failure of our present education system is that our children aren't kept busy enough.

The trouble is that when a child has surplus mental energy it goes into his emotional system. It aggravates childish fears and phobias.

And whatever may be said

about the advantages of modern subjects (such as dancing and art), "it is a physiological fact," says Dr. Jones, "that they don't take as much mental energy as the old ones—the reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic kind."

He and many of his colleagues believe that there has been too much movement towards crafts in schools.

What about punishment? Several years ago there was a fairly widespread view that you should never punish.

Says Dr. Jones: "There is just no such thing as a jolly good beating. It's always a mistake." Yet there is a place for moderate punishment.

Deny your child some privilege—although not a major one which will really hurt.

Decide against taking him to the fair or send him to bed early or some like thing—and see that he understands why.

It may seem to some baffled parents that there are no rules left to help in the rearing of children. But this isn't really true. There are some. Among many rigid "do-nots" are these important ones. DO NOT:

Use corporal punishment; Allow yourself sarcasm; Shout abuse; Compare your children to their faces with other children; Be tempted to coach your child at home in the evenings if he is getting behind at school. (Let him keep his worries out of the home.)

And among the "do's" are these. DO: Praise your child before you criticise him; Be sure he understands your position as head of the family; Behave the way you want your child to behave; React always in the same way to similar situations; Let him see your love; Be friendly, interested, and always available for a fireside chat; Learn the difference between saying "You are a naughty boy" and "That was a naughty thing to do."

And remember, warns Dr.

Jones, that too much discipline is certainly as bad as too little. To stern fathers he tells a case history. It is the story of a man who despised the weakness of the younger generation—and swore to raise his own youngsters to be different.

The family lived in a beautiful house in the country with wide grounds and a fine ornamental lake; envied by many less wealthy neighbors.

But the two older children, a boy and girl, were miserable. Both were put through a years-long assault course. The boy, who feared heights, was compelled to climb tall, wind-blown trees at frightening risk.

Both had to run great distances daily.

And worse—they were forced to take part in year-round swimming in the cold waters of the ornamental lake.

Each afternoon both children were made to sit side by side for an hour in the dining-room—motionless and silent. Why? To teach them self-control!

But more than anything else it taught them to hate their father and all kinds of authority.

When the boy one day was sent away to boarding-school, his father was amazed at the trouble he got into.

After several rebellious years he was on the borderline of expulsion for constant violent disobedience. Finally he struck a teacher.

At about the same time the sister, now a young woman, was seized by the police for shoplifting.

Affection grew

It was too much for the agonised father, who now had a major breakdown.

When he left hospital he was a changed man. He apologised to his children and asked them to help him find the sort of relationship which should exist between them.

And a surprising bond of affection grew up.

And that is the return a good father enjoys. Lord Kilmuir referred to it:

"He will get his reward in the place he will hold in his children's affections and in the time they will give him when they are grown up."

What father wants anything better than that?

AND HOW GOOD ARE THESE?

BASICALLY, Dr. Jones is right, though I disagree with some of his arguments.

His "security, affection, occupation" are not separate, but all one thing—love—for love implies deep-felt interest and concern for your child and everything he does. But love must be more than felt for a child. It must be shown, demonstrated.

But though your child may feel wanted, secure, he can, and almost certainly will, behave at times like a junior barbarian. He still has to learn the hard do and don't rules which will help him evolve into a reasonably adjusted social human adult.

To the adult mind love should also imply discipline. To the child mind this is unintelligible. The child learns social rules not through love but through punishment.

And by punishment I mean a sharp clip on the tail or deprivation of something he likes, not a hiding, which is futile and sadistic, and not putting a child to bed, which is degrading and injurious to morale.—"Father of Two."

DR. JONES should, I feel, have emphasised discipline under a separate heading instead of allying it so closely with security.

By discipline I don't mean a harsh, fearsome rule of thrashings and abuse—that is brutality.

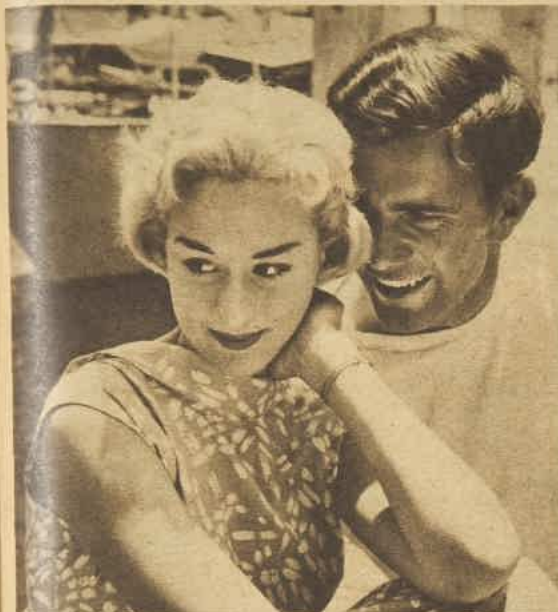
Rather, a kind of teaching that will help instil in the child some self-control over, say, behaviour and manners, and give him consideration for others: the kind of habit-formed discipline that keeps a car-driver to the left of the road without any thought of the "hated authority" that made the rule.

I agree with Dr. Jones' statements about father-son relationships, but surely affection must come naturally to every father who isn't a monster.

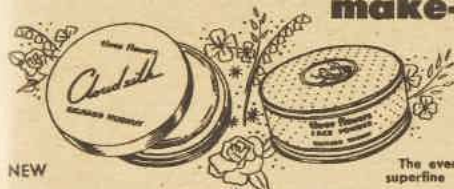
There seems little point in not helping a child with homework—provided father has adequate knowledge. But coaching must be restricted to illustrations of how to apply knowledge. In other words, show a child the method, but let his own brain find the answer.

As for corporal punishment—well, within limits, I believe a boy has a bottom for smacking.—"Father of Six."

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Continuing

The Medallion

from page 66

of the truck to move until the gap had widened from four to approximately eight inches. Sergeant Richmhauser banded John, Marian, and the colonel each a pair of field-glasses.

"If you look straight across, in the exact centre—" he said.

"Geoffrey!" Marian said. "Geoffrey." The last word was in a whisper.

John put his hand on her arm, and in the same instant Matthews turned to her. "Mrs. Houston, please be quiet. All right, George, I can see."

"There are nine of these holes in the walls, sir."

"Yes."

"The boy is in the fifth. Now do you see them, sir?"

"Yes, yes, I see." Looking through the glasses, Colonel Matthews said nothing for a moment, assessing the situation across the river. Four Russian soldiers, two on each side, were obviously in the process of searching the caves. The two on the left were just coming out of cave number two.

The two on the right had just gone into cave number two on their side. The boy was standing in the doorway of his cave, pressing himself against a side wall and looking from one side to the other.

"They are carrying keys, sir; they are making sure of the locks. Because of the sewers," Radenkov added.

Marian was watching every move of the boy on the other side. Seen from that distance, even through the sharp glasses, he looked incredibly small, and his angular, quick motions as he moved from one side of the opening to the other had a horrifying effect of helplessness, of rising panic.

Her heart was beating erratically. She wanted to cough, to shout, to scream, to beg, to run. The inside of the truck stifled her. She had to get out, she had to get to him, she had to—

John was pressing the glasses to his eyes. The knuckles of his hands were white, his hands ice-cold. Colonel Matthews' incisive voice cut through the heavy silence in the truck.

"Right, Bill. Have you got them on the line?"

"Yes, sir," the young man at the table answered.

Colonel Matthews took the telephone receiver from his hand. "Matthews here," he said. "I want you to start now, this very minute. Make it noisy, rough, anything, but get those men away from that quay. Execute."

As the last word left his lips, shots rang out on the other side, and the sound of shouting and running feet came across

Matthews hesitated only for a moment, still looking through the glasses at the opening behind which the boy was hidden. "All right, George, let's try it."

Radenkov left his post at the telescope and took the receiver. "Victor," he said, "is Alex standing by?" And he spoke in a stream of what John realised was Russian but which he could not understand. Radenkov then returned to his post at the telescope.

"Who is Alex?" John asked, his eyes glued to the glasses.

"One of our people," Matthews replied shortly.

Even now Radenkov seemed to understand the strain Marian and John were under. "He is a friend," he said. "A good friend. He speaks English."

"But he'll be seen," said John, utterly dismayed, and pointed to the bridges left and right and to the sentries they could see.

"Perhaps," Matthews said, "perhaps not. We've got to risk something. There is nothing else to be done. We've only got a few minutes. They'll realise this was a diversion, realise it very quickly, and then they'll be right back. We must risk getting to the boy now."

"At the left, sir," Radenkov whispered as if he could be heard across the Canal. All of them, except for Marian, looked to the left.

A TALL, slim man, his back against the wall, seemed to be sliding rather than walking down the steps on the left. And still sliding in that strange, almost disembodied way, he worked his way, incredibly fast and what looked incredibly silent, towards Geoffrey's hiding place.

It was Marian's gasp that made them shift their gaze towards the centre. Geoffrey was looking out, this time obviously in preparation for leaving the cave. He first looked to the right and then to the left. The tall man was within six yards of him when Geoffrey saw him. And then they saw Geoffrey raise his right arm. Something glittered in the sunlight, and then flew in the direction of the tall man's head.

"Oh, no," John called. "No."

"A hatchet," Radenkov said.

Geoffrey's aim had been poor.

The hatchet didn't hit the man's head, but did catch him squarely on the right leg, and he almost fell.

"Geoffrey," Marian said softly, and again they shifted their eyes back to the boy, who by now was running up the steps on the right.

The tall man, Alex, although limping, had tried to pursue the child.

Matthews stepped over to the table and tore the telephone receiver out of Bill's hand.

"Victor, Matthews here. The boy's running away from Alex. Alex may be hurt; have him relieved. Follow the boy, don't lose him, get your people around him, try to hide him from view. What? Good?"

His voice grew calmer. "How is the situation in the Prater? . . . I see . . . Get him in there, Victor . . . Now listen: Get him into the Prater among the stalls where the crowd is thickest and keep him as surrounded as you can . . . No, not yet . . . I'll let you know." He turned back to the others. "It's all right; they have him spotted."

"Where is this Victor?" John asked, while Marian, closing her burning eyes, rested her

To page 71



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the water. Through their glasses they saw the soldiers come out of the openings in the wall and for a moment stand undecided. But they also saw Geoffrey begin to come out.

"Duck," Matthews said under his breath. "Duck, boy." And as if Geoffrey had heard him he jumped back into his cave and disappeared from their sight. That very moment the head of an officer appeared atop the wall on the other side; he shouted down at the four soldiers, who ran up the stairs and disappeared.

Marian put out her hand and steadied herself on the wall beside her.

"We've got to get him out of there," Radenkov said. "I want to send Alex down to him. All right, sir?"



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forehead for a moment against the metal wall of the truck.

"At a window at the corner of the quay," Matthews answered.

Geoffrey and Alex had disappeared from view. John turned around. "What do we do now, Colonel?" John said grimly, and then, before the other could answer, "I am going to get into that district and get him out if it's the last thing I do."

"It would be, believe me, Houston. It would be," said Matthews. And when John moved to answer him, he raised his hands. "Now wait, wait." Radenkov took the receiver from Bill. "Yes, Victor? . . . Yes. . . . I see. . . . Very good. . . . Now be very careful. . . . You have? Good. . . . I see. . . . I see. . . . Right." He handed the receiver back to Bill. "He is running up the Praterstrasse," Radenkov said, and when Marian gasped, he added quickly, "This is good, Mrs. Houston. It's the street that leads into the fairgrounds. He'll be safest there."

He turned to Matthews now. "Victor says there are thousands of people on the Praterstrasse, sir. Our people are right with him. As I see it, our immediate main problem is to approach the boy. We've just got to get at him, and quickly. We can't force him into anything because that would point him out to the others."

It was at that moment that John suddenly shouted "I've got it. I've got it; yes, I've got it! A fire." "What?" Matthews said. "A fire," John said again impatiently. "You said public utilities such as fire equipment would need to go in. A fire, Colonel. Can't your people start a fire? A big one? Where is the central fire department?" It was Radenkov who answered immediately. "It's on the Hof, in the first district."

"Yes," Matthews said thoughtfully. "Yes. And then he added firmly, 'Yes, that's good.'"

"Yes, Victor," they heard Bill answering the telephone. "He is across the Praterstern now, sir," he reported.

Matthews nodded, then again took the receiver from Bill. "Matthews here. Victor, we want a fire. Yes, a fire."

Radenkov interrupted him, "Let me fix it with Alex, sir."

"Is Alex there?" Matthews asked. "Right, put him on."

Again George's conversation was incomprehensible to the others. It lasted several minutes, but his last word before he returned the receiver to Bill carried a tone of satisfaction they all could recognise. "He wants to wait until it's dark, sir."

"That's too long. It's only six now," John said at once.

"Just a minute, Houston." But Matthews' tone of voice towards John had changed. No longer did he address him as an annoying interloper, but rather as someone to be reckoned with.

"You know, Alex used to be a general, darn good one, too. What did he say, George?"

"Sir, Alex says the boy is now in the Prater. He says there are something like ten thousand people there. Alex is getting a trench coat to him and, once his clothes are covered, for the Reds to find him in there will be like searching for a needle in a haystack."

"How is he going to get the coat to him? I understood he didn't want to approach him again just yet?" Matthews asked.

"He says they feel they don't want to try to talk to him yet. They are just going to hand him the trench coat without saying anything, and also something to eat. They are going to leave the person who hands him this—it's Egon, sir, you remember, his English is very good—they are going to leave him right near the boy, but Egon's not going to try to talk to him. They think that might induce Geoffrey to approach him."

"Yes, that's possible," Matthews said. "What do you think, Mr. Houston?"

"Yes, Victor," they heard Bill answering the telephone. "He

is across the Praterstern now, sir," he reported.

Matthews nodded, then again took the receiver from Bill. "Matthews here. Victor, we want a fire. Yes, a fire."

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"It's possible. But the fire, Radenkov, what about—"

"Alex says that any fire they could start now, in daylight, would of necessity have to be small, and then local fire equipment would be employed, and that's no use to us. He says that in a couple of hours—around eight-thirty or nine—when it's getting dark, they can put on something that, in the dark, will at least look big, will be seen from far away and, therefore, will make it possible for the central fire depot to send out equipment even if they aren't requested to."

"I see," Matthews said. "Is Geoffrey really safe now?" Marian asked.

MATTHEWS touched her for the first time, putting his hand on her arm. "Pretty safe, Mrs. Houston. Not quite safe, but as safe as we can make him for the moment."

"Where does he want to do it?" Matthews asked.

"He doesn't know yet, sir. He says they have to think it over. He'll let us know. Sir, about the fire engines—"

"Yes?"

"Well, they're Austrian equipment."

"Oh, yes."

"And then there is the matter of recognising the boy in the dark. I mean, of course there'll be a lot of help, but there is also bound to be a lot of confusion and possibly panic."

"Yes," Matthews said again. "I am going with the fire engines," John said firmly, "It's the only way, and I am going in."

"Well, sir, that's actually what I was thinking," Radenkov said, "and I'll go along. Then I can concentrate on spotting Egon, and Mr. Houston can pick up the boy. That would certainly avoid any trouble with him."

Matthews stood up. "Yes, well, I think I'd better go and

have a little talk with my friend Doctor Thing-a-me-Bob about those fire engines." He walked to the back of the truck, opened the door, and looked out.

"I am going to take the car, George, drive to the Bristol, and let Mr. and Mrs. Houston off there." But then, seeing the expression on Marian's face, he changed his mind.

"No, I expect you'd rather stay with George and that telephone, wouldn't you?" he asked her. She nodded. "Well, then, why don't you drive, let's say, to the Stephansplatz. Park on the right side of the Cathedral, and I'll join you there."

He had stepped out of the truck on to the pavement, when Bill suddenly called out, "Just a minute, Colonel." Matthews moved back in, drawing the door partly shut as people began to collect around him.

Radenkov had taken the receiver from Bill, and after listening a moment his face lit up and he began to smile. "Thank, Victor," they heard him say. "Thanks, that's wonderful."

And then he smiled fully as he looked first at the group and then just at Marian.

"It's all right. Egon gave him the coat and a couple of frankfurters on a paper plate. Geoffrey took them and looked Egon fully in the face. Now, he didn't say anything, and he ran off right afterwards, but"—and there was almost jubilation in his voice—"he did take them, and he has the coat on now, and Egon is right behind him. They put a note in the pocket of the coat telling him to turn up his trouser legs and take off his tie."

Matthews also smiled broadly for a moment. "Keep me informed," he said, and, raising his hand in greeting, he left, walked to his car, and drove off.

"Sit down," George said to John, and picked up a speaking-tube. "All right, Joe," he

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Fashion FROCKS



• Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.

"KATHLEEN." — American-styled front-buttoned coat-dress, made in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes white, grey, beige, junior-navy, pale pink, bolero-blue, black, and lilac.

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Softasilk

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Keep your hands romantically lovely

said to the unseen driver. "Go to the Stephansplatz and park on the right side, the inside, you know." And the truck began to move.

George pressed the button on the right, and the walls closed. Now, except for a small light over the radio sending-and-receiving set, the inside of the truck was dark. Bill had replaced the receiver, and was rubbing his right ear and hand.

"What about the telephone?" Marian asked.

"Doesn't work when we are moving," Radenkov answered. "But the radio does."

"What did the Colonel mean by Doctor Thing-a-me-Bob?" asked John.

"A man at the Ministry of the Interior."

"Because of the fire engines?"

"Because of our going on the fire engines. The fire engines would be called out anyway in case of a big fire—that's why your idea is so good—but for us to be able to go along needs a bit of laying on, you see."

"Oh, yes, I see."

"John," Marian's voice sounded small and tired. She moved over, closer to John, and he put his arm around her.

"Yes, darling?"

"John, I—I wish I could go with you."

"I know, darling," John said softly.

"The waiting. It's going to be so, so awful."

"You'll be with the Colonel, Mrs. Houston," Radenkov's quiet voice came to her in the dark. "We'll have a walkie-talkie with us. You'll know everything that happens, when it happens."

Marian began to cry as if she would never be able to stop. "I am sorry," she tried to say. "I am so sorry. It's just—"

"We know, Marian," John said, tightening his hold about her and suddenly feeling warm and even safer in a way, and strong in the certainty that they were back together again—that this was the end of pretence. "It's all right, darling," he said.

"You've been wonderful, Mrs. Houston," Radenkov said.

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"It's going to be all right; it really is." He paused. "This is such a fantastic moment to say this, but I—you know, I am glad I met you. It's good for Geoffrey to be with you. It's quite right."

John breathed deeply. "Lieutenant," he said, his voice only slightly uneven, "I don't know whether you've realised this—Well, I suppose you have—but Marian and I—"

He paused for a moment, then let go of Marian and turned in his chair until he faced the other man squarely in the dark.

"We don't know who Geoffrey is, Lieutenant. You know, don't you? What is it the Russians want with him?"

THERE was utter silence in the truck, and it was quite a moment before Radenkov answered. When he did answer, it was without hesitation, without searching for the precise word. He spoke as if their ignorance under these fantastic circumstances was the most normal condition possible.

"Mr. Houston, Geoffrey's father was the son of the Tsar's young brother; he was killed in Italy late in nineteen forty-four. Geoffrey's mother was found dead in a street in Rome in March, nineteen forty-five, three weeks after the baby's birth. The baby had disappeared. Now we know where he disappeared to. Geoffrey is the heir to the Russian throne."

"Oh, no!" Marian said.

John floundered. "Are you sure? Are you absolutely certain of that? How do you know? How do they know?"

There was a suspicion of a smile in Radenkov's answer. "Oh, it can't be hidden," he said. "The Romanoffs, you know. Tell me, didn't you, rather didn't Geoffrey, receive a—"

"A medallion?" Marian asked.

"A pendant, yes."

"Yes, he did," John said slowly. "Who sent it? What is it?" And, raising his hand

to his breast pocket, he felt through his jacket the shape of the small golden disc.

"Didn't you open it?"

"Open it?" Marian asked.

"No, we didn't think it could be opened. We tried," John said.

"Oh, I see. Well, it's part of a tradition. It becomes the heir's property on his tenth birthday. It was brought out of Russia many years ago and was in the safe keeping of—well, of some people who live here. They rather stupidly, very stupidly in fact, sent it to you. To him."

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by nationality. Her parents are Russian, but they lived in Lithuania from the time of the Revolution until the Russians took it over. Then they came here, and Nadia in time became a dancer.

"She worships Eric and he her. It would seem that Eric told Nadia a little about how and where you found Geoffrey, and she told her parents. Her parents are—Well, they are quite involved in all kinds of activities, and they became very curious about this child. Two days later Nadia 'borrowed,' you might call it, the photograph and took it to her parents."

"They recognised him at once. He really does bear an extraordinary—a most exceptional—resemblance to his grand-uncle, you know. I'll be able to show that to you," he said. "In that book I mentioned. I am going to get that to you before you leave." At that moment the truck stopped. "Stephanplatz, Lieutenant," an unseen voice announced.

"Right. Plug in the telephone," George said to Bill. Then he continued: "There is an organisation—a large organisation—in Russia. You can call its members anything you like—anti-communists, White Russians, monarchists, democrats. Anyway, quite aside from whether or not they are monarchists, they all do know what they are against, even if they don't know what they are for. And the moment they heard the boy had been located they decided to use him as a focal point for what you would call propaganda."

He paused for a moment. "It isn't quite just that in Russia, you know," he said then. "In Russia it really is necessary to find, to have, such a figure. The country is so vast, with such diverse populations, that it needs someone the people can concentrate on, can love, someone who can mean and personify Russia to them."

"From this need, after all, stemmed the term 'Little Father,' which was the common form of address the people, mostly the peasants, used for the Tsar. All monarchies exist through romanticised personal loyalties. Well, the boy was the obvious answer to their problem. So Eric's photograph was reproduced, and posters such as I showed you this morning were made of it by the organisation. Thousands of them. They've been plastered all over Russia for weeks."

"The Reds, of course, got hold of some of them and sent them around to their intelligence units to try to locate both their origin and, above all, the present identity of the boy. As we see it, Eric must have seen one of the posters here, and that was the beginning of it all. It must have caused a great conflict of loyalties for him."

"Loyalties!" Marian said bitterly.

Radenkov's voice became, if possible, even quieter than it had been. "I know Eric, you know," he said. "I know him quite well. He is—or was—an idealist. Oh, I am absolutely certain they convinced him they meant no harm, wouldn't hurt anyone, above all wouldn't hurt the boy."

HE stopped for a moment. "That's quite possible, very probable, in fact, their plan at that. I have a pretty good idea of the sort of thing they'd want to try, though, of course, I could be wrong. Anyway, Eric was convinced they wouldn't hurt him. He must have been. I think Eric went to Paris to meet Geoffrey, and something happened there, or on the trip, that changed his mind about the whole thing."

"Maybe the act of actually facing the boy did it. Anyway, when he returned to Vienna—for we do know he was away from his hotel for two days—he cabled you. Heaven only knows what made him do that instead of just picking up his telephone and calling us. He must have been in a terrible state."

"I find it impossible to feel very sorry for him," Marian said grimly, but George Raden-

kov's voice became, if anything, even more reflective.

"Eric is a good man, Mrs. Houston," he said. "We live in strange times, times when all values are presented as black or white. It's difficult, most difficult, to retain any sense of objectivity under these circumstances."

John nodded in the dark. His eyes never left the sharply etched outlines of the fine young face across the table.

"You know, intellectually speaking," Radenkov went on, "quite a case could be presented in favor of Geoffrey's return to Russia. I have no doubt that it was presented to Eric in that most favorable light. It was when Eric's intellect clashed with his emotions that the conflict must have arisen. A conflict he finally solved by opposing a course of action he basically felt was wrong. Wrong, that is, according to—well, to beliefs that were instilled in him from babyhood."

After this they were silent until Bill answered the little red telephone signal on the board in front of him and handed Radenkov the receiver. "Yes, Alex?" they heard Radenkov say, and then, as before, he dropped into Russian. But this time he stopped after a few moments and turned to John.

"Mr. Houston," he said, and, despite the urgency, there was a new inflection of warmth in his voice, "we need a word, some word or sentence, that would make Geoffrey trust our friends."

John looked at Marian. Hundreds of things immediately went through his mind, but nothing, absolutely nothing, peculiar to Geoffrey. Marian, however, thought for only a fraction of a minute. "The red-and-white striped lion, Lieutenant," she said.

"The red-and-white striped lion," he repeated.

And she said quickly, "It's a character John invented for a circus story when Geoff was small. He never went to sleep when he was about six, unless

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Unlike most shampoos, Halo contains no greasy oils or soap to dull your hair with dirt-catching film!

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly. Rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Halo glorifies your hair naturally, brings back all its clean, bright beauty with each shampoo. Safe, gentle, it's ideal for children, too. Make Halo your family shampoo!



HALO GLORIFIES YOUR HAIR — NATURALLY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 20, 1944

Continuing . . . The Medallion

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John told him a story about a red-and-white-striped lion."

George nodded. "That's it. Just right."

"It's set," Radenkov said to Marian and John a few moments later. "For eight-thirty." He looked at his wrist-watch. "Seven five now. Pretty close."

Just then the Colonel's voice came urgently over the small loudspeaker: "Simon calling Peter, Simon calling Peter, come in Peter. Over."

"This is Peter," Radenkov said, and was interrupted before he could say another word.

"Uncommunicate, Peter, and proceed home base at once. Repeat Uncommunicate. Observed. Do you understand? Repeat instructions. Over."

Both Bill and George straightened up on their benches. "This is Peter. Uncommunicate. Message understood. Over and out."

Radenkov picked up the speaking-tube. "Headquarters, Joe, and step on it." Then, stepping up first to the right and then to the left side of the

truck, he lifted up a tiny round observation flap and looked out into the street. The others sat quite still, following his every move. He closed the flap, took his revolver out of a hip pocket, and brought out another one from somewhere under the table. Bill also had a gun in his hand.

"Can you use these?" George asked John.

"Yes," John answered. "What is it? What's happened?"

THE truck was travelling fast. Bill had taken the earphones off and unplugged the telephone.

"I don't know," George said. "You heard the Colonel. Observed means the Reds are on to us somewhere. There were a couple of cars parked a few yards from us just now, so it was probably our truck they were on to. Uncommunicate."

Recipes to file

SNACK BAR SPECIALS



CURRIED DUCKLING

• One duck (4 to 5 lbs.), 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ lb. sliced mushrooms, 1 oz. butter or margarine, ½ cup finely diced onion, ½ cup finely diced celery, 1 cup coconut.

Cut duck in sections, cook with giblets in 1 quart salted water until tender. Cool slightly in broth. Remove skin, discard, cut meat from bones and dice. Pour off fat and measure broth. Add water if necessary to make 1½ cups. Combine cornflour, salt, curry powder. Add broth gradually, stirring until blended. Cook and stir over low heat until sauce thickens. Add lemon juice and mushrooms. Melt butter in large pan, add onion and celery. Cook, stirring often, until tender. Add diced duck meat and giblets and heat about 5 minutes. Add mushroom sauce and heat thoroughly. Stir in coconut, heat again. Serve with fluffy rice. Serves 6 to 8 persons.

CASHEW CREAM CAKE



means he doesn't want us to use the radio."

There was a tense silence in the truck now, until it suddenly stopped. George and Bill jumped up from their bench and, before a second had passed, were standing before the back door, revolvers pointed, their bodies shielding Marian and John behind them. John, too, had stood up. Putting himself squarely in front of Marian, he also uncocked his gun.

"It's a check point, Lieutenant." The driver's voice sounded surprised.

Without moving away from his post Radenkov called back towards the little opening in the front panel. "What do you mean 'check point,' Joe? Theirs?"

"No, Lieutenant, ours," and the car began again to move. "What do you mean 'ours,' Joe?"

The driver's voice came through the speaking-tube dim, rubbery. "Don't know, Lieutenant. Just as I told you, 'ours.' We just turned off the Ring."

"Oh," George smiled grimly.

"What is it?" John asked. George put away his gun. "Well," he said, "well, well." And then, remembering John's question, he went on. "I guess, for once, the Colonel got fed up. We are answering in kind, Mr. Houston."

"Answering in kind? What do you mean?" Marian asked. "I think the Colonel has sealed off the ninth district, Mrs. Houston."

"Sealed off—"

"Our Headquarters' district. The Soviet does this all the time. We've never done it before."

"Oh," John said, and then they heard the sirens. Radenkov leaned over and looked through the flap. "And we are being convoyed in."

"Motor-cycles?" Bill asked. "Yes." The truck ground to a shivering halt and the doors were opened promptly from the outside.

"Colonel waiting in the office," Sergeant Riehmhauser said, and helped Marian out of the truck.

The building was like a beehive. The ground floor was full of MPs, four of whom stood at the foot of the stairway checking the identities of all who wished to pass.

There was comparative quiet in the Colonel's office when they entered. Every light in the room was on, and Colonel Matthews, Henry Tatum, and Lieutenant Hess were bending over a large map on the desk. They straightened up when the others entered the room.

"Everything's all right, Mr. Houston," Matthews said before John had time to formulate the question. "I've had Victor on the line, George, and told him to uncommunicate. He said that you have all the necessary information, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good, let's have it."

"I spoke to Alex, sir. It's set for eight-thirty, outside the Vienna Athletic Club. They are going to detonate an oil truck, on the Rustenschacher Allee."

"An oil truck? Ye gods!" Matthews exclaimed.

"Well, sir, Alex says that's the only way to make a fire big enough to attract attention. It's the ideal spot. There are not too many buildings around, but there are some, and there is an evening football match scheduled for seven forty-five. It'll mean some danger, sir, but far less than if they did it anywhere nearer the fair-ground. And they think they

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DELICIOUS—NUTRITIOUS—ECONOMICAL

HANSEN'S JUNKET DESSERTS

...make any meal a party!



STRAWBERRY PRINCESS
Make strawberry junket according to directions on the package and pour into individual dessert glasses. Set aside until firm and cool. When properly set, arrange strawberries and a spoonful of whipped cream on each dessert. Chill slightly before serving.

CHOCOLATE ROYAL
Heat a quart of milk until lukewarm; add ½ cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Melt 2 squares of chocolate in a ½ cup of warm milk and boil a moment; add to it carefully the remainder of the milk, a teaspoon of vanilla and the dissolved tablet; stir and turn at once into the dessert glasses; allow to set for 15 minutes. Top each dessert with whipped cream and a walnut or chopped nuts. Chill and serve.

Cool, refreshing Hansen's Junket desserts spark jaded appetites and provide the essential nourishment of pure, fresh milk in its most digestible form. Hansen's Junket is made in minutes—easy to prepare and so economical. Choose from either plain or luscious fruit flavours of strawberry, raspberry, pineapple, almond or cherry.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

FRUIT FLAVOURED or PLAIN

New MACLEANS CLEANS TEETH WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE

The whiteness-meter proves it

TEETH 18% WHITER!

Tests with this whiteness-meter show the sensational difference—teeth up to 18% whiter after 'New Macleans'!

MACLEANS have added a remarkable new ingredient to their famous tooth paste formula. Now 'New Macleans' cleans teeth whiter than ever before. The extra whiteness has actually been measured in hundreds of tests with the whiteness-meter.

Brush your teeth with 'New Macleans' and see them getting whiter. That lovely fresh feeling means the cleansing agents are removing dirt, making your teeth whiter and healthier, protecting them against decay. And all with the most delightful flavour ever.



See the sensational difference in teeth after cleaning with NEW Macleans! The whiteness-meter records as much as 18% increase of whiteness!

New Formula

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Peroxide TOOTH PASTE

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...but it must be

Keen's

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can pretty well clear the area in advance."

"I see."

"Alex says they will get the boy there."

"How?"

"Well, sir, I don't know, but they will."

"That is not very exact information, Lieutenant."

"No, sir. But we must leave something to them, sir."

"Something? We are leaving everything to them. Well, anyway, go on."

George was now bending over the map, too, and with his finger pointed to a certain spot. "You see, sir?" he said without further explanation.

Matthews nodded slowly.

"Yes, yes, I see," and then turned to explain to Marian and John, who were standing behind him. "This spot they've chosen, it's just a few yards from a bridge to the British zone. Yes, this is very good indeed, George. Was there anything else?"

"The arrangement is this: They set the thing off at eight-thirty precisely. That means the fire trucks from the first district will get there approximately eight-forty. The boy will not be at the football game, but waiting in front of the Institute for the Blind."

Matthews again looked at the map and whistled without commenting.

"Yes, sir. The idea is for one of the fire trucks to stop and pick him up on the way in, keep him on the truck while it helps put out the fire, and then move out with him."

Matthews whistled again.

"That's quite a plan, yes, quite a plan. Is Alex expecting confirmation, George?"

"Yes, sir. Were you able—I mean is it all right about the fire engines?"

"Quite all right, George. I want you to confirm for Alex. Be very careful; the Russians are taking extraordinary precautions."

"Yes, sir. I'll use the emergency number."

"Right."

George left the room, and Matthews turned to Lieutenant Hess. "Bob," Matthews said, "get on to the British. Say nothing on the telephone. Just get Colonel Brooks over here on the double."

"Right, sir."

Radenkov returned to the room.

"Everything all right, George?" Matthews asked.

"Perfect, sir."

"Good. Now I want every one of you to listen carefully. First George and you, Houston. A taxicab will be here at eight-ten and will take you to the Tiefer Graben." George nodded. "You will get out and walk to Am Hof 9, and there you will find the central fire depot. You will look very carefully about you before you enter. Right?"

"Yes, sir," George and John said at the same time.

"Once there, you will ask for Herr Johann; he is the assistant fire chief. He is expecting you. He'll furnish you with what you need. George, you will take your gun and give one to Houston. I am having a walkie-talkie delivered for you there now. I don't want you walking around the streets with that thing over your shoulder."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, on your way back, I want that fire truck to let you off on the Dr. Karl Lueger Platz, just after you cross back into the first district. This is just in case they catch on. I'll have four cars with armed men posted there in case you are followed. Hess will be in one of them, Riehmhauser in another, Tatum here in a third,

and Joe will have the fourth. They will be standing in full view outside their cars near the drivers' seats. Everyone get that?"

There was the sound of general agreement in the room.

"All right. Now, you and the boy get into whichever car is closest to you when you get off the fire engine. All four cars will proceed directly from the Dr. Karl Lueger Platz to Tulln Airport. I don't want you to stop for anything, traffic lights or anything else. Understood?"

Again the assenting voices.

"We've got a lot of police and a lot of troops with us in this, but in the end it'll depend on your own presence of mind. They may not realise what we are up to. More likely, however, they will. If so, they are going to try to stop us somewhere."

"Each car will be radio-equipped, each car will have a code number, which I will give you just before you leave. The moment the boy is in one of the cars, the one who has him will give me the number of his car over the radio—this won't help them even if they do tap us—then the car will take third position in line. Sergeant Riehmhauser has made out four maps; each one of the drivers will get one. It gives each of you a different route once you get to the Stephansplatz together."

"There will be a lot of cars around you quite aside from anything they might send. But keep together until you get to the Stephansplatz, then separate and go along the routes you will see indicated on the maps. The only thing is, don't slip up on the position of whatever car the boy will be in, with Mr. Houston and George. This is obviously all-important, because we'll have that car surrounded as soon as you split up. Is this quite clear to everyone?"

There was a knock at the door, and Bob Hess entered with a British officer. "Hello, Nigel," Matthews said.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Nigel Brooks, Matthews' opposite number on the British side, nodded.

"Sit down a minute. Be with you shortly. Bob, listen to the last of this, and then the Sergeant will brief you on what you missed. Got it all, Jack?"

"Yes, sir. Everything."

"Good. Now, along the route to Tulln Airport I am going to have you joined by other vehicles. Some of them are in position now, others will be shortly, others will only start out after you have started. By the time we get there, we will have something like one hundred vehicles on the road."

There was a general sound of surprise, and the Colonel concluded grimly, "Yes, I'd like to see them stop us. Anyway, to conclude, there will be a plane waiting. Mrs. Houston and I will be at the main gate. The gate will be brightly lighted, and I will stand next to my car. As soon as the driver of the car carrying the boy sees me, he will repeat his code number. And as soon as I get this signal, thereby knowing he is approaching the gate, I will get back into my car and you will follow me to the plane."

"There will be no discussion, no talk, no good-byes, no waiting. Don't forget for one moment that we will be in their zone, and however many cars, troops, and guns I have covering this operation they could produce more if we are unlucky. Mr. Houston, you get that boy out of that car and into the plane in two seconds flat, understood?"

"Yes, sir," John answered.

"Right. That's all. Any questions?"

Continuing . . . The Medallion

from page 73

"Can we synchronise our watches?" The question came from Bob Hess.

Again Matthews looked at his watch, and every one in the room including the British officer, followed suit. "It is now eight-eight."

At that moment the desk telephone rang, and Sergeant Riehmhauser answered, listened, said, "Thank you," and hung up. "Taxi is here, sir."

"Right." Matthews walked up to John and held out his hand. "Good luck, Houston."

They shook hands briefly and hand.

"Thanks, thanks, Colonel," John said, and once more pressed the hand that held his.

And then, while John looked into Marian's white, strained face for a moment without touching her, Colonel Matthews clapped George on the shoulder. "Luck, George, you'll need it," the Colonel said,

walking with George to the door.

And then in a low voice, unintelligible to the others, he said, "Don't use that walkie-talkie unless it's a matter of life or death. If anything goes wrong, if the boy is not at the rendezvous or something like that, get off the fire engine, mingle with the crowd, and find him. Then get to Victor. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"George. Houston."

"Sir?"

"This boy is a kidnapped American boy. We are getting him out and back to where he belongs. That is all. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," George answered. John said nothing. And they left the room.

"All the rest of you understand this, I presume?" Matthews said, turning around. Again there was the murmur of general assent.

"Right. Sergeant, have you

To page 77

Dishes for filing

SNACK BAR SPECIALS

● Long Island Rolls: Split required number of finger rolls lengthwise and spread with softened butter mixed with mustard.

Place a hot frankfurter in each roll, add a spoonful of chutney and two fresh shallots. Serve on a wooden platter with other buffet-style savories.

● Sliced Vienna Loaf: Cut one vienna loaf almost through at 1/2 in. intervals. Carefully remove every second slice. Brush both sides of remaining slices with melted butter. Place on greased oven slide; bake in moderate oven until bread starts to become crisp. Remove; pack spaces between slices with sliced cheese, tomato, and pickled onion. Return to oven for 15 minutes. Spoon hot spaghetti between slices and serve piping hot. Sufficient for 5 servings.

CURRIED DUCKLING



CASHEW CREAM CAKE

● Half cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup water, 1 cup chopped cashews, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup white sugar, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, vanilla.

Combine brown sugar and water in a saucepan and cook to 240deg. F. (soft ball stage). Remove from heat, add cashews, stir gently until mixture sugars and becomes creamy. Pour on to greased baking-sheet. Cool. Cream butter and white sugar well, add beaten eggs, milk, and vanilla alternately with sifted flour and salt. Chop sugared nuts finely, reserving 1/2 cup for decoration, and fold into cake mixture. Pour into two greased and floured 8 in. sandwich-tins, and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cool. Sandwich together, and frost all over with coffee-flavored frosting. Decorate with reserved cashew nuts and chill slightly before serving.



-and you can make it the Nestlé's *2 minute* way!

Really! It's as easy as one, two, three.

FIRST of all, pour half a tin of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk in a bowl.

THEN, season with a half teaspoon of salt, half a cup of vinegar and one teaspoon of Keen's mustard.

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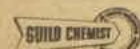
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X070

got Mrs. Houston's things from the hotel?"

"Yes, sir. Jim just brought them. They are outside."

"Right. Then take her out, give her a cup of coffee, and get one of the girls to look after her until I am ready. You, Bob, Jack, and Henry will leave at eight-thirty — that's fourteen minutes from now. You might all get some coffee before and send some in here. I'll want to see you all before you go."

"Yes, sir," Riehmhauser said again, and everybody except the British officer left the room.

"Quite a show," Colonel Brooks said. "Quite a show. No, don't tell me," he continued as Matthews opened his mouth to speak. "I know. You want to invade the British zone. Right?"

"That's right. Third district, between eight-fifty and nine-thirty."

"Yes, that's what I thought. You know, Frank, I had a telephone call this afternoon from our good friend Kruznev."

"Oh, yes?"

"Yes. I gathered that he wanted to use my good offices to convince you to — as he called it — desist."

"Oh?"

"Yes. He had an interesting point of view."

"He did?"

"Yes. He managed to convey — of course without actually saying so — that Moscow would be quite interested in hearing how Her Majesty's Government felt about this point of view."

"Ah? And what was the point of view? And how does Her Majesty's Government feel about it?"

"Well, the point of view was, of course, that the boy belonged in Russia. They wish to train him for a — you might call it a position of leadership."

"Leadership? Are you being funny?"

"No. Not at all. The characteristics of — of leadership, our good friend Kruznev stipulates, can, if they exist, be put to use."

"Well, I'll be —"

"Quite. He asked me whether I didn't feel that that could be

an interesting experiment, psychologically and genetically speaking. I did mention that it was new to me that they believed in the possibility of inherited leadership characteristics."

"Well, I'll be — And how does Her Majesty's Government feel about that cute little idea?"

The light banter was gone from the Englishman's voice. "Well, we are not involved, you know. Officially speaking, we are not involved."

"Unofficially?"

"Unofficially? Unofficially, old man, it's an interesting idea with which one, however, cannot possibly go along."

"I see," Matthews said slowly, and looked at the other sharply. "You believe him, do you?"

"I personally?"

"Yes, you personally."

"I personally believe him, yes. I believe they would want to try just that. Clever, too. If they succeeded they would deliver a death blow to — well, what you over here call the 'organisation.' To turn that particular young person into a Communist? The effect would be disastrous, I think. Oh, yes. I believe him all right."

"You think they could do it?"

"With a ten-year-old boy? Of course they could."

He paused for a moment and then returned to his original, lighter tone. "However, the contingency will not arise, I trust. I believe you said eight-fifty, third district."

Matthews shook his head as if ridding himself of a hallucination. His American military mind still found it practically impossible to comprehend the British brand of detached intellectual objectivity. "Didn't you just finish telling me you were not involved?"

The Englishman looked faintly surprised. "Yes, of

Continuing . . . The Medallion

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course. But I don't see the connection. I'll just get the chaps to set up a bit of a barrier on that bridge on our side. Passage tonight permitted only to utility vehicles, I think. Then, you see, if our friends from across the bridge can't get in, well, then nobody will have to throw them out. That's the best way of remaining uninvolved. If you see what I mean. Make it nice and peaceful. How many will there be in your party?"

"Three fire engines."

"I see. And then you are planning to go to Tulln, are you?"

"Yes."

"Well, some of our chaps might feel like trundling along a bit. Unofficially, of course."

This time Matthews laughed out loud. "You slay me, Nigel."

"Really? We'll have a drink on that tonight. Eleven o'clock all right?"

"All right. So long, Nigel."

"So long," the other answered in friendly mimicry, and waving goodbye with his baton Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Nigel Brooks left the room.

Geoffrey had been all through the Prater fairgrounds. He'd never seen anything like it. There was no end to it, and his initial distrust and tense preoccupation had soon given way to an overwhelming regret that he could not take part in the festivities.

He had gone from shooting gallery to electric cars, from snake charmers to flea circus, to giant man and fat lady. He had stood for almost an hour in front of what he was certain was the biggest roller coaster in the world, had stood there so long that he had begun to feel the movements of the cars in his own body.

That was when, suddenly, from behind him someone had handed him the second pair of

frankfurters. Coming out of his trance he had noticed that people all around him were staring at him, and it had scared him, and, holding his frankfurters in his hand, he had quickly walked on.

He knew no more now where he was than he had 17 hours ago. But he had begun to understand that he was being helped. Someone, he didn't know who, was trying to help him. For in the pocket of the trench coat he was so mysteriously given hours ago he had found a note in English written in block letters that said, "Turn up your trouser legs, take off your tie, and open the top button of your shirt. You will then be less conspicuous."

He didn't quite know what conspicuous meant, but, remembering the shorts and socks on the children he had seen in

the streets, the instructions made sense to him and he had obeyed them at once. It was now 7.30 by his watch. It was getting dark and he was getting terribly tired.

Thanks to the trench coat he felt warm, and having by now eaten three sets of frankfurters he was not in the least hungry. The third pair he had been given just a few minutes ago when, after watching the giant ferris wheel for half an hour, he had at last decided to risk offering the lady in the ticket office American money for a ticket. He had walked towards the ticket window and taken his place in the long queue. And then when he had almost reached the box-office someone had handed him this third pair of frankfurters, this time with a piece of dry black bread, and although he hadn't seen the man clearly he thought he had recognised the same person who, hours before, had handed him the coat.

I wish he'd stand still, Geoffrey thought. I'd like to see him. And at that very instant he had heard a voice say just behind him, quite distinctly, in English, "Don't do that, Geoffrey. Don't get on any of these things. Don't use American money."

He had been pinned between three people, and by the time he turned around there were two ladies with a small girl behind him and no man in sight. English, someone spoke in English. They can't wish me any harm, he thought. Otherwise, since they were so close they could just have taken hold of me and carried me off.

His feet hurt dreadfully, and when he reached what looked like a puppet theatre he stopped and looked longingly at the small chairs already partly filled with both children and grown-ups. An encouraging thing happened: A blond lady,

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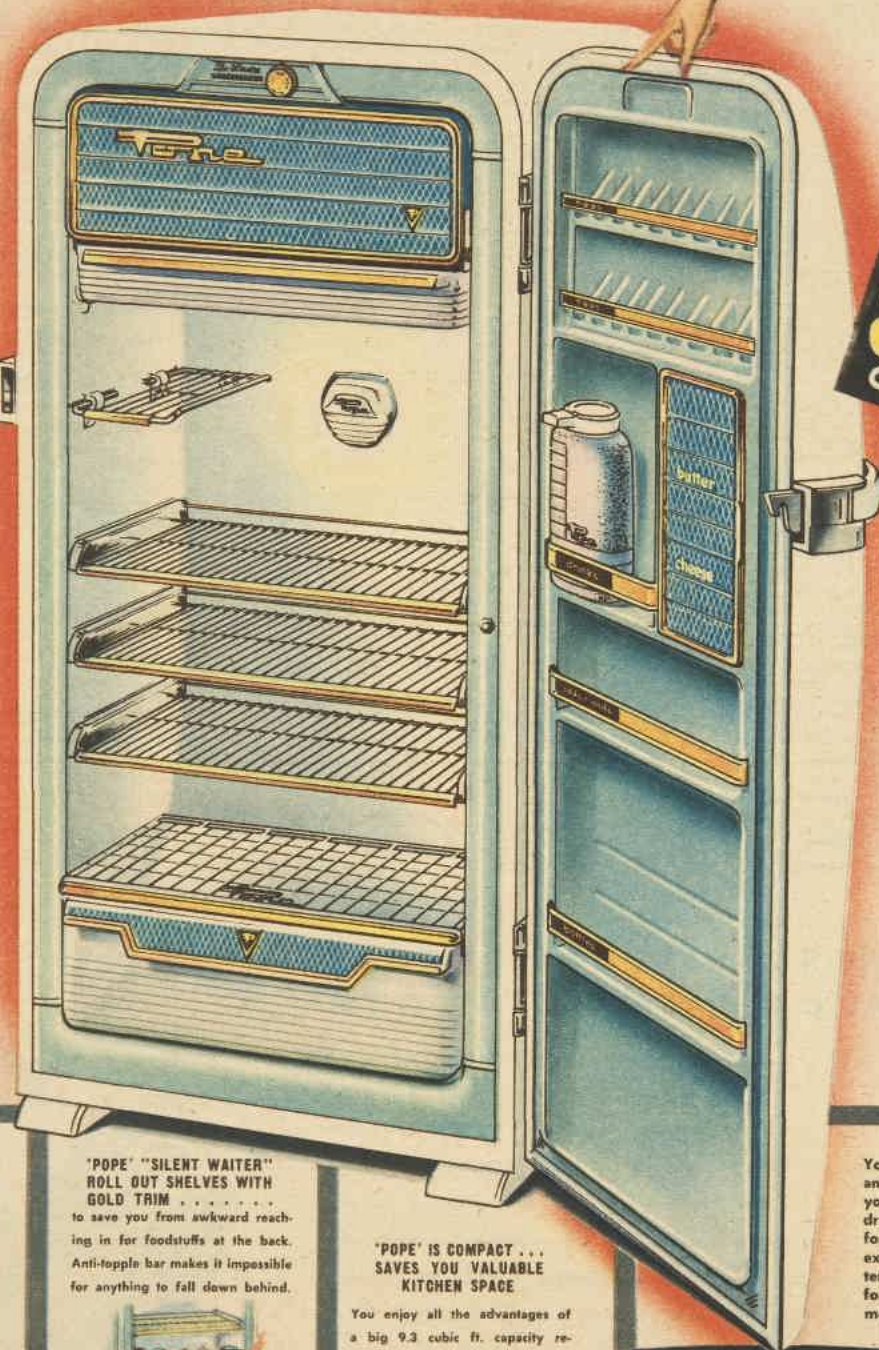
to save you from awkward reaching in for foodstuffs at the back. Anti-topple bar makes it impossible for anything to fall down behind.



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★ THE STRANGE ONE

Columbia drama, with Ben Gazzara, Pat Hingle, Julie Wilson. Victory, Sydney.

IF the U.S. Army relies for its future officers on the type of students shown here at a Southern military academy, it will need to increase its staff of psychoanalysts.

The much-heralded appearance of Broadway actor Ben Gazzara is a little disappointing.

He is a less interesting personality and a no better actor than several other young men who have recently come to films via the stage.

However, the sadistic Jocko de Paris is not the happiest role for a film debut.

Because the film ignores entirely the controversial subject of homosexuality — dealt with openly in the novel and stage play "End As a Man," on which the film is based — Jocko's immense influence for bad over a group of young men selected as officer material becomes ridiculous.

It is asking too much of any audience to believe that the classmates who stand dumbly while a boy is beaten-up, is left lying on the campus dead drunk, and is later expelled will later rally to a man in kicking out Jocko.

Julie Wilson (from "This Could Be The Night") gives, as a shady blonde, another of her distinctive performances, and is the only woman in the picture.

Pat Hingle gives a good account of himself as the former con who, under pressure from freshman George Peppard, helps organise Jocko's downfall.

In a word: **STRANGE.**

New Film Releases

★ SAINT JOAN

United Artists' historic drama, with Jean Seberg, Sir John Gielgud, Anton Walbrook, Richard Todd, Richard Widmark. Embassy, Sydney.

INSTEAD of flaming as fiercely as the pyre upon which the Maid of Orleans burned, the film "St. Joan" is lengthily cold, despite its close attention to history, and despite fine acting performances.

In Graham Greene's adaptation of Bernard Shaw's play, previously unknown actress Jean Seberg takes the part of St. Joan, bringing tenderness and pity to the role of the militant mystic who felt divinely inspired to lead France against England.

Powerful performances come from Widmark as the dithering Dauphin, Richard Todd as the blunt soldier Dunois, and Anton Walbrook as the Bishop of Beauvais.

As the un pitying, critical Earl of Warwick, Sir John Gielgud transforms a minor part into one which dominates the film.

As Joan moves toward her destiny, her rough-cropped head, plain garb, and idealism are set against the battlefields, palace courts, and pomp of the church.

Nevertheless, the film remains a series of individual performances and scenes, and lacks the compelling sweep into tragedy.—H.F.

In a word: **UNINSPIRED.**

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★ THE DELICATE DELINQUENT

Paramount comedy, with Jerry Lewis, Darren McGavin. In VistaVision. Prince Edward, Sydney.

GRIMACING apishly through this film, which is never certain whether it's serious, slapstick, or satire, Jerry Lewis plays slum kid Pythias to Darren McGavin's Constable Damon. (Cop that, you classicists!)

Inoffensive Pythias, who wants to "be somethin' instead of a nothin'," befriends by Copper Damon, gives up his janitor's job and joins the Police Academy, leaving the alley garbage tins and knife-toting alley boys behind him.

As a trainee cop, Jerry almost wrecks the Academy, gibbering nervously from parade-room to classroom and turning in one highly amusing scene when he becomes involved in a Japanese wrestling demonstration.

By the film's end, Jerry's on the beat in his own locality, he has almost convinced the district hoodlums that it's nicer to behave nicely than nastily, while both he and Damon have acquired girls. Both nice.—H.F.

In a word: **DIMWITTED.**

★ OH! FOR A MAN!

Fox comedy, starring Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, Betsy Drake, Joan Blondell. In color, CinemaScope. Mayfair, Sydney.

FIRING off wisecracks throughout, this adaptation of the Broadway play "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" satirises advertising agencies, young men in grey flannel suits, and platinum-blond actresses whose vital statistics and yearnings for culture make world news.

Jayne Mansfield, uttering voluptuous squeaks, is the ballyhooed blonde who, by endorsing a lipstick commercial written by Rock Hunter (Tony Randall), brings him success and rating as a lover.

Homely faced Randall, a young actor of talent, sets the accolade of fame in big business when he receives a title on the door, a carpet on the floor, and a key to his own private powder room!

Betsy Drake, as secretary-fiancee to Rock Hunter, and Joan Blondell, as companion to Mansfield and her beribboned poodle, bring down-to-earth sourness into the scheme of things.

The film's opening and some of its lines are beautifully malicious, but the wit is patchily sustained, and Mansfield is no Monroe.—H.F.

In a word: **SARCASTIC.**

ELVIS PRESLEY won't be called into the Army for at least six more months, according to draft officials, so he will have time to do "Rope Law." The film is a remake of "The Kiss of Death," which was made in 1947 with Victor Mature and Brian Donlevy.



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What is prettier than the swish and swirl of white petticoats and how important to have them starched just right. That, of course, calls for Robin, for even, crisp starching. Robin Starch is so easy to mix, so much easier to iron with. No wonder more and more women now use Robin Starch.



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A whimsical illustration for Life Savers candy. At the top, a large pineapple sits above a slice of orange and a lemon. Below these, a small figure of a painter in a white coat and hat is painting a large, stylized Life Saver candy. The painter holds a palette and a brush, with a tube of Life Savers candy nearby. The background is a mix of green and yellow, suggesting a garden or field.

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A man in a white suit and hat sits on a bench, looking relaxed. In the background, several other people are engaged in various activities: some are playing golf on a green, others are riding horses, and one person is working at a desk. The scene is set outdoors with trees and a building in the background.

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no mixing!
eat like sweets!

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A roll of Walco Quick-Eze tablets is shown, with several tablets spilling out. The tablets are white and round, with the Walco logo on them. The background is a solid yellow color.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 20, 1957

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passing him with a girl smaller than he, smiled at him and said, "Hier," which distinctly meant "Here," and handed him a ticket. Looking around he saw at once that it was the same sort of ticket all the other people sitting there held in their hands.

I must follow them — that lady and the girl. But he had lost time by looking around, and when he looked for them he couldn't find them. So he just sat down on the first vacant chair he came to and soon afterwards the show began.

"Geoffrey," somebody said very softly, almost in his ear. "Don't turn around now. My name is Egon, Egon. I am going to help you get out."

And then Geoffrey began to listen consciously and to understand. His heart beat wildly. The taste of frankfurters came back into his mouth; he swallowed repeatedly and then, with a quick movement, started to turn around. The restraining hand on his shoulder didn't hurt, but it held him. It also quieted him—stiffly, in fear.

And the voice continued quickly, "Your mother says, do you remember the red-and-white-striped lion? The circus story of the red-and-white-striped lion?"

Geoffrey swallowed again. The red-and-white-striped lion. Daddy. The circus story. The puppet show was over; there was wild applause from the children in the audience. Geoffrey sat motionless.

"Look at me now, Geoffrey." The hand was still on his shoulder but was gentle now, and Geoffrey, his eyes brimful of tears, looked round. He saw the man, the same man who had handed him the trench coat and those frankfurters.

"It's all right," the man whispered. "Dry your eyes."

Geoffrey smiled back, found his handkerchief and blew his nose. People were rising from their seats all around him.

"I am going to get you out of this now, Geoffrey," the man said in his precise English. "Don't talk to me but follow me. Understand?"

For a moment Geoffrey looked around at the large crowds.

"It's all right," the quiet voice continued. "There are lots of friends around. You won't lose me, I won't lose you. We are going to a football game."

"Football game?" Geoffrey said loudly.

For a moment the man put his hand on Geoffrey's shoulder again. "Sh! Quiet. Don't speak. Just follow me." And then, just before turning away, he said, "You'll see your parents soon."

The crowd was shifting, and Geoffrey with it. He was moved by others as much as he moved himself, but luckily he was pushed in the proper direction—after the man who always seemed to keep easily within his sight. Presently he found himself walking on grass, much easier on his feet, and then there were fewer lights, and then it was suddenly so dark he couldn't see the man any more. I am going to lose him. I have lost him. Oh, what did he say his name was? Oh what was it? "Egon," Geoffrey called out loud, panicky. A second later there was an arm around his shoulder, and even in the dark he could recognise his new friend's face. "I am sorry," Geoffrey said tiredly. "I shouldn't have called."

"That's all right," the quiet voice answered. "We are almost there."

"Where are we? The football game?"

"Yes." And a few moments

later they were again among bright lights, and suddenly Geoffrey saw several men in the uniform — that uniform. He stopped and with eyes full of fear, doubt, and horror looked at Egon. The uniformed men were quite close and Egon whispered, "Don't talk, not a word." Geoffrey didn't know what to do. Was the man a friend? Or wasn't he? Red-and-white-striped lion. Daddy.

He couldn't run any more, he simply couldn't move quickly at all, his feet hurt, his legs hurt, his arms were heavy and droopy, his head kept wanting to fall forward, and, although he thought of running away, thought of possible treachery, his body no longer obeyed his thoughts or even reacted to them.

Only partly aware of what he was doing, indifferent now in submissive terror, he followed Egon, past the soldiers, past a long line of cars, and up a street. They were still part of a crowd—people, who, talking loudly and laughing gaily, were in front, beside, behind them. And then Egon stopped, turned his head, looked down at him, and smiled. "It's all right now, Geoffrey. There were too many of them. I couldn't let you talk, they might have heard. Did I frighten you?"

Geoffrey nodded, only slowly coming out of his terror. "Who are they?" he asked in a small voice.

Egon looked at him strangely and repeated the question. "Who are they?"

"I don't know," Geoffrey said. "Don't you know?"

EGON turned and looked around. "We can't stay here. And we can't go in, either," he said, pointing to the lights of the ball park behind them, from which came the sound of cheers and applause. And then he looked at his watch.

"Eight-twenty. It's too late, anyway. Now listen to me, Geoffrey, we have to walk past there again. I want you to walk behind me as you walked before. I will cross the street and turn into a side street. You will follow me and stay just behind me. All right? Don't be afraid now. All right?"

This time there was an undercurrent of excitement in his voice, and Geoffrey, forgetting his doubts of a few seconds before, responded at once. Egon walked away from him, saying, "Start walking now. Quick."

There was less of a crowd around them now, just a few people behind Geoffrey and three or four between and next to him and Egon. They walked back in the direction from which they had come, and a few minutes later crossed the street and turned to the right. Again, as he had done so frequently before on this day, Geoffrey smelled water.

They stopped. It was quite dark now, but by the dim light of the few street lamps Geoffrey saw that they had stopped next to an iron fence in front of a large building. Egon took his arm and pressed him hard against the iron fence.

"Stay right near this fence, Geoffrey," he said softly. "In a minute there is going to be a big noise. Don't be afraid."

As soon as the last word was out, a thundering roar split the air, which seemed to engulf them, entered their noses and ears like water, threw them to the ground, came over them in a wave of scorching heat, settled on them, and then passed over them.

Geoffrey, half-stunned, managed to lift his head and found

himself being pulled up to his feet by Egon. The quiet little side street was lighted as if by hundreds of pink search-lights. Screams and cries and the noise of flames came to them from the direction from which they had come.

All of a sudden crowds of screaming, gesticulating people, most of them with smoke-blackened faces, came running around the corner, ran at them, and past them like a stampeding herd, and Geoffrey, dazed, would have been pulled along if Egon had not sharply held him back and again pressed him against the black iron fence. "We have to stay here," he shouted into Geoffrey's ear.

"Why?" Geoffrey shouted back and coughed. Black smoke filled the air, and both Egon's and Geoffrey's faces were almost completely black with soot, their eyes red-rimmed and burning. Egon tried to answer, but was overcome by a fit of coughing.

He was still coughing when Geoffrey heard the ring, the sound of—Geoffrey pulled hard at Egon's sleeve.

"Listen, listen," Geoffrey called sharply.

"That's it," the man managed to get out between desperate bouts of coughing, "the fire engines."

"Fire engines?" Geoffrey said loud and clear, and ineffectually tried to wipe his streaming eyes. The first huge red vehicle raced by them with the sound of bells and trumpets, and then another one came, but Geoffrey, unable to master his irritated weeping eyes, could only hear but hardly see them.

Then, suddenly, to his utter amazement, a third one stopped right in front of them, near enough for Geoffrey to see it through his tears and to touch it.

"Look," Geoffrey said, with his head turned towards Egon, and then he suddenly felt himself being lifted from below, picked up from above, held from below and above. A shriek escaped his lips.

Then he heard, "It's all right, Geoffrey, it's all right," and he felt himself pressed to a cold, clammy, slippery coat. A face came close to his, he smelled a familiar smell, and then, almost violently, the oilskin coat he half-sat, half-lay on was pulled out from under him and closed above him.

"Daddy, Daddy!" Geoffrey cried. He shuddered, trembled all over. A large, warm hand came under the oilskin, the fast frantic movement of the truck stopped, the hand groped about, found his legs, his back, slid searchingly along his body until it reached the warm, small neck, stopped there a moment, continued into and on to his hair, stroked it gently, and then came to rest on Geoffrey's filthy wet small face.

Geoffrey smelled the hand and brought his own up to touch it. "Daddy," he whispered into the hand and put his own into it.

John bent down. "Geoffrey, Geoffrey." For a moment John's voice was deep and gentle. But then he felt the heat and heard the noise around him. "I am going to let you down to the floor of the truck, Geoffrey, and I am going to put an oilskin over you. We are pretty high up, I don't think anybody can see you, but move as little as possible. I have to pretend to help. All right?"

Geoffrey nodded and then at last the hoarse little voice came to John in a conspiratorial whisper. "All right, all right, Daddy. Don't—don't go too far away."

John swallowed now, "I won't," he said, and, holding

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4710



4617



595

Fashion PATTERNS

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4618

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4519

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 595. — ONE-PIECE DRESS
Summer dress designed with a sleeveless bodice-top and gathered skirt. It is obtainable cut out ready-to-make in a flower-printed cambric. The color choice includes blue and white on lemon; lemon and green on pink; blue and green on lemon; grey and green on pink; coffee and beige on white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 45/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 596. — LUNCHEON SET
The set, with a conventional flower motif, is obtainable cut out ready-to-make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Plate mats 15 by 15in., cup-and-saucer mats 5 by 5in. Eight-piece set, including 4 plate and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 19/11. Postage and registration 2/- extra. Twelve-piece set, including 8 plate and 8 cup-and-saucer mats, 25/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra. Serviettes to match, 11 x 11in., 1/6 each. Postage 4d. extra.

No. 597. — GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS
One-piece dress with an attractive white trim is obtainable cut out ready-to-make in a printed super haircord. The color choice includes pale blue, red, and white; pale pink, green, and white; red, lemon, and white; green, lemon, and white. The trim is white poplin. Sizes: Lengths 20in. for 4 years, 21/-; 23in. for 5 to 6 years 23/9; 28in. for 7 to 8 years, 27/6; 34in. for 9 to 10 years, 28/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 598. — SUMMER SKIRT
The skirt is obtainable cut out ready-to-make in floral and solid-colored cotton everglaze. The color choice includes pink and white, lemon and white, blue and white; and aqua, mint-blue, strawberry-pink, and saxe-blue. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 35/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 599. — TAILORED BLOUSE
The blouse is obtainable cut out ready-to-make in non-forged poplin. The color choice includes white, black, bolero-blue, pale pink, maize, and kelly-green. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 29/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

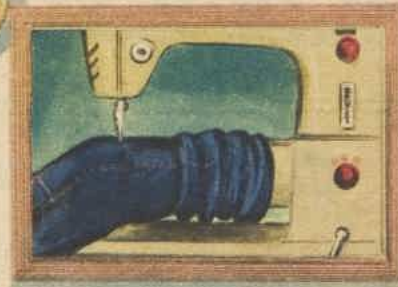
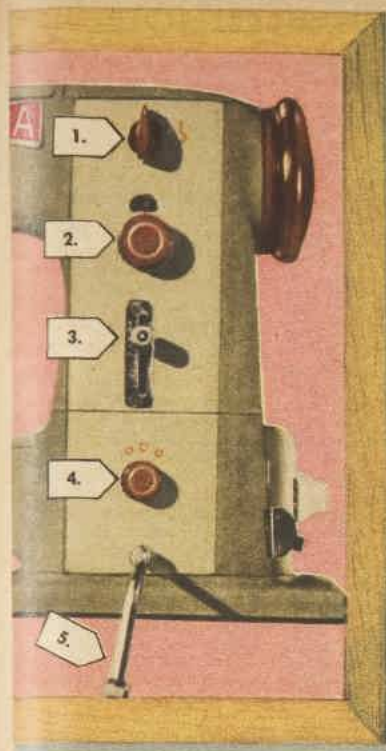


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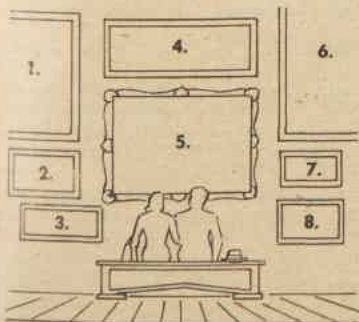
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on to the light body with one hand he gently lowered him to the floor at his feet and immediately covered him with a large oilskin that was handed to him from his left. "There is a friend here, Geoff," John said softly. "His name is George."

Geoffrey pulled a little of the coat apart. John's heart missed a beat when Geoffrey's black nose and red-rimmed, tearful eyes looked out. But John continued. "This is George," he said, and Radenkov leaned over and pretended to be picking up utensils from the floor.

"Hello, Geoffrey," George said, and smiled. "One of us will be near you all the time. You won't be scared, will you?"

Geoffrey shook his head, and John and George, both holding on to a roll of hose, stood up and prepared to hand it to the fireman on the ground.

A man called up to them, then climbed the ladder in the back and spoke to George. "He says they don't need us; the two other engines can handle it. We're going back," George reported to John.

The fire engine, its red lights blinking off and on, turned into a side street and turned around. Once more, now on the other side of the street, they drove past the slowly diminishing fire.

Geoffrey held himself stiff and tried to stop breathing and listened, and the fire engine slowed down and there were shouts in that foreign language. Now what is it they speak? Geoffrey thought, and then the truck almost stopped, but didn't. There was another shout, the truck accelerated, and his father's grip slackened a little. They slowed down again, from somewhere below there was another shout in the foreign language, and then Geoffrey heard, in English, "Okay. Good luck, Yanks."

John opened the coat, and, seeing Geoffrey, said in a normal voice. "You can straighten up now."

Geoffrey sat up and looked out at the streets and then behind him. There was a bridge. The sentries were still in sight, not only at one end of the

bridge, but at both. The sky over the other side of the Canal was red, and he could still hear the shouts, the din, the roaring of the fire, and the swishing of water, but looking ahead he saw streets that were normally lighted, and quiet, with people walking along them at ordinary speed.

Some people stopped and looked when the fire engine passed, and on a few street corners Geoffrey saw what looked like jeeps and large command cars standing silently and watchfully. And then, under a street lamp, he saw some men who smiled, and waved, and they wore—

"Daddy, where are we?" Geoffrey said.

John and George looked at each other and then at Geoffrey.

"In Vienna, Geoff. We are in Vienna," John said.

"Vienna?"

AND then they reached the Ringstrasse, and, still apparently unpursued, came to a quiet green square. The fire engine stopped, and the other man, George, jumped down to the ground from the truck. Then Geoffrey was handed down, and when he felt hard ground under his feet his father jumped down, too.

"Walk, Geoffy, walk quickly," he heard his father say, and obediently he walked between the men to a car just 20 feet away, next to which stood a soldier.

"He is an American soldier, Daddy," Geoffrey shouted then, and the whole quiet square echoed his words. The words that followed were muffled as Geoffrey was bundled into the car and the car moved off slowly, behind two others. "There is another one in back of us," Geoffrey said excitedly as headlights hit them briefly and brightly from behind.

The two men beside him settled back into the seat and pulled Geoffrey in until he was quite hidden between them. Geoffrey looked at his father

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and then at George, and saw that they were both looking out each side and out the back window, and then, to his astonishment, he saw first in his father's hand and then in the other man's a black, gleaming gun. "Gee," he said. "Daddy, that's a gun. What are you doing with a gun?"

John briefly touched his face and head. "Quiet now, Geoff. We have to listen. Be very quiet and sit very still. And if there is any noise or shooting, you slip down to the floor and hide your head between your arms. All right?"

"All right," Geoffrey said, and sat very still.

During most of their drive to Tulln Airport they were one of what seemed to be hundreds of cars along the streets and roads and highways. Jack Riehmhauser never changed the speed, never stopped, never hesitated. John and George hardly said a word, but their eyes were at the ready, their eyes looking from one side to the other of the dark streets they passed through.

It seemed only minutes since they had left the bridge and then the fire engine and the city behind them, and suddenly now there were hundreds of bright lights. The roar of huge engines was heard through the windows, and Geoffrey sat up a little and the lights got even brighter.

"Mummy, Mummy," Geoffrey screamed, and lunged over to George's side and wrenched open the door before George could stop him. Marian ran up and he threw himself into her arms and pressed his face to hers.

Only a second passed, then somebody said, "No, no, get back in the car," and pulled him out of her arms, took his hand, picked him up, swung him into a different car. Then he heard another, distinctly American, voice say, "Well, let's at least have a look at him." He looked up into a face that was both square and

angular, and a hard hand roughed up his hair, and the officer said, "Well, I guess you are worth it."

Once more, shortly after that, he was pushed out of the car, his mother and the officer behind him. His father came running from the other car, George with him, and for a moment they all stood at the foot of the ladder to the plane. There seemed to be hundreds of people around, the approach to the plane was roped off, and soldiers with Tommy guns stood all around it.

The engine was roaring, there was a terrific wind, everyone shouted, a man in uniform hurried down the steps and said, "Please come up quickly," and people shook his mother's and father's hands and patted his head. Then for a last moment the man George was holding his shoulders and looking quietly and seriously into his face, so seriously that Geoffrey found himself saying, very politely, "Thank you, sir."

Then George quickly pressed a book into Geoffrey's hand, and Geoffrey heard him say to his father something like, "Marked the page. Luck, Bye."

The rest was drowned in the noise and confusion, and he was pushed up the ladder. He stumbled and almost fell. His father lifted him with one arm around the waist and almost threw him into the plane, and the plane moved before the door was even closed behind them, moved faster and stopped again, and then the door was closed, but not before Geoffrey had heard the noise of sirens outside and seen through the windows what looked like hundreds of approaching headlights.

And then they moved again, and were up in the air, and the commotion beneath them looked suddenly like a dance of shadows and fireflies.

Marian closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the seat. John's head was turned towards her and the boy.

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Beat-the-clock cookery! Time yourself on this

"5-MINUTE" Tea Cake

MADE WITH Sunshine *full cream* powdered milk



Grease two 7" sandwich tins.

Take 30 seconds:
Put two level tablespoons of butter in a cup, and place the cup in a saucepan of hot water on the stove.

Take 60 seconds:
Sift 1½ cups of s.r. flour into a bowl with one heaped dessertspoon "Sunshine" Powdered Milk, a pinch of salt & ¾ cup sugar. **Take 60 sec.**

Take melted butter off stove, break one egg into cup and fill cup with cold water. Beat slightly with fork.

Take 30 seconds:
Pour mixture into well in centre of flour, sugar and "Sunshine" milk mixture. Beat for just under two minutes.

Take 2 minutes

You've only spent 5 minutes, and the mixture is ready to pour into two greased pans and put in the oven. Cook at 400° (Electricity) or 350° (Gas) for 20 minutes. Brush top with butter and sprinkle with cinnamon while hot. Serve one teacake in hot, buttered slices—save the other till to-morrow.

Of course the time-saving secret is the use of "Sunshine" Powdered Milk dry so that the teacake is actually mixed with water. "Sunshine" can be used dry in many recipes—but whether you use "Sunshine" dry or mixed with water, "Sunshine" gives you a full quota of rich, dairy-milk goodness.

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you can trust—

"Sunshine" Full Cream Powdered Milk

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 20, 1957

Geoffrey looked from one to the other and then out the window, where he could see the red and white and green lights flicker underneath.

"Gee," he said, and then once again, "gee."

Marian, her face smooth but utterly white under the black smudges of soot that had rubbed off Geoffrey's face, turned her head slowly around. Tears were running down her cheeks, and her eyes, when she opened them, were unnaturally large and shiny.

"Mummy?" Geoffrey said.

"Yes?" She raised her hand and gently stroked his tangled, grubby hair.

"Daddy?" He turned his head round.

"Yes, Geoffrey?"

"Was that really Vienna?"

"Yes."

"Well, how, what—" He frowned in concentration.

"How did I get there? I mean—" Impatiently and violently he scratched himself all over, his chest, his arms, his back.

"Titch," he said. "But, Daddy, how—"

"Geoffrey," John interrupted him. "Let's you and I wash our faces, shall we?"

Geoffrey obediently began to undo the strap, then dropped his hands as if the effort were too much. "I'm tired, Daddy," he said and slumped down in his seat.

Marian leaned forward and undid the strap for him. "We'll just get you cleaned up a bit. Then you can sleep."

"What did they want with me?" Geoffrey raised his head and looked from John to Marian and back again. "Who are they?"

Suddenly there was something like a suppressed sob in his voice. Marian, quickly covering his hands with one of hers, saw his throat muscles work as he tried to swallow the approaching tears.

John opened his right hand and held it out to Geoffrey. "Remember this?" he said.

Geoffrey, his eyes small now under the swollen lids, looked almost sullenly at the golden pendant. "Yes," he said.

"It opens," John said, and, examining it, found the secret

Continuing . . . The Medallion

from page 84

catch Radenkov had described. He didn't press it, however, but handed it to Geoffrey.

"Press it here, Geoff," he said. "Here?"

"Yes, press on. It's going to spring open."

The boy pressed on the lock and recoiled nervously as it opened. "What is it?" he said. All three of them bent over, looking at it together.

"But"—Geoffrey's voice was surprised, "it's a picture of me!"

Marian looked at John over Geoffrey's bent head. "It's a miniature. They must have had it done from that photograph."

"But what is it, Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Well, how, what—" He frowned in concentration.

"How did I get there? I mean—" Impatiently and violently he scratched himself all over, his chest, his arms, his back.

"Titch," he said. "But, Daddy, how—"

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He looked up, startled, but not shocked.

"When you were only just born," John added quickly.

"You did?" he said.

"Yes. And we should have told you before. Later, tomorrow, we'll have a long talk about that. But you see, Geoff, we didn't know much about you. Only that you were a tiny baby and that—he hesitated for just one second, then continued firmly—"that your parents, your other parents, were dead."

"Yes," the boy said as if they were talking about someone else altogether.

"And then, these last few days, we've found out who your parents were. And who you are," John added.

"Me?"

John looked at him a moment, then decided to change his approach. "The people who took you, abducted you from home, were Russians, Geoffrey."

"Russians?" There was absolute amazement in his voice. "What did they want with me?"

"We think they wanted to bring you up as a Russian boy, darling," Marian said.

"But I am not a Russian boy," He was not protesting, merely stating a fact. "I am an American boy." He looked up at John.

John nodded. "Well, yes you are. But you are something else too, Geoffrey." He fingered the book on his lap thoughtfully.

"You know, Geoff, all of us in the world have different pasts, different histories. Mummy has one past and I another, and Uncle Paul yet another, and so on. We are all born with certain obligations, Geoffrey. Some towards others, some towards ourselves." John's look at the boy was full of warmth.

"Do you understand what I mean?"

Geoffrey, his face flushed under the dirt, nodded earnestly. "Like your fighting in the war, you mean?"

"Yes, yes, that's quite right. Like my fighting in the war."

There was a ghost of a smile on his face for a second as he looked at Marian. "I didn't start the war, and I don't like war. But I certainly felt it was necessary for me to fight. One day, you'll know what is necessary, too."

He paused for a moment. "You see, Geoff, you and Clarissa are our family, but now, since today really, we know that, like us, you have a history all your own. Well, actually, we knew that before. But since today we know that you have a rather special history. And from now on you are going to live with it. Whether one day—"

He paused again and looked at Marian before he continued. "Whether one day you will also have to live for it, well, that remains to be seen."

Geoffrey looked slightly uneasy now, and John quickly laid his left hand on his shoulder and pressed it gently. "That's a long way off, a long way." He went on quickly. "It's a very extraordinary history, Geoff." He opened the book now. "One we can read about in books. Like this one."

Geoffrey blinked, rubbed his eyes, and looked down now at the open page on his father's knee, and Marian, leaning over, looked too. Without saying anything further, John pointed to a picture on the right-hand page.

It was a photograph of the same open pendant that Geoffrey had been holding all this time in one hand. But instead of Geoffrey's picture, the inset showed the miniature of another small, dark, slim boy—one who, however, bore a striking resemblance to Geoffrey.

And under it was a caption, repeated four times, in four languages. First in Russian, then in French, then in German, and then in English, it said: NICHOLAS II, TSAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS (on his 10th birthday).

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Emperor tells her that their memories of Magna must be erased if they insist on returning. But Narda is determined and, waiting only to see the Emperor married to Carola, she and Mandrake submit to the memory erasing process. **NOW READ ON:**



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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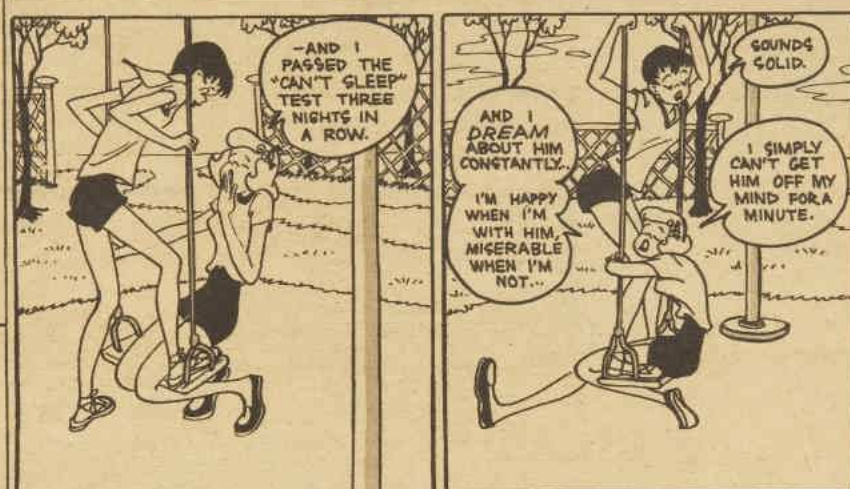
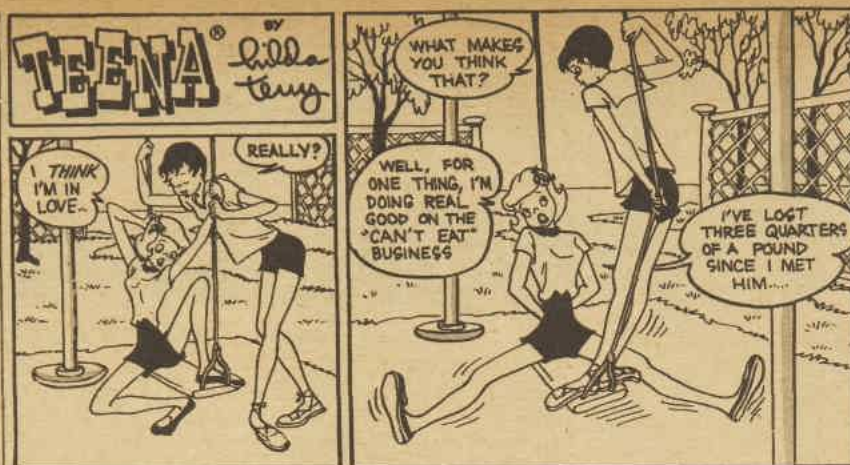
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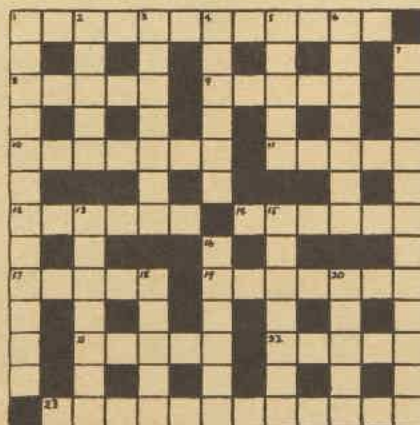
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Protest about a holy vessel containing a sermon and followed by a hypnotic state (12).
- Less than bogey is in this capital city (5).
- Grim in contempt ending in a sly look (5).
- Write on the back by starting with the end (7).
- Take a bath in Glasgow to find in it an inanimate object (5).
- Surpasses in quality (6).
- River for the master (6).
- Cat or a card-game (5).
- Man oils an old-fashioned curse (7).
- Sycorax imprisoned this spirit in a cloven pine (5).
- Founder of Salt Lake City (5).
- Traveller who goes in circle (5-7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Taking the place of as a deputy in the present reign (12).
- Walled in broken repentance in a doctor (5).
- In the nose (7).
- Boiled sugar takes a swell with ease (6).
- Well skilled and pated (5).
- Motor vehicle on a string forms a plant related to the thistle (7).
- Superintendent of scenic effects (5, 7).
- Shorten a worthless dog with a tail (7).
- Toy hall (Anagr. 5-2).
- Talisman containing a mule (6).
- Ascend using a limb (5).
- A saint with a broken cask shows a feat of acrobatics (5).

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